THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 52

June 29, 1929

5c. 10c. in Canada

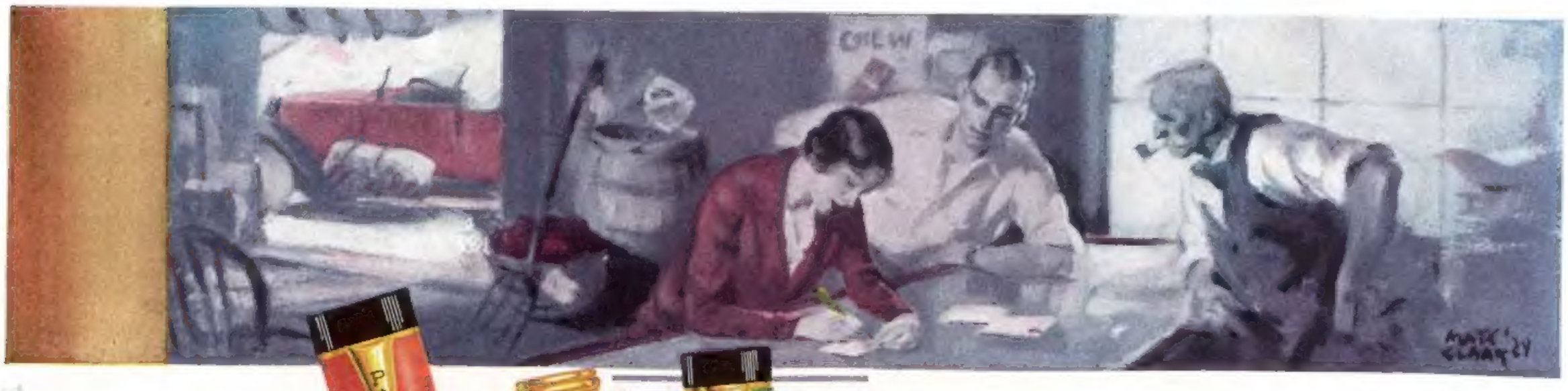
Fo klin

1776

E. Phillips Oppenheim—Gilbert Seldes—Mrs. Garret A. Hobart—Howard Mingos
James W. Bennett—Stewart Edward White—Kennett Harris—Oma Almona Davies

Holds 24% More Ink

*. . . and *Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects*



Duofold Pens, $5 and $7;
Duofold Pencils, $3, $3.50, $4

Over 6000 Words On One Filling

of the Oversize. What a Pen for Vacation!

Off in the wilds, where a pen must be *good* if it is to be *any good at all!*—that's where you want Parker Superiorities in a fountain pen.

Reliability—works every time. Depend on Parker for it.

Probably the whole vacation's writing in a single filling!

Even drop the pen accidentally on rocks—Parker Permanite Material, although 28% *lighter than rubber*, makes it almost impossible to break.

Pressureless Writing

Don't overlook it, wherever you may be. In a tent, or an office, or a home library, Parker *Pressureless Touch* marks the high point in a *new, modern ease* in writing.

It is Geo. S. Parker's 47th improvement in a fountain pen. The feather-light weight of the *pen alone* provides all the pressure needed. Hand and fingers merely *guide*. Thus Duofold users are relieved of hours of nerve-strain and fatigue!

For 37 years Geo. S. Parker has been specializing in fountain pens. Scores of his models have written uninterruptedly for 15, 20, and 30 years!

The Parker Duofold marks the apex of this great advance, to which 29 patents on Parker products and processes have contributed.

And today's Duofold comes in *five flashing colors, the modern hues in the latest vogue.*

***Service** Everlasting*
— Guaranteed!

Go to your nearest pen counter and try this pen today. See how it fits your hand. Learn how it suits your writing. Note the variety in colors, sizes, prices, and styles of pen points. Look for "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD," imprinted on each barrel to identify the genuine.

And now read, below, how this master pen is **guaranteed forever against all defects* in order to give you *everlasting* satisfaction in any Parker Duofold you buy.

The Parker Pen Company, main office Janesville, Wisconsin. Factories at Janesville, Wisconsin; Toronto, Canada; Heidelberg, Germany. Branches or depots at New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Toronto, London, Paris, Heidelberg, Amsterdam, Barcelona, Brussels, Copenhagen, Milan, Cairo, Calcutta, Bombay, Rangoon, Singapore, Batavia, Sydney, Melbourne, Shanghai, Yokohama, Manila, Johannesburg.

**To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.*

**Guaranteed Forever*
Against All Defects

Parker

Duofold

The Watch You Need for Work or Play

Pocket Ben

TUCK him in the pocket of your khaki shirt, of your work clothes, of your business suit; take him with you wherever you go. Trudging through the woods, wading trout streams, at work in office, shop or field, you'll find Pocket Ben a loyal, trustworthy timekeeping companion.

An ideal watch in *every* way, a Westclox. Accurate. Precision made. Built to render a long term of satisfactory service. Costs only $1.50, but the greatest economy is in its excellent quality and reliability. A thoroughly good watch and a good-looking one, too. Finished in lustrous, durable nickel.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U.S.A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois

Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

$1.50

71 famous skin specialists said:

"Those 282 Chicago girls have the right idea about complexions"

DID you *really* come all the way from New York just for that?" a young Chicago housewife asked me in utter surprise. She could hardly believe I had traveled a thousand miles just to ask her and several hundred other girls about their complexions and this fragrant new Camay!

But I had! I'm a consultant about women and their ways. Various manufacturers call me in for advice, just as *you* might call in an architect or an interior decorator.

I knew all about Camay's gentleness, of course, from the way it felt on my own skin. And I loved its firm, clear whiteness and its delicate wild-flower fragrance.

But just *my* experience wasn't enough, I felt. So, among other things, I went out to Chicago and talked to women and girls—282 in all, my note book reminds me.

What Chicago girls told me

"There just never was a soap like Camay for *my* skin," one young woman out in Evanston said. "It makes my complexion look so smooth and fresh."

"Camay feels gentler on my skin than any other soap I ever used," and the head of the toilet goods department of a well-known shop who told me this, has a *very* wide soap acquaintance!

I met enthusiasm like this for Camay's gentleness from girl after girl, in every part of town.

Then I decided to go farther. I took my idea to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

Why 71 leading skin specialists approve Camay

He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use. He did this, and Camay came through without a single question-mark. And he did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to 70 dermatologists whom he regards as outstanding in their profession today and asked *them* to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.

And now I am very happy to tell you that all these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and Camay's gentle way of cleansing even the most delicate feminine skins. This is the first time in history that any perfumed soap has ever had such approval.

71 leading American skin specialists gave Camay their unanimous approval as the kind of soap they would recommend for the daily cleansing of the most delicate complexions—something no other complexion soap in history has ever had!

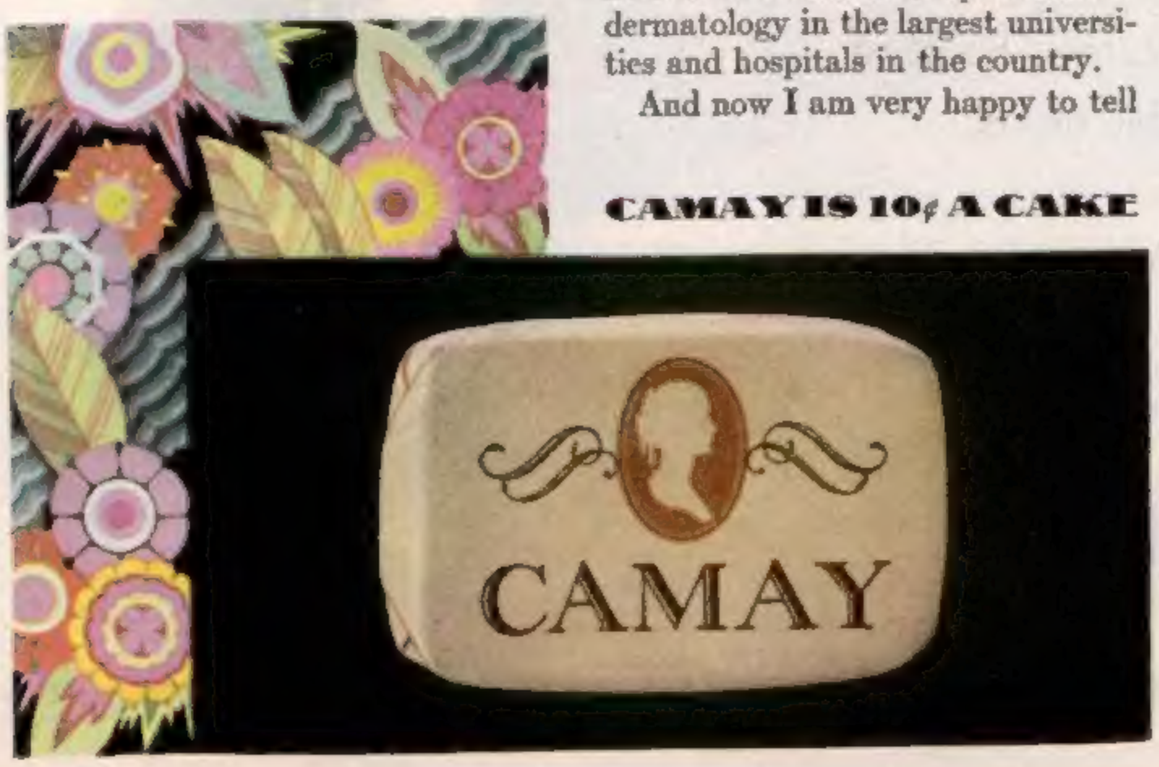
So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's snowflake lather, you can know that you are using just the kind of soap these skin specialists would recommend to you if you asked their best advice about a soap for *your* complexion.

Could *any* soap say more?

Free Booklet: There isn't space here for all the things I learned about complexions from the 71 famous skin specialists. But I've put everything into a booklet—their advice about dry skins; oily skins; care with hard water and soft; diet; sleep; exercise; cosmetics and many other things so important to beauty.

I shall be glad to send you this booklet without charge if you will write to me at 509 Fifth Avenue, Dept. YS-69, New York City.

Helen Chase



CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer
Fred A. Healy, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1929, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR
Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Frederick S. Bigelow, Wesley Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 201 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 29, 1929 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 52

The Call of the Burning Mascot

Her Bluff Was Good Enough, But There Was a Light in His Eyes Which Chilled Her

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SUBCOMMISSIONER Col. Maurice Larwood was depressed, and with adequate reason. He made no attempt at spurious cheerfulness as he waved the official, for whom he had sent, to a chair. "Sit down, Dickins," he invited gloomily. "Time we had a few plain words together, I think."

Detective Inspector John Dickins seated himself in silence. It was not the first of such conferences to which he had been summoned by the subcommissioner, but this time everyone knew that the situation was critical. He remained silent, waiting for his chief to continue.

"Three years ago this month, Dickins," the latter went on, "I had to send for your predecessor, Benskin. We were pretty well in the same trouble then. He made a great coup, and we saved our bacon. Today, things are worse. We've got to accomplish what I'll admit seems almost impossible, or walk out."

"Bad as that, is it, sir?"

"It's as bad as it can be," the subcommissioner declared. "There've been half a dozen questions asked in Parliament, the Home Secretary's had the chief on the carpet—which hasn't improved his temper, as you can guess—and the press are gibing at us every day."

"That doesn't do any good."

"It does a great deal of harm," the subcommissioner agreed. "Makes the public uneasy, and it gives the men we can't lay our hands upon confidence. It wasn't your fault, of course, Dickins, that you were on leave when Martin's Bank was sacked, and Peggy Scott's jewels were stolen and her maid strangled. I dare say it wouldn't have made any difference if you'd been on the spot, but there the ugly fact remains. One show's a month old, and the other three weeks; we haven't made an arrest, and I can't honestly tell the chief that we have a line on anyone. I don't want to discuss those two affairs particularly. Unfortunately, there are several others behind them which have never been cleared up. I want to speak of the situation generally. What are we up against, Dickins?"

"Got any theory yourself, sir?"

Larwood pushed the heavily shaded electric lamp which stood on his table a little farther away and leaned back in his chair. Perhaps he was anxious to conceal, even from his trusted subordinate, the deeper lines which seemed to have stolen into his sensitive face during the past month, and the harassed droop of his mouth. For years Maurice Larwood had been considered the smartest and best-looking of the higher officials at the Yard. Latterly, however, the anxiety had been too much for him and he had perceptibly aged.

"Here's a confession, Dickins. Every theory I've ever had has been upset. The only conclusion I can come to is that a different type of man is making a profession of crime."

"That's quite all right, so far as it goes, sir," Dickins assented, "but there's something more than that behind it all. I believe that the most agile brains in the criminal world have tumbled to the folly of the opposition-gang system—one side giving the other away all the time. I believe they've sorted themselves out and come together. What we're up against now is a criminal combine—the whole brains of the underworld pitted against ours."

"Not a bad idea," the subcommissioner reflected. "Scotland Yard's a combine, after all. Why attempt to fight us in sections? The idea's all right."

"I tell you where it seems to me that it works in their favor, too," Dickins continued. "There's no squealing. I needn't remind you, chief, that the majority of the criminals whom we bring to justice are there, if not through a downright squeal, by just a hint or a word from some unexpected place. We got a line on the Harwood affair, if you remember, entirely through an anonymous letter."

The subcommissioner nodded pensively.

"That's quite true, Dickins," he acquiesced, "and when one comes to think of it we've been short of that sort of information lately."

"You can see why, sir," Dickins persisted. "The very fact of those whispers having ceased means discipline, and discipline is the result of combination."

"It all sounds very probable as a theory"—the subcommissioner sighed—"but it doesn't help us very much, does it?"

"It helps us to understand the situation," Dickins pointed out. "I'll tell you a conclusion I've come to. There aren't more than a dozen criminals in England, and one at present on the Atlantic, who count. I believe these particular men have been at the back of every one of these outrages which we can't fathom, because they are working together as one society, and I believe that they have a trained band of gangsters under them. They are top dogs for the moment, sir, I'll admit, but I'll get them if you'll have patience and let me work my own way. I'll tell you how too. I'll get them through their one unconquerable weakness—conceit."

"Conceit?" Larwood echoed.

"With a capital C, sir. It's the same in the higher-grade criminal as the lower, and as time goes on it develops—self-pride in his own exploits, an invincible desire to brag about what he has done, to match his accomplishments against those of his fellow criminals. It's a form of individuality which will always prevent any great combination against us succeeding permanently. It's hung more men than any other in the whole gamut of human weaknesses. In the end I believe it will break up completely this dangerous crowd, who, I'll admit, have got the upper hand of us for the moment."

"You know something?" the subcommissioner almost spat out.

"What is the good of knowledge, of conviction if you like, without being able to obtain proof?" Dickins rejoined, with almost the first sign of feeling he had shown. "Yes, I know something. I believe I could tell you the headquarters of the very men we are up against, but I couldn't bring any of them in. There isn't one of them against whom we have a single thing."

"Dickins, you're talking like a man," Larwood declared. "Get on with it."

"What I want to do," the detective explained, "is to think out some way of getting them all together. It's no good taking one. The rest would all melt away, find another pal and start again. Not only that, but I'll have to get them after my own fashion. We can't go on working as we have been. Our methods are too old-fashioned. The other side knows every move we make. They've bluffed us long enough. We must try a bluff on them, and not an ordinary one either."

The subcommissioner was a changed man. The anxious lines which had saddened his face were smoothed out. His eyes were brilliant. He seemed to be looking into the promised land.

"You shall have a free hand, Dickins," he agreed. "You shall go your own way. But tell me about this one man on the Atlantic. Do you mean Nick Conklin?"

"I know that he is due here tomorrow on the Majestic," Dickins replied. "We can't stop his landing. There's not a thing against him that I know of."

The subcommissioner smiled. It might have been forgiven him if there was the slightest shade of condescension in his tone. It was so often that his subordinate held the trumps.

"I have later information," he confided. "Conklin has changed his mind. Wisely too. He disembarked at Cherbourg. By this time he is on his way to Paris."

Detective Dickins looked thoughtfully out of the fog-dimmed window.

"A pity!" he murmured.

His chief stared at him.

"Why on earth is it a pity?" he demanded. "Aren't our hands full enough as it is? Surely we don't want another accomplished criminal working in our midst!"

Dickins sighed gently. He edged his chair a little closer to the table.

"Chief," he asked, "when you were a lad did you ever try to catch sparrows and stray birds under a sieve trap?"

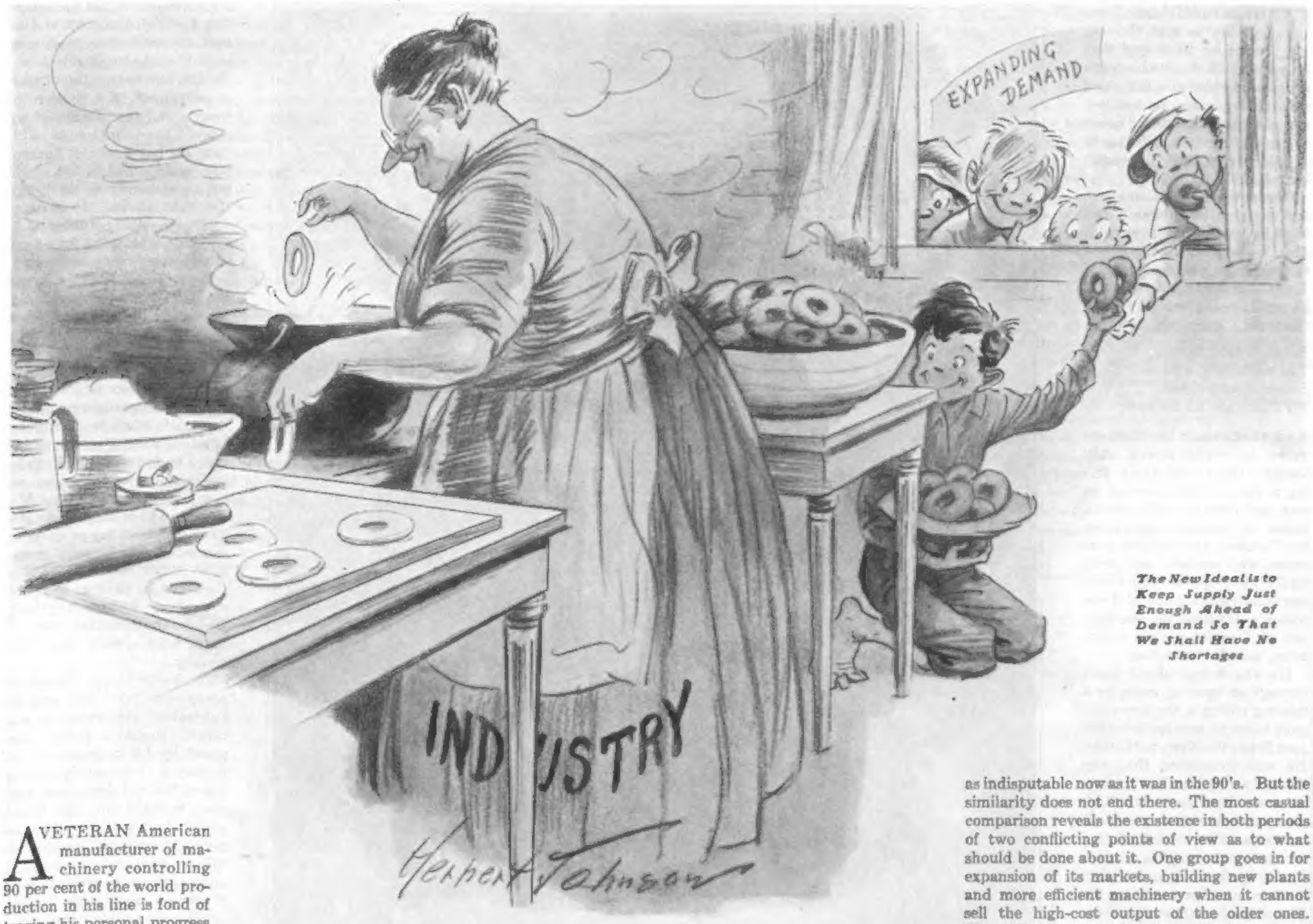
"Of course I did," the other admitted. "What properly brought up boy didn't?"

Dickins leaned still farther forward, and his gesture was almost dramatic.

(Continued on Page 63)

"I've Got the Three Emeralds All Right," Mrs. Boyce Announced, "But I Can't Find No More Than Six of the Diamonds"

THE WHIP OF PROSPERITY



The New Ideal is to Keep Supply Just Enough Ahead of Demand So That We Shall Have No Shortages

By E. J. KULAS

President, Otis Steel Company

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A VETERAN American manufacturer of machinery controlling 90 per cent of the world production in his line is fond of tracing his personal progress and the growth of his business to a remark which he heard, while still an apprentice, from the lips of Andrew Carnegie.

"Utilize dull times," he quotes the Iron Master as saying, "to build new plants. Work harder than ever when business falls off to be ready for the next peak, for in this country the next one is always higher than the last. When the rush comes, business flows naturally to the man who can make the deliveries."

A more succinct statement of the same observation from another perspective is attributed to the late J. Pierpont Morgan in Don't Sell America Short.

Recently it has struck me that we are proposing, if we have not actually put into effect, substantially the same mistake today as that which called forth the Morgan warning and the Carnegie prescription for prosperity thirty years ago. A demand is being made for a curtailment of production similar to that which led to the throttling of competition in the 90's, and ultimately to a series of restrictive laws that are still interfering with the normal expansion of commerce.

Just History Repeating Itself

IN ITS latest recurrence this demand was heard at first only from industries where the supply of raw material is uncontrolled and relatively inexhaustible, such as agriculture, oil and coal. More recently it has been voiced even in manufacturing lines, however, and in some it has reached the point where detailed coöperative programs for pro-rata cuts in production have been formulated and urged for adoption by entire industries.

The method here proposed is more enlightened than that used three decades ago by the men who tried to sell America short by compulsion, but the aim is the same, and I believe it is rooted in the same economic error. The fact is that conditions today with respect to the immediately visible market for manufactured articles are strikingly similar to those of thirty years ago, and when this basic analogy is recognized certain developments which we think of as new become mere repetitions of history.

Overproduction is the phenomenon common to both periods. Then, as now, the current supply of nearly everything we made and used was far in excess of the visible and known demand. In the opinion of many able business men the excess in the 90's was too large for any conceivable future market. Studying it in the light of the existing national buying power, these men were able to satisfy themselves that we had enough productive capacity in our factories to take care of the increasing population for the next century.

Similar figures are being put forth today. In a certain machine-products field where seven manufacturers are competing, we are told that any one of them has more than enough capacity to supply the world demand. Another industry has recently multiplied the production of one workman 4700 per cent by the development of an automatic machine. According to E. Dana Durand, Chief of the Division of Statistical Research, U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the average workman in agriculture, manufactures and railways increased his output in goods or services upwards of 60 per cent between 1898 and 1926.

The fact that productive capacity in all lines and actual output in many are well ahead of the immediate demand is as indisputable now as it was in the 90's. But the similarity does not end there. The most casual comparison reveals the existence in both periods of two conflicting points of view as to what should be done about it. One group goes in for expansion of its markets, building new plants and more efficient machinery when it cannot sell the high-cost output of the older ones. The other group calls for a horizontal reduction of output, flooding the market meantime in many instances with products that it can sell only at a sacrifice.

Since industry is now evidently at a turning point similar to the one that furnished the opportunity for such men as Morgan, Carnegie, Armour, Rockefeller, Gary and Deering, it has occurred to me that we have a great deal to learn from what they did to cope with an overproduction relatively as great as that of today. The most radical of our sociologists now concede a constructive vision to these outstanding figures of the era of trust building. In their minds and in the minds of many conservative business men, however, the trust builders of the 90's are still thought of as if they were all alike and actuated by a single set of motives.

Giants That Stand and Those That Fall

A STUDY of the actual combinations formed and of what happened to them reveals the error in this attitude. With few exceptions, those modeled on the constructive principle of preparing for expanding markets—the Steel Corporation and Standard Oil being conspicuous examples—have grown and prospered. With equally few exceptions the trusts designed to set up a corner in any product, so that prices might be raised by limiting the output, have experienced prolonged periods of lean years and no dividends, and in some instances have disappeared.

We have had any number of receiverships of the remnants of such combinations in recent years, and the one fact common to all of them is that rehabilitation has been achieved only by complete abandonment of the original cornering program in competition with the doctrine of expanding markets and the continuous effort to give more for less; in other words, the doctrine of limitation calling

(Continued on Page 57)

BACK FROM UTOPIA

By Gilbert Seldes

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THE story of Roderic Temple begins with the day when he discovered that he could no longer give his country his undivided allegiance and that, consequently, he was not like other men and would never be a good American. That is to say, it begins on his seventh birthday.

The celebration of that event was dwarfed in Roderic's own mind by the glorious news from Manila Bay, and Roderic went through the quiet streets of Templeton singing, at the top of his voice, a song he had recently mastered. In his version it ran:

Spain, Spain, Spain,
You ought to be ashame.
Spain, Spain, Spain,
We'll lick you all the same ——

And then, since he knew no more, he began again, only louder. He strolled along, trying to lurch a little, because he was just then going through a phase of immense admiration for Torrens, the English gardener, who lurched; and presently he came to the fence surrounding the home of Templeton's only hero, the one who, out of Templeton's six volunteers, had died in action.

He stuck his blond head through an opening made by a missing paling in the fence and gave voice to another favorite: Just Break the News to Mother. He was convinced that the "brave young hero" of the ballad must have been Bill Redman, and was not at all put out by the fact that the lad's father was not—as he sang the words—"a foreign noted general," but a sober machine tender in the Templeton Shoe Factory. From bright green dodgers in penny bags of pink pop corn, Roderic later learned that the words were "From afar, a noted general," but he never changed his own version.

He had just finished the encore to which he felt entitled when three friends of about his age came charging across the road, singing his own "Spain, Spain, Spain," with a taunting venom which Roderic never had put into the song. He shouted "Hello!" and moved to join them, when to his surprise they stopped and one after the other uttered the incredible words: "Yellow blood!" After which the eldest became more explicit with the statement "You've got yellow blood in you," and threw the pussy-stick he had been using as a baton at Roderic's head.

Yellow was the accepted symbol of Weyler's butchery in Cuba and of the cowardice of all Spanish soldiers fleeing before the Rough Riders. Roderic picked up the stick and charged, getting in a solid blow on his chief enemy before the other two dragged him down and, suddenly reverting from personal affairs to a game, pressed his shoulder blades into the turf and made him holler "enough."

He hollered—and ran, sobbing and breathless, down the street. Trampling his private vegetable patch and crashing into his father's study, he flung the words "Yellow blood" at him like an accusation. It was quite useless for Francis Temple to assure the boy that his blood was not yellow; in answer to repeated sobs of "Why? Why?" the elder Temple explained that the boys had probably heard that Roderic's mother, who had died when Roderic was less than a year old, had been half Spanish.

He felt abased, cast out forever from the society of thoroughbred Americans, hot with shame at the taint in his blood. His father waited until the natural reaction should follow, and just as Roderic was beginning to glow with self-pity and the superiority of a martyr, he made the astounding statement that Spaniards were human beings similar in every respect to Irish, Germans and Americans; that certain individuals among them were evil, but this was true of Americans also. This shocked Roderic, as his father intended, and made him feel suddenly grown-up. His father added that, in all probability, the United States was not at war for the sake of the Cubans, but for the sake of capturing the sugar market. It was a habit of Francis Temple's always to tell his son something the boy would not easily understand. Roderic did not know what "economic reasons" were, but he felt from his father's tone that they were ignoble. When he went out into the street again, he no longer lurched; he strutted, like a hidalgo.

It was Francis Temple's intention that his son should be a fighter in the cause of human freedom, and the boy's whole education was a process of preparing him for the struggle. The essential thing was to prevent Roderic from absorbing the superstitions of his class. The Temples had always been fairly rich; Francis Temple owned the shoe factory in which most of Templeton earned its living. To prevent this circumstance from assuming any importance, Roderic was kept on a tiny allowance or suddenly received huge sums to spend, but was never taught that money was important. The family was an old one and had given a governor to the state and a senator to the nation; so Roderic was encouraged to bring little Greek boys home to play, whereas bankers' sons and doctors' daughters found the Temple atmosphere a little cold. One Temple, at least, had been in the ranks at the beginning, and one, at least, a captain at the end, of each American war but Roderic never heard that the unbroken success of American arms was due to the special interest of the Almighty, and he took to pacifism as readily as most boys do to air rifles.

"Let him escape the illusion of patriotism, the illusion of wealth, and the illusion of society," Francis Temple said, "and my boy is safe for humanity." And added that it would not be necessary to teach him the right things—they came naturally. All he wanted to do was to prevent the boy from learning the wrong ones.

Nevertheless, Roderic learned the right things pretty rapidly. He read The Mistakes of Moses before he read the Bible, and knew all about free love and its manifest superiority to marriage long before he could possibly know the meaning of love itself. He was a practicing and fanatical atheist at the age of ten. The destruction of the false instinct for property was accomplished directly by Mr. Temple, who made Roderic give away whatever toy or game he seemed to care for most or was most selfish about—in spite of the fact that no other little boy ever gave Roderic anything. He bore the injustice; after all, there were always more toys coming.

No books in the Temple library were forbidden, and no subject of conversation was taboo. Roderic's father, supposed by his neighbors to be merely a rich man indulging queer, but not dangerous, fancies, brought into his house socialists, free-lovers, single-taxers, friends of Russian nihilism, workers for woman's suffrage, imitators of Walt Whitman, men with flowing neckties, women in trousers—and Roderic sat gravely at table and listened to them annihilate the social system. He was never sent out of the room because his elders wanted to discuss a difficult topic, and if a guest mistakenly lowered his voice at certain delicate syllables, Francis Temple would roar out the dubious words for Roderic's special benefit.

Every once in a while the boy would come home with a false notion in his mind, and his father would spend the afternoon undoing the harm, subjecting the lad and his illusions to the play of a ferocious irony. Once Roderic displayed a black eye won in a battle to prove that the shoe factory was the best one on earth and easily superior to the Greene Glass Works, the nearest rival in importance in the vicinity. His father regarded the eye with hostility.

"You know," he said coldly, "that my great-grandfather built the original factory in order to sell rotten shoes to the American Army. His son got rich buying leather during a panic and bankrupted half the people he dealt with. My father reduced wages until most of his workers starved, and fought the union until he nearly starved himself. I am trying to make up for this miserable record by some show of fair dealing; but the place is still rotten, the wages are low, the shop isn't fit to breathe in. And your contribution to making it better is a black eye."

"But Shorty said his factory was better than ours."

"Probably it is. Incidentally, you had better make sure that the factory is ours or is likely to continue ours for any length of time. Suppose the men should want to take it away from us? Would you stop them?"

Roderic flushed; he felt that his father was betraying him. "If it's ours ——" he began.

"An accident on which we oughtn't to count too much."

It was the same in other things. Roderic's enthusiasm for the exploits of General Putnam was put down with the

Roderic Went Back to the Girl From Wilmington a Bit Depressed. "It Seems My Dancing is Full of Inhibitions," He Said

reminder that he was reading books written by Americans; and once, under his father's coaching, Roderic began an essay on the war with Mexico with the words: "This disgraceful episode in the history of our country ——" Fortunately, it was at the end of the school year.

That summer he went up to Maine, and returned with his whole body tanned deep brown, because the Naturalists, with whom he spent the vacation, did not believe in wearing clothes. Once in the dead of winter he displayed signs of accepting the bourgeois ideals of patriotism and was promptly sent to a vegetarian colony, the change of diet being held responsible, by the family doctor, for a severe case of scarlatina.

At various times in his childhood he dressed all in wool and all in white, and drank nothing but milk or drank no milk, and stayed up most of the night or went to bed with the sun—all depending upon the group with which he stayed. His father believed, with William James, that even good habits were bad, and kept the boy changing his home, his school, his clothes, his régime, and his ideas; so that nothing was permanent in his life except change, and his mind was open to all ideas—except the ideas of most other people.

On the whole, Francis Temple could congratulate himself that his system was working well. After the age of nine Roderic's tone of contempt for the bourgeoisie had the authentic ring; and at eleven he took his place in the front rank of the fighters for freedom.

For several weeks, when he was supposed to be out at play, he secluded himself in his own room, and feeling extraordinarily virtuous and superior, and self-conscious, produced a brilliant and searching analysis of all organized society, which—in imitation of Shelley—he entitled The Necessity of Anarchism. When a conservative monthly returned the manuscript without even a letter from the editor, Roderic began to suspect that there was a conspiracy against ideas in America. He left the essay on his father's desk and took the gold piece with which he was rewarded as advance royalties. His father had the essay run off by the Templeton Times job press, but of the one hundred copies printed, only eight were sold to customers outside of the immediate family.

At the age of fourteen Roderic Temple knew that property is theft; that the strong man always trusts himself against society; that government is entirely an instrument of oppression designed by the powerful for the enslavement of the poor; that sin is a figment of the imagination created by priests in conspiracy with the ruling classes; that marriage is immoral; that patriotism is buncombe, and that it is the duty of all intelligent men to love truth and beauty, and to fight for the destruction of all existing institutions.

He knew these things were so, and both he and his father believed that the boy had arrived at these conclusions by the workings of his own mind, uninfluenced by others. The only thing that worried Roderic was an occasional outbreak of radicalism among his friends.

He was coming home from skating one night, when a boy named Jimmie Hines said suddenly, "You can't tell me that a whale really swallowed a man and then threw him up again."

"Who says he did?" Roderic asked.

"It's in the Bible," his friend answered.

"Suppose it is?"

"Well, the Bible is supposed to be true, isn't it? I'm going to tell old Williams what I think of it next Sunday. I don't care if he does tell my father."

"Why should he tell your father?" Roderic asked.

"Oh, he'll tell him all right—and I'll get hell." Jimmie's voice was full of pride and excitement, and Roderic envied him. Because if he told his father that the story of Jonah was a lie, Mr. Temple would probably say, "A poetic exaggeration," or, "A symbol," but he certainly would not give Roderic hell; and suddenly Roderic felt a strange, small impulse to rebel. It died at once. According to his father, men ought to rebel all the time—it was the natural state of man. What Roderic wanted was Jimmie Hines' prospect of being a martyr—and he couldn't see how to get it.

He went down a few summers later to a little village in Delaware which had been originally dedicated to an experiment in the single tax, but had become a general meeting ground of various types of radicals. Roderic was a little weak on the economic side and had never read the works of Henry George, but he was sure that the single tax was right, and he was eager to live for a time in a community where liberal ideas were not the exceptions, but the rule. He had always heard conservative people say that those who didn't like the ordinary American way of living ought to go off and live by themselves, and he was happy to have an opportunity to join in such an experiment.

"Of course," he told his father, "Stratford is only a beginning; it's a sort of nucleus of new ideas. They are tried there and they spread." His father agreed. "I mean," Roderic argued on, "that if every one of the hundred people there were to go out and found another Stratford, at the end of a few generations ——"

"Stratford is only an episode," Mr. Temple ventured. "You musn't pin all your hopes on one ——"

"Oh, no. But I mean it is the only place where people put their ideas into practice."

The elder Temple smiled. "Hardly," he said. "There's Gary or New York ——"

"I mean liberal ideas."

(Continued on Page 131)

He Picked Up the Stick and Charged, Getting in a Solid Blow on His Chief Enemy Before the Other Two Dragged Him Down

SECOND LADY

By Mrs. Garret A. Hobart

As Told to Helen Durham and Margaret Norris

MY FIRST suspicions that I might play the rôle of Second Lady of the Land came two years before I was assigned that part. In the spring of 1895 I was lunching with my husband at the Waldorf when Mark Hanna joined us at table.

"What do you think of William McKinley for our next President?" he asked with that directness of purpose that gave him the title of Maker of Presidents.

The Vice President, Mr. Hobart

"I think it's too early to have an opinion," said my husband, hedging adroitly; "but if you want to talk to the McKinley member of the family, go sit beside Mrs. Hobart."

This was one link in a long chain of circumstances that brought me to Washington in March, 1897, as wife of the Vice President of the United States in the McKinley-Hobart Administration. A few weeks later I became mistress of the old Cameron mansion at 21 Lafayette Square, diagonally across the square from the White House. As our home, it was known as the Cream White House because of the close relationship between our family and the family in the Executive Mansion. It was an intimate friendliness that no Vice President and his wife, before or since, have had the privilege of sharing with their chief administrator.

Two things were responsible for this: First, the harmony and perfect accord that existed between President McKinley and Mr. Hobart. Their friendship is unique in Washington annals. Second, the unfortunate fact of Mrs. McKinley's invalidism. Her health made it impossible for her to assume the heavy social burdens of First Lady; the President constantly turned to me to help her wherever I could—not because I was Second Lady but because I was their good friend. These circumstances vividly colored our entire Washington career.

Mrs. Hobart in Her Inauguration Dress

Holding the Latchkey to the White House

NOW politics was no new game to my husband. In New Jersey, our home, he had been a member of both houses of the state legislature. Moreover, for twelve years he had been a member of the Republican National Committee, at one time its vice chairman. But he had always taken politics lightly, as a recreation rather than a business. His main interest was the law. He had come to Paterson in 1863, a mere lad out of college, to read law in the office of my father, Socrates Tuttle. By industry and unusual ability he built up an extensive practice that won him both fame and fortune. His genial manner, his frank enjoyment of life and his impeccable honesty made him a man of many friends and no enemies. It was often said of him that he could turn away even those who had axes to grind, without antagonizing them.

But with his election to the Vice Presidency his attitude toward politics changed. He dropped all private interests and took his office seriously—a startling innovation in American politics. Hitherto the Vice Presidency had carried only nominal honors. It was the trailer to the ticket, a fifth wheel in the national band wagon, by which many a capable man was rolled painlessly to oblivion. So little importance did the office hold in the public mind that after election the Chicago Daily News made this prophecy: "Garret A. Hobart will not be seen or heard until, after four years, he emerges from the impenetrable vacuum of the Vice Presidency."

A New York paper suggested that, after he had called the Senate together, he go to sleep and not wake up for four years.

But Mr. Hobart had no intention of sleeping. Instead of permitting the office to relegate him to obscurity, he electrified the political world by raising the office to prominence. Within the narrow confines of his job as president of the Senate, he accomplished things his predecessors had never even attempted. He became an outstanding political factor in the Administration and, what is more, the faithful friend and confidant of the President.

The press referred to him as "holding the latchkey to the White House."

Until this time it was common knowledge that the two official persons who had least to do with each other, officially and socially, were the President and the Vice President. Nothing in public or private life of necessity brought them together. They met as strangers and usually parted as strangers four years later. Too often there existed between them ill-suppressed jealousy and suspicion, a survival of the early custom by which electors from the several states voted for the President and Vice President without designating the man for the office. The one who got the most votes became President; the less popular candidate, Vice President.

Under such conditions it was not in human nature that an administration should be harmonious. Hence, in 1804, after the tie vote between Jefferson and Burr in 1800, a constitutional amendment was adopted which changed the method of election to its present form. Yet the tradition of jealousy still remained to mar the harmony between the holders of the two offices.

President McKinley knew full well that Mr. Hobart had no aspirations toward the executive office, yet the influence of the latter was so apparent in the Administration that he was often referred to as Assistant President. This cordial feeling was further cemented by the bond of friendliness between Mrs. McKinley and myself. The attitude of the two families toward each other was more personal than official. The fact that we lived in the Cameron house only across the square made possible a neighborliness that could not have existed had we lived at the other end of the city. Scarcely a day passed that I did not run over to the White House unannounced, and the President called on us with the same informality.

Finding a suitable house in Washington has always been a problem for a Vice President. When Senator Cameron offered us his for ten thousand dollars' rental my husband replied, "But, my dear senator, my salary is only eight thousand dollars. How shall I explain to my constituents where I got the other two thousand dollars? They may think I stole it."

Fortunately this made our landlord lenient, for our choice of a house proved to be an excellent one.

We always took Thanksgiving dinner at the White House, *en famille*, as it were—just the four of us and my little son. One Thanksgiving the President smiled at this little group round his table, saying,

"Is this not delightful? Just the President's own!"

Hence, though I constantly shared Mrs. McKinley's social duties, both she and the President understood I had no wish to usurp her place.

Fortunately I was able to make this clear at the start. I had been in Washington only a few weeks when a woman reporter called, saying, "I want you to tell me about your duties at the White House."

"My duties at the White House? I have no duties there."

"But since Mrs. McKinley is an invalid, all Washington understands that you are virtually First Lady."

I framed my answer carefully: "Anything I do at the White House is only at the request of President and Mrs. McKinley. I have neither desire nor intention to assume any prerogatives of the Mistress of the White House, but I am happy to help when requested."

A Little Girl at the Keyhole

THIS unusual situation made my career as Second Lady as unique as was my husband's in the Vice Presidency. What he accomplished politically I upheld in a social way. No one who has not been a part of official Washington can realize how the pervading social atmosphere can make or mar an administration.

Social obligations were never a hardship to me. I loved both people and politics. I had grown up in their atmosphere. When prominent men of Civil War times came to call on my father, I, a mere slip of a girl, listened at the keyhole, fascinated by their discussions. Later, as wife of my father's young law partner, I entertained the political leaders of our own era at Carroll Hall, our Paterson home.

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Mrs. McKinley

Thus the move from New Jersey to Washington was merely an enlargement of the life I had always led and enjoyed.

But before I say more of my Washington life I want to tell you about the McKinleys. History will never tell how indescribably kind President McKinley was to his wife. I have never seen greater devotion, and she, on her part, lived only for him. Her invalidism and the loss of both their children in infancy had increased their dependence on each other. The relationship between them was one of those rare and beautiful things that live only in tradition. He was so proud of her, so anxious to show her off and at the same time to shield her from any unnecessary strain. "Oh, if you could have seen what a beauty Ida was as a girl!" he often used to say to me.

She still had a delicate loveliness, but now her finely marked features bore traces of years of suffering. An illness which followed the birth of her second child had left her subject to momentary seizures of unconsciousness which lasted only a second, but which might occur any time.

Once during a card game I noticed the faint convulsive gesture which preceded these attacks. Instantly the President dropped his handkerchief over her face and played the card from her hand.

"Who played that card for me?" she asked a second later, her natural self again.

For this reason the President never let her out of his sight. If obliged to leave the room for a moment he would say to me, "You will remain by Mrs. McKinley."

When the four of us played euchre together, as we often did, I used to tell the President that if he had a good hand he chose Mrs. McKinley, and she would win. When he had a bad hand he chose me—and she still would win. He loved this joke.

She always sat beside him at White House dinners instead of opposite him in the hostess' place. I remember only once when this was otherwise; then he was anxious to the point of distraction and never took his eyes from her.

Later he said to me, "Could it possibly offend anyone for me to have my wife sit beside me?"

"Mr. President," I replied, "you are our Chief Executive. This is your home. It is your privilege to do as you choose."

Pinch-Hitting for the First Lady

THE grueling strain of White House receptions was more than she could bear, yet the President was anxious that the First Lady should have the place of honor in the receiving line. To relieve the tedium of standing, she sat in a chair beside him. I always stood on her other side. I suggested she hold a bouquet of flowers as tacit indication that she was not shaking hands with the thousands in that unending line.

Once when an unwitting guest grew visibly embarrassed with Mrs. McKinley's refusal to take her outstretched hand, I extended my own and said, "Won't you shake hands with me instead?"

At this the President flashed me a look of heartfelt gratitude. Thereafter he passed the hand of each guest, as he greeted him or her, across Mrs. McKinley to me.

At White House entertainments he took no end of pains to give her the lion's share of the credit, even when none was due. One night he had arranged a young people's party for General Corbin and his aides, just returned from the Philippines. He himself had planned the menu, the entertainment, the flowers, and had ordered the piano moved to the lower corridor for dancing. The affair was unusually festive and gay. Toward the end of the evening, while the guests were grouped near Mrs. McKinley, he made a ceremonious bow and said, "Madam, your party is a great success!"

At formal functions where the guests were strangers to her, he was particularly apprehensive lest her illness cause embarrassment. Many a time he sent for me at the eleventh hour to come to some White House dinner. My presence, he said, gave him confidence. A request from the President is in reality a command. It meant I must cancel any previous engagement and come, however inconvenient. It was particularly difficult on one occasion.

The British Ambassador, Lord Pauncefote

"Tell him we will come with pleasure," I said.

The confidence the President placed in us in personal and social affairs carried over into public matters. His absolute faith in the Vice President's ability to meet any crisis with finesse was proved countless times in the Administration—never more so, perhaps, than in the crisis Lord Pauncefote precipitated, a lively episode that called for a sense of humor as well as diplomacy. It involved the ticklish question of social precedence, of who sat where at the state dinner table—which always touches the most sensitive nerve in Washington's social body.

It arose over so trivial an incident as a social call which, according to official etiquette, must be exchanged between the Vice President and the British ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote.

Should the Pauncefotes call first on the Hobarts or the Hobarts call first on the Pauncefotes? This was the burning question with which Washington seethed for a season. It seemed literally a tempest in a teapot, ridiculous to the point of absurdity, but in reality it was far more than this, for whoever paid the first call acknowledged the superior rank of the other. Did the British ambassador outrank the Vice President or the Vice President outrank the ambassador?

This episode lives in tradition because it settled once and for all the fact that the Vice President precedes all others except the President.

A McKinley Handshaking in the Quincy, Illinois, Square

It was the very height of the season. Following a senatorial dinner, the Vice President and I had taken the midnight train to New York to open the Charity Ball at the Waldorf. The day in New York was a whirl of engagements, and the morning after the ball we took a seven o'clock train back to Washington, for it was Wednesday, my official afternoon, when I must be at home to hundreds of guests. At the Washington station we were startled and strangely alarmed to find one of the President's aides waiting for us.

"Is anything wrong at the White House?" I asked quickly.

"No, but the President is anxious for you to attend the judicial dinner he gives tonight."

"But we have just returned from two tiring nights and this is Mrs. Hobart's day at home," implored my husband.

"The President is aware of this, but he begs you to come anyway."

In a flash I saw his predicament. None of the wives of the justices had more than a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. McKinley. She was not well and he wanted me.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

President and Mrs. McKinley in Boston, 1897

The Great Social Crisis

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE was a pompous man of faultless manners and grooming, who looked just as an English lord should look, even to the sideburns. He took himself and his position very seriously. Claiming that he represented the body of Queen Victoria, he felt he should be second to none but the Chief Executive himself, and in public ceremonies and social affairs should precede the Vice President. The reason this same question had not arisen before was because, until the McKinley Administration, we had no ambassadors—merely ministers—as representatives of the foreign nations. But with our growing importance in foreign affairs, the United States was recognized as a world power and England elevated Lord Pauncefote from minister plenipotentiary to ambassador, representative of the sovereign. Being our first ambassador, he was dean of the diplomatic corps.

In monarchical countries ambassadors follow directly after the royal family. Hence Sir Julian claimed he should follow the President.

Now, no one was more indifferent to titles and ceremonies than were Mr. Hobart and myself. Personally we cared not a fig who paid the first call or who sat above whose salt at the state dinner table. But we did feel very strongly that the office of Vice President outranked any foreign ambassadorship. The Vice President, we felt, was heir apparent to the President, his successor in case of

(Continued on Page 50)

TINGRA'S GHOST STORY

He Was Exactly as He Had Always Been, Except That Nobody Seemed to See Him, and He Found Himself Unable to Attract Anyone's Attention

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE family of Tingra was an honorable one, engaged through many generations in an honorable calling in which it implicitly believed. This was nothing more nor less than the fashioning of small images out of mud, the skillful baking of them to flintlike hardness, and the selling of them in the bazaar to those in need of such things. As soon as the first-born of each generation was old enough to take instruction he was very carefully taught by the oldest member of the family just how to manufacture these images. To an outsider that would not seem very difficult, for the finished product was crude enough, in both form and finish; such as a rather clever small boy might manage without any instruction at all. But that would be only a surface view. These were more than merely baked clay images. They were mascots, talismans, charms, idols, capable of working good and evil; and they had to be made in just such a fashion, with just such incantations and mantras, and by persons such as the family of Tingra especially endowed with occult powers.

It must not be understood from the preceding phrase that Tingra's people possessed any degree of occult wisdom. Most of us do things without understanding them, as when we call a number on the telephone, or turn the dial on the radio. We do certain things and we get certain results. Therefore we believe in them. That was the way with the family of Tingra. Not one of them ever understood why it was, or, indeed, was even curious in the matter, but they did know that if they made their mud images in the certain manner with the certain ceremonies, they thereby manufactured charms of great potency, readily salable at sometimes fancy figures to those in need of a little astral assistance of one sort or another. So they duly gave thanks to Krishna that matters were as they were, and parroted their magic mantras, and believed as devoutly as did the purchasers in the extraordinarily squat and ugly godlets they sold.

That is, until Tingra took over the business. Tingra was one of the younger generation. The spirit of question and revolt which so cracked up parents in the West was more than a local symptom of reaction against local causes. It was something in the ether, like radio waves, and it obtained reception wherever a youngster's cerebral receiving set happened to be tuned in on it. Thus, were we erudite enough, we should probably learn that in Chinese, African, Arabic and Hindustanee, not to mention a few hundred lesser languages and dialects, we have now the moral if not the dialectic equivalent of such phrases as inferiority complex and defense mechanism and sex appeal and mother fixation, and all the rest of it.

Tingra must have been so tuned. At any rate, he got it. He dutifully learned the business from his grandfather. He could intone an unctuous mantra with anybody; and he could turn you out a clay charm as ugly as the worst of them, guaranteed to get you good crops or a man child or to keep your wife faithful or get you back home from the most perilous of journeys. But he did not believe a word of it. Why should he? There was no sense to it. Tingra had secretly forgathered with a small group of very scornful, very witty, very sophisticated and very educated *babus;* which roughly corresponded in deplorability to a gin-and-petting road-house whoopee. Tingra and his *babu* friends drank no gin and had nothing to pet. They merely talked. But they were as careful not to get caught at it as were our young hopefuls in the earlier phases of their search for f-r-e-edom. The results of their talk were that they demolished all the old superstitions, rose to an upper atmosphere of amused contempt for anybody who believed anything at all, and felt gratifyingly superior to all of the rest of mankind.

Not that this secret emancipation interfered at all with business. On the contrary, business was better than ever, for Tingra felt quite free to introduce new methods. He continued the family traditions, but he added to them the fruits of research and of modern salesmanship. In other words, he extended his line. One could still purchase from him the good old reliable mud images for abundant crops and men children and domestic felicity and safe journeys, but now in addition one could acquire charms as reliable in visiting upon one's enemies at comfortably long range any misfortune one might fancy for them. The joke of it was that often the thing seemed to work! People actually failed in their enterprises, or sickened, or even occasionally died consequent—or subsequent—to Tingra's tinsel curses. Tingra agreed with his friends, the *babus*, that this was due to the extreme suggestibility of the human mind sensitized by generations of superstition. They all professed the greatest contempt for such minds, which deserved what they got. Tingra raised his prices and gave over mass production and general practice. His images were no longer on general sale in the bazaar. If anybody wanted one of the celebrated Tingra charms, he had to order it custom-made, so to speak, and pay accordingly.

So Tingra prospered, and married, and had children, and grew older.

II

ONE afternoon Tingra was engaged in shaping a peculiarly devilish charm, designed, I believe, to produce wens on the fair countenance of some lady's rival. He was working slowly and somewhat histrionically, and chanting the appropriate mantra at the top of his lungs. A respectful and admiring crowd stood about. Tingra knew the value of public demonstration as well as any painless dentist. Suddenly it was remarked that Tingra faltered for a moment in his chant and turned pale. He recovered almost instantly, but contrary to his custom, without finishing the image on which he was engaged, he shut up shop, steadfastly refusing to receive a number of opulent-looking clients.

As soon as the populace had reluctantly dispersed from before his door, Tingra emerged and made his way as quickly as he could to the dwelling place of Gangooly, the best educated and most iconoclastic of his *babu* friends. Gangooly was a moon-faced young man with very small eyes, nose, mouth and mustache—a combination of features in itself inept, but admirably adapted to the depiction of intellectual superiority by one clever enough to arrange them. Gangooly was clever. He dissembled his surprise at Tingra's visit in midafternoon, and ordered the customary refreshments. It was only after a long preliminary that Tingra came to his point.

"Today there happened to me a curious thing, O Gangooly," said he. "I sat, as is my custom, before my door. I was making a charm for a certain great lady to accomplish a certain purpose. Since, as is usual, many fools sat about I fashioned the image according to the proper ritual, saying the words of the mantra exactly as is laid down by the masters. For though the fools know little of these things, yet there is always risk of a learned one passing by."

Gangooly nodded gravely his understanding of this ordinary business precaution.

"As I uttered the words that are supposed to call to the clay under my hands the spirit of evil, behold, the spirit of evil appeared," said Tingra simply. He spoke calmly, but beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"What do you mean?" asked Gangooly interestedly.

"What I say. I saw it with my own two eyes there before me."

"And of what nature was this thing you saw?" asked Gangooly.

"It was like unto a devil, such a devil as attends Siva in the carvings of the temples, only made small. It hovered in the air over the thing I made with my hands as a butterfly hovers over moisture in the earth."

"And then?"

"I came here. The thing was still hovering over the talisman. Can it be"—Tingra's self-control broke, and his fright came to the surface—"can it be that these things are true after all? Is it possible that these old spells ——"

Gangooly's small features arranged themselves into an expression of amusement

"My dear friend, calm yourself," he interrupted. "I admit your experience must have been both a surprise and a shock, and therefore disconcerting, but that is no reason why it should completely obscure your judgment. It is very interesting, but not at all alarming. Undoubtedly this supposed devil is a thought form emanating from the minds of those credulous creatures who surrounded you. And perhaps partly from your own mind, for you must not forget that subconscious atavism must necessarily exert a very considerable influence."

Gangooly was an exceedingly well educated young man, a graduate and a postgraduate from the university at Calcutta. He talked for a long time to Tingra on the subject of thought-form hallucinations and telepathic impressions on the subconscious and mass hypnotism as exemplified by fakirs and the like. Gangooly loved to talk, and as he held forth he built up a gratifying feeling of superiority to Tingra, whom he now saw as only partially emancipated from hereditary superstition. He ended by offering to accompany Tingra back to his workshop, where they stared at the crude image of the lady with wens on her face.

"See anything now?" asked Gangooly at last.

"Nothing," confessed Tingra.

More refreshments were served, this time in Tingra's house. By the time Gangooly had departed Tingra had quite recovered from his fright and was heartily ashamed of it. Everything had been explained on a logically scientific basis.

"You evidently possess a certain clairvoyance for these thought forms," observed Gangooly at parting. "In other words, you get an impression or idea optically or visually where others get an impression only aurally. Such cases are, I believe, not uncommon. The symbol conveying the thought to you is an image instead of a word, that is all. You'll find it very interesting to pursue this experiment. I envy you."

"Then you would not hesitate to continue?" ventured Tingra with a slight return of indecision.

Gangooly laughed tolerantly. "Why should you? Why should you shrink from the image of an idea rather than from the words of an idea? How can either affect you? You are very fortunate, in my opinion."

Thus heartened and reassured, Tingra completed the image and sold it to the envious lady at an excellent price, though whether or not the other lady developed wens on her face I have never heard.

III

WITH this beginning Tingra found, as Gangooly had predicted, that this clairvoyant faculty—if such it was—improved with practice. Shortly in the atmosphere about the images he fashioned he was able to discern excellent visual representations of the things he was pretending to conjure. These were by now for the most part evil in character, for it is a regrettable fact that the people living in Tingra's city—unlike ourselves—more often desired to annoy an enemy than to please a friend. Therefore the things Tingra saw were largely unpleasant, such as snakes or noxious insects of remarkable size and unknown species, or most fanciful little demons, imps, and daevas. As he now thoroughly understood the nature of these apparitions, they no longer alarmed him. He noted them with scientific curiosity, and he and Gangooly enjoyed many an hour together discussing the probable psychological origins of some of them.

In the meantime Tingra became quite wealthy. He was much cleverer than his forbears and predecessors in the business, and wholly unscrupulous. He became as expert at antis as any quack when his charms did not work, and he knew how to make the most of it when they did. Thus, one afternoon he sat in his doorway and viewed with satisfaction a procession slowly approaching down the street. The procession was the funeral of a man named Charaka. The basis of his satisfaction was the fact that he had made for Govinduh, Charaka's bitterest enemy, a particularly expensive charm. And lo and behold, Charaka had immediately fallen ill and died. Tingra had nothing against

(Continued on Page 46

"As I Uttered the Words That are Supposed to Call to the Clay Under My Hands the Spirit of Evil, Behold, the Spirit of Evil Appeared"

SELLING STOCK SHORT

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

"I'll Do You Somepin!" Suitzbach Danced Up and Down in the Road.

ON THAT bright morning in early October Johnny Watz had set out to find a cow. He found instead a lady. He had returned with neither the lady nor the cow.

This was a torment to the soul of Johnny Watz. Not that he was used to getting what he went after; Fate had, when she dealt with Johnny, seemed determined to have her little joke with him. How many times she had snatched from him just what his straining fingers were about to lay hold upon!

Of course, in this instance his fingers were not straining after the lady. His soul may have strained after Miss Freida Breidenthall for many years, his fingers never; they would not have been so presumptuous. No, his fingers were straining after a cow upon this October morning; they encountered blunderingly Miss Freida. Fate laughed slyly and set Johnny upon his homeward way in a welter of anger and tenderness, and possessing neither the lady nor the cow. Anger toward himself; tenderness toward Miss Freida.

He had dismounted before the Breidenthall hitching post and had opened the gate slowly. He had not opened the gate many times within the past ten years, but upon the few occasions he had opened it slowly. He always saw—for his mind had a curious tenacity for its happy memories—on its precise strip of lawn a sallow little girl with straight black hair and straight black eyes, a girl a little overgrown, a little round-shouldered in consequence. He saw her gravely taking the books he had carried for her and gravely disappearing toward the house. Disappearing! That's what she had done; disappeared, practically, out of his life for the past ten-eleven years.

It was not a sallow, overgrown little girl who greeted him in the Breidenthall kitchen, but a tall, compact woman of twenty-seven. Even sitting, she looked tall, for she sat with a level carriage of chin and the straight-shouldered grace of attuned muscle. Laid across the little table by her side was a cane; against her chair a crutch.

It was the first step of his undoing—the sight of this magnificent eagle with a maimed pinion.

"But I can crutch myself pretty good now'" she assured him; and there was in her voice that ironical undertone of laughter which had been so disconcerting to the other children even in their school days. "What's a sprained ankle towards, well, life?" cried Freida Breidenthall.

The second step of his undoing came when she spoke of his own misfortunes. She was not a pretty woman. She was, perhaps, not beautiful, but her eyes were intensely black; and just as black contains and expresses all the colors, so Freida Breidenthall's eyes contained and expressed all the emotions. They were all sympathy now as they rested upon Johnny Watz—such sympathy as he had not seen nor felt since his multiplied sorrows. He seemed all at once to be melting, to be running toward her, and he couldn't stop himself.

"And to think I couldn't even go on the funerals!" mourned Miss Freida. "It was the epidemic flu for both of them, not?"

He nodded. "It got pop with ulsters at his stomach, but it took him off from around his heart. But mom, she had the ammonia; she had ammonia at her lungs and fell off."

"And they had both of them a hospital sickness," mused Miss Freida, "and that does now take it so out of pocket." She made soft sympathetic sounds between her teeth. "And now you live alone by yourself once?"

If she hadn't asked that. Or if she hadn't looked just that way. If he had been able to keep his eyes from her own. He grasped the seat of his chair—but he had flowed all the way now; he couldn't stop himself.

"But I don't—I don't want fur to live alone!" he heard himself in stifled cry.

And he couldn't take his serious gray eyes from hers; they were being absorbed, absorbed in those black wells—wells now of pity and consternation. Consternation only for the instant it took her fingers to convulse upon her chair arm and to open, slowly, again.

Said Miss Freida carefully and very gently: "But you'll be finding you out somebody. Some such others of us ain't been married any too early either."

He got out of his chair at that. "You ain't—married?" he cried hoarsely.

"Not, just to say, married." She paused. He did not sit down; her answer, the import of it, was trying to get into his brain. He must have looked to her as he stood there with his serious gray eyes in panic upon her, his slightly protruding forehead bursting into perspiration, very like the little boy who had carried her books. But perhaps because he did look like that little wordless boy, Freida Breidenthall's direct gaze leveled from his and she stumbled on hurriedly and decisively: "You see, nobody makes much with me if they ain't the stripe to get ahead. A man where can look out good for himself, a man where is good for the business, that there's the only kind where would make with me."

There! She had been cruel only to be kind. She sank back, a little spent. But Johnny Watz did not see. He was already at the door. He turned, and as he did so she grasped her cane and rose. That was his last sight of her, standing speechless, motionless, tall and straight with her

"I am the Owner of That There Cow With the Cruppled Horn At. And"—Her Gaze, Level and Curiously Impersonal, Swept Down Upon Mr. Suitzbach—"I Ain't fur Selling Her"

scepter. Perhaps some dim sense of pageantry in her demanded that gesture of ceremony on her part. For, after all, it had been just that—a ceremony; the ceremony of dismissing from her inner life Johnny Watz, the only little boy who had ever offered to carry her books for her.

She sat down and after a moment she vented that odd ironical laugh in which she seemed in some disconcerting way to be laughing at herself. Or was she laughing from some grim sense of humor at these belated proposals proposals ten years belated? Perhaps she didn't even know that she laughed; for at once she sighed.

Nor did Johnny Watz know, exactly, what were his feelings as he got him to horse. He felt very hot and vaguely sick. He wanted to get from the sight of Miss Freida's wide lands and he wanted his own home. It was not until his distempered eyes chanced upon a cow that he remembered what he had started out that morning to get. Now he looked at the small Alderney with lackluster gaze and rode on.

But, after all, Johnny Watz behind that slightly bulging forehead had an ordered mind, an extremely ordered mind. Sleep made a fairly good job of knitting up the raveled sleave of care, and the following morning he reflected, as he neatly parted his smooth blond hair, that after all he was essentially no worse off than he had been; for he had never expected to have Miss Freida Breidenthall. Such a fancy was the stuff of which beautiful dreams are made, and he had never even presumed to have a dream so beautiful. In that odd hour which had inserted itself like an alien thing into his life yesterday he hadn't really proposed, not really; and he hoped, humbly, she wouldn't think he had.

As for the cow, she was not the stuff of dreams, and he proposed to have her. Not the small Alderney which he had seen and admired in Miss Freida's orchard—the comb trembled at the mere thought of venturing near the Breidenthall domain—but this Alderney upon which his eyes had drifted yesterday. The two cows were remarkably similar, now that he came to think of it. This one had been in Horace Sultzbach's pasture. A hard dealer, Sultzbach, but a man who would sell anything, provided he got his price for it. Well, Watz was prepared to give a good price for the cow. After his continuous run of ill luck he was a little desperate, was Johnny Watz. He was going to have something, just something, to his liking out of life, he said to himself as he rode toward the large Sultzbach farm.

Sultzbach himself was in the pasture mending the feed trough. He was a large man planned in circles. His head was circular, his stout body was circular and his stout limbs were circular. Upon his forehead was pressed a red-brown semicircle of hair; and this effect was repeated in form and color by a watch chain across his middle whose links had been ingeniously carved from peach stones. Mr. Sultzbach, being a peach grower, had for some seasons put by the largest stone which chanced beneath his notice and during the winter evenings had carved it—result, the heroic chain which served at once as cable for an ancestral watch and as neat advertising medium for the quality of his orchards. Mr. Sultzbach with his reddish face and his brownish clothing was indeed a full symphony in red and brown as he stepped toward the fence at Johnny's greeting:

"Alderney, not?"

The fawn-colored bovine with her large gazellelike eyes and her neat head and feet was so evidently an Alderney that Sultzbach merely admitted the fact by a gesture of the hammer.

"I could be on the market for an Alderney, mebbe," confessed Johnny. His eyes ravished the animal.

Mr. Sultzbach looked all at once as suspicious of Johnny and of the world in general as a trader to the manner born should look. "Wonderful cow," he admitted. Between narrowed eyes he watched for Johnny to make the next move.

"Looks like the"—Johnny swallowed hard—"the Breidenthall breed."

Mr. Sultzbach being built in circles responded in circles: "Looks like it."

"Was you willing fur to sell her?"

"Was I willing fur to sell her?" mused Mr. Sultzbach. "Well, she's a wonderful cow."

Johnny got over the fence and examined the cow. It was hard for his fingers to leave her plump silken ribs. In the meantime Mr. Sultzbach had been enumerating in fulsome detail her excellent points.

"I know cows," said Johnny at last in some impatience. "I ask you oncet again yet what fur price you want fur her?"

"What fur price? What fur price was you willing fur to give?"

"Och, I ain't buying stock by questions!" cried Johnny "I will give you a good cash price in money." His wide straight gaze strove to pry between the other's narrowed slits. "I will give you—now I show you oncet how I do straightforwards business, Sultzbach!—I will give you one hunert dollars in cash money fur that cow and I ain't giving you no more nor neither no less."

"One hunert dollars he says! Fur a cow where gives down at the least eight quart of milk twicet a day!" Sultzbach shook his head pityingly upon Johnny. "Even if I was willing fur to sell her, I couldn't ——"

"Well, make up your minds fur oncet if you was!" Johnny flung toward his horse. "We got to get down on rock beds, Sultzbach, that I can tell you, if we do any business between each other. I ain't one for talking up at the air!"

He slapped the bridle smartly

Sultzbach jerked with alacrity to the fence. "Now, looky here, what's a use of gitting so warm and so hot? You are going on town, not? .Well, then, stop ag'in till a while, and in the meantime I will be making my thought about it."

He made his thought by striking precipitately for the Breidenthall farm. He slowed as he crossed the sideyard and entered the kitchen casually enough. Miss Breidenthall sat with a low table before her, ladling pot cheese into small containers.

"Yes, I'm early over," he answered her greeting. "But I had a thought to come into my head, yes, anyhow if I didn't!" Mr. Sultzbach made upon occasion an elephantine capture of a joke and he did so by pouncing upon it with both hands. Both palms clapped to his knees now, and one end of his mustache and the other twitched roguishly.

(Continued on Page 91

Mr. Sultzbach Looked All at Once as Suspicious of Johnny and of the World in General as a Trader to the Manner Born Should Look

FIVE YEARS MORE OF FLYING

By HOWARD MINGOS

MORE than 500,000 persons have been putting money into American aeronautical enterprises, believing that aviation must become a whopping big thing, say in about five years. They hear of men flying for days in a little machine, of telephone conversations between persons in the air and on the ground, of a whole truck load of furniture carried in a single plane; and they are curiously confident that the day is approaching when flying machines will be as common as motor cars.

They have a vision of airplanes by the thousands gadding here and there about the country at all hours of the day and night, a steady stream of air traffic flowing noisily over the housetops everywhere, carrying people and things for all purposes. Though a majority are not quite definite in their understanding of just how all that is to be brought about, still they have a vague idea that any number of newfangled contraptions will soon be invented to make flying simple and safe. Such is the present popularity of aviation in the United States.

Boeing Combination Mail-Passenger Speed Ship on the Air-Mail Transcontinental Main Line

To match that public enthusiasm the aircraft industry promises variously—giant machines loaded with as many as a hundred persons leaving the huge and magnificently new terminals every hour or two, air liners with from twenty to fifty passengers sleeping comfortably in their berths and winging across country and over the water a thousand miles in a single night, express planes cleaving space at a speed of three miles a minute or more, small craft of every conceivable size and shape bearing private owners and their families to all those places where people usually go in motor cars when outside the city limits.

The industry has been so extensively reorganized in the last six months, so much new capital is being put into it, that today the aircraft people are planning many things which only a few years ago would have appeared fantastic.

Taking a Flyer in Aircraft

"MONEY is what we have needed most in the past," explained an airplane manufacturer—a pioneer. "We have had to lay aside many new and excellent plans simply because they could not be financed. Our inventors were badly handicapped. They had no money with which to work out new ideas. Those few engineers and designers who managed to become established in business had little time for new designing. They were forced to be business executives and handle their own show. And it has been a show, too—a stunt show. People have looked upon flying as a stunt, and we as the performers have had to balance aviation on our noses, like trained seals, trying thereby to attract attention. We have had to conserve our meager resources, meet pay rolls and sell our products in a restricted market.

"But with the present public participation in aviation, the conditions are changing with astonishing rapidity. Big business is taking a mighty hand in it. Many of the great industrial organizations are financially and otherwise interested. New talent is being employed throughout the industry, and the aircraft and accessory branches are now better organized. No longer may the designers claim poverty and lack of public support as reasons for not making better aircraft. The average designer has been talking for years about what he would like to do, could do, if permitted. Today he is being ordered to cease talking and do it. Money is no object. We know that the public which is putting up the capital for new development work will afford a broad market for our products."

All classes are represented in this new industry, which the promoters cautiously term, frankly, but in small type, a speculative effort. Rich men who have never been within reach of an airplane are heavily involved in the present financing. Large corporations with funds available for outside investment, bankers using their own money, business and professional men, workers in offices and factories—for one reason or another they have faith in the paying possibilities of aircraft.

The Pitcairn-Cierva Autogiro in Flight Over Bryn Athyn Cathedral, Pennsylvania

Their Own Money

THE amounts invested by individuals range between the small savings accounts of wage earners and the half million dollars or so checked out by a capitalist for large blocks of stock, which he tucks away in his safe-deposit box. Conservative estimates place the total at about $400,000,000, most of it withdrawn from other investment fields and placed in aviation within the last twelve months.

That is most significant. It indicates a demand for the things that aviation has to offer, and where there is a demand one may be assured that some means will be found to satisfy it. The continuation of the public support over the last year has back of it something decidedly more substantial than mere speculation; for people do not continue to invest money without knowing that they have good prospects for returns.

In this case they have seen the other industries turning to the air and flying activities. They believe that epochal developments are bound to occur through the efforts of the great companies—General Motors, Ford, Packard, Westinghouse, General Electric, Du Pont, Radio Corporation of America, American Telephone and Telegraph, the aluminum companies, the railroads and the shipping interests—all employing their technical facilities for the improvement of aeronautical equipment. With such organizations augmenting the inventive forces of the aircraft group, the public is sure that it may soon go buzzing through the air in almost any style.

That has given the aeronautical people utter faith in their own future, as evidenced by the fact that those in closest contact with aviation are putting money in it. They have followed the public into their own field.

A very large percentage of the 100,000 employes in the industry and a majority of the executives in aviation companies are investing their own money and that of their relatives and friends. And they, too, have hit upon the next five years as a period in which the flying business must mature and yield a golden harvest in dividends and appreciation of securities.

They know, of course, that many intricate problems await solution in every phase of aeronautics. The old-timers have witnessed the failure of innumerable inventions which at first promised to revolutionize flying. They understand the nature of the fakes and addle-pated ideas, some of which even now at this late day of general enlightenment are being financed by gullible persons.

Yet for the first time the experts agree generally that there is no

problem of importance which cannot be solved, and they believe that in view of what is being done at present they can look ahead and forecast with fair accuracy the transformation of flying and flying machines.

An engineer of note, who has been designing airplanes for seventeen years, expressed the thought of his colleagues when he told the writer that the inventive branches of aviation now have a secure foundation of technical standards on which to base future development.

"We are beginning to do things that few serious designers would have contemplated five years ago," he said. "We are, I believe, about ready to make planes that will get up into the air almost straight off the ground, hover overhead and drop down ever so slowly into very small spaces. We shall make greater speed at higher altitudes and carry heavier loads. We shall make the airplane the safest vehicle yet devised—of that I am sure.

"Power is the most important thing of all—reliable power and enough of it at all times. We are beginning to secure the power we need along with the necessary light weight in engines, whether they be for little planes or big ones. The amazing development in all kinds of precision work is giving us motor equipment that can be depended upon to perform satisfactorily. But then we have barely started. Just think for a moment what we have today that we lacked only a few years ago. Almost everything in commercial flying has been accomplished within the last five years. In fact, there has been more progress in all the sciences during the last five years than in the preceding twenty. We hope to maintain the same rate of improvement."

All Metal 12-Place Ford-Stout Transport on the Concrete Runway at Dearborn Airport

New Times, New Metals

"MANY things which we once denounced as impracticable are now commonplace. Take, for example, all-metal construction. There were serious objectionable features. The metal crystallized and became brittle enough to snap into pieces. It was subject to corrosion, which rendered it useless. The strong metals which possessed sufficient endurance were too heavy for aircraft. Science has recently made available new metals and methods of working with them. We have metals which do not corrode, and several other alloys which will not crystallize. A metal that is lighter than aluminum and as tough as steel, can now be made into forgings and castings. In Italy it is being used for street-car wheels and axles. We are developing the necessary tools and machinery for using metals in connections, braces, coverings for wings and bodies; and metal promises soon to supplant the prevailing wood and fabric just as the steel railway coach has become a substitute for that of wood.

"Many other factors will determine the different types of flying craft which the public will be buying and patronizing within the next few years. Shock absorbers, navigational instruments, the radio, wheel brakes —— Wheel brakes have been developed here in the United States, and Europeans are astonished at the efficiency which they contribute to planes of all sizes. We formerly had to use a tail skid, which bit into the ground and slowed down the machine after the wheels touched. Though this retarded the speed and finally stopped it after a long roll over the surface, it also held back the plane during the take-off.

"As you know, the heavier the machine, the longer the roll. With wheel brakes the skid can be discarded and a small wheel installed in its place. The pilot can stop his machine within half the distance after the wheels touch the ground. Further, he can hold his plane motionless until the motor is run up to maximum power, and then get into the air within a few yards. That permits landing in small fields and reduces the danger of emergency landings in rough places. And the brakes are just as efficient on the largest kind of plane as on a small one.

"Now that the big concerns in other industries have thrown open their research laboratories, and their scientists are developing new parts and materials for aircraft, we are making even more extraordinary progress. As I said, we are planning machines which we hardly dared think about a few years ago."

Consolidated Aircraft Twin-Motored Flying Boat, a Model for Proposed 32-Passenger Ship

Possibly 2000 persons skilled in the sciences are hard at work on problems relating to tools, accessories and materials for planes and engines. The majority of them are located here in the United States. And while much of the experimentation is secret in so far as the state of progress is concerned, the fact that the various problems are well known and understood makes the objectives a matter of common knowledge. The industry has a fair idea of what is being attempted.

Evolution Rather Than Revolution

VIRTUALLY everything in use today was under way five years ago. At least it was conceived; some designer had it in mind. The big change that the industry could not foresee was the swift and wholly unexpected rise in popular enthusiasm. But several years are usually required to commercialize a device of major importance after it has left the laboratory; therefore your well-informed engineer knows just about what may or may not happen during the next five years.

Contrary to the opinion often expressed in lay circles, few intelligent attempts are being made to produce either planes or airships utterly new or radical in design. The present trend lies more in the direction of evolution rather than revolution. Engineers are still trying to improve the airplane which the Wright brothers invented, and they are making a thorough job of it.

They have no new formula for sustained flight, no newly discovered physical laws to change the principles governing airplane design; but they are using more power, better instruments and various other devices to make flying craft safer, more economical and more popular.

At the same time they are adhering rather closely to the rule, applied in all industries, that the extent to which a thing is absolutely essential should determine the amount of effort devoted to it. Now that flying has been lifted out of the stunt era, they are bent on providing machines which purchasers will want. Their object is to satisfy the demand.

The main thing, as the aviation people see it, is to put into the air the maximum number of planes and airships as quickly as possible—machines of different types, for transport, local

(Continued on Page 155)

Large Cabin Ship at Home on Land or Water; the Twin Wasp-Motored Sikorsky Amphibian

THE TOAD AND THE PUDDLE

"But Whether We Have Failed to Give You Entire Satisfaction or Not, I Recommend You Very Strongly to Try Another Hotel in Another Town"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

YOU could hardly have called New Galicia a puddle, although it might have been a trifle puddlesome at times—after exceptionally heavy rains. But that was to be expected, as the town was somewhat deficient in the matter of paved streets. However, the fertile red soil soon drank up the rainfall and, as a general thing, the dust was really more of an inconvenience than mud. Captious housewives occasionally complained of the dust; but goodness gracious if one is set on complaining there will always be something short of perfection to complain of! It is ordained that we must all eat our peck of dirt before we die, and if it is clean, wholesome dirt like New Galicia's a man may count himself lucky even if the peck is increased to a bushel or two. And what are a few puddles? Suppose, for your sins, you had to live in some town where they have to turn out, every man jack, with shovels and sacks and work on the levees day and night whenever old Mississip gets on a little rampage! New Galicia's levees are, as everybody knows, the best on the river, and her citizens have no need to worry about high watermarks.

A town to be proud of; not to bellow and brag about, the way some of these damyankees do about their towns, its superiority being quite evident. It didn't aim to entice additional population, being mighty well satisfied with what it had and more than willing to leave the increase to time and natural causes. Its citizens were proud of its institutions: Of its churches, schools, opera house, cotton gins, jail, bank, police force, of its brave sons and fair daughters—God bless 'em!—and of its hotel. It was chock full of pride in everything within its borders, and the fullness thereof ran over on the surrounding country. It was a prosperous town—not bloated with riches, but doing right well without any vulgar scurry and bustle; and a territory of contented people, from the tattered field hand, conversing familiarly with his sleek mule in the corn rows, to old General Bob Tavernay, lounging in his chair on the veranda at Montecute and delicately sipping his fragrant decoction of mint.

A wonderful soil the country had! Tickle it with hoe or plow point, and the resulting harvest laughter was echoed from every cabin and shack—echoed by mellow chuckles to the accompaniment of choral song and the twanging of primitive "banjers," and when niggers are happy you may be sure that their white folks aren't glum. "Niggers?" Certainly. There was no insistence upon the euphemism of "colored," or even the formal "negro," in and around New Galicia twenty years or so ago. "Ah's a New Galicia nigger." They were proud of it, up and down the river. "Judge, suh, yo' honor, Ah ent the nigger whut done de cuttin'." But there may be changes of late years.

New Galicia didn't put on metropolitan airs. It wasn't even a county seat, so don't be misled by the reference to the jail and the police force. Dick Venner, the marshal, with Jeff Orcum and Tod Wheeler to assist him when necessary, constituted the police force; and as for the jail!—well, any river town is likely to need a jail. Even Beulah had one. No, New Galicia wasn't a large place, although its cotton was known from Louisiana to Lancashire, and there was a time when it was at a premium. Ask any New Orleans broker. And you might ask him if he knows—or knew—Major Egbert Follansbee Wilgus.

The Mr. O'Reilly of whom they spoke so highly and who kept the hotel was the major's prototype. The major kept New Galicia's hotel and was highly and continually spoken of and in terms of the highest respect. He not only kept the hotel, but was president of the Commercial National Bank, chairman of the town board of supervisors, owner of the Laura Lenox, plying between Memphis and New Orleans, silent partner in the Gem City Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Company, chairman of the county Democratic central committee, churchwarden of St. John's Episcopal, High Cockalorum of the United Cohorts of Clover-Tops, and Grand or Past-Grand, or the equivalent, of most of the other fraternal organizations of the town; so that if you wanted to join anything or eject anybody or negotiate a loan, or run for an office, get a rebate or a contract, or if you thought the band boys needed new uniforms or that the Rev. Dr. Philip Wayne was too greatly inclined to forms and ceremonies—whatever it was you wished for or proposed—the first question that you would be asked was: "Have you seen the major?" and the second: "What does the major think about it?" If the major thought well of it, you would get what you wanted; if otherwise, you might just as well have dropped the matter there and then. In either case, however, the major would have been urbane and would have modestly disclaimed any influence.

He could well afford to be modest. Presidents, kings and other potentates wielding real power seldom have to assert themselves, and he was at least co-regnant with General Bob Tavernay in the country, while in the town he was supreme. A dignified figure, looking bulkier than he really was in his comfortable, loosely fitting linen garments, and he modified dignity with benignity. He walked with a soldierly carriage, acquired in his youth in the state militia, and he had a way of twisting the drooping ends of his long gray mustache into a curl of transient ferocity; but he was always affable and could be jovial on occasion. On the whole, Major Wilgus was popular, and he could hardly have been that, nor could he have attained his business success and his eminence in public affairs if he had been merely a pompous, pot-bellied, pig-headed, irascible, domineering, intolerant, rule-or-ruin old windbag, as certain of his enemies whispered—strictly

between themselves. But there is no denying that he knew that he was Major Egbert Follansbee Wilgus, that the Wilgus House was what it was, and that New Galicia richly deserved him and it. No harm in that.

The best place to see Major Wilgus was at the hotel, where he resided with Miss Fanny, his sister, and Miss Cora Belle, his daughter of nineteen summers. He was at his best beneath the moss-encrusted shingles of the old house, either at his desk in the open cubby-hole behind the key rack or at a table in the bar. Here he was host, and you could rely upon the courteous consideration due to a guest; while at the bank he was likely to adopt, as a protective coloration, something of the hard-boiled manner of Dave Owens, the cashier and factotum, polished but granite. But he seldom stayed at the bank longer than was necessary; the hotel was his true sphere. His father had kept it before him. At one time old Horatio Wilgus had owned a large plantation not far from Montecule and kept the openest of open houses there, gaming and carrying on until he had nearly ruined himself. Ask Miss Fanny to tell you about it, and how the Yankees came along and finished the job. But was Horatio downhearted? He was not. He came down to New Galicia and opened the Wilgus House, and in that way got the society that was the breath of his life and was paid for his hospitality—or his wife was. Mamma was an excellent business woman, it seemed. The major must have inherited her ability.

The hotel was, at all events, unique. Generations of salesmen had arranged their schedules to Sunday at New Galicia if possible; cotton brokers, horse traders, planters and steamboat men had spread the fame of the Wilgus kitchen far and wide and, if the roads had been better and had led to any other place in particular, the touring riff-raff of the main highways would have overrun the place and spoiled it. It wasn't a large hotel—not more than thirty bedrooms, perhaps, if so many. A rambling, weather-beaten old structure, sagging and bulging here and there from the perpendicular or horizontal, but still sound. It was almost surrounded by ample galleries whose ancient rockers, draped always in clean holland, invited the weary to reposeful ease. A picket fence, with an occasional broken or missing picket, inclosed a spacious yard—bare of grass, indeed, but glorious with blooming oleanders, red and white, with red and white roses and scarlet geranium, while the foliage of camphor, orange and chinaberry trees afforded verdure enough to rest the eye. Here Miss Fanny was to be seen in the cool of the morning, sunbonneted and chamois-gloved, snipping and digging in the flower beds, a lanky, bare-legged young negro girl in attendance carrying watering-pots, trowel, shears and basket, and a palm broom to sweep the litter from the time-mellowed, herringboned brick walks. Miss Cora Belle would willingly have undertaken her aunt's task, but Aunt Fanny disapproved. Cora Belle's appearance invariably crowded the gallery with gentlemen and mysteriously drew them from the street. Her sunbonnet seemed to make no difference.

Inside the hotel you turned from the wide breeze-way into the office, and from the office you could proceed to the bar before entering the dining room, if you needed an *apéritif*—and you could ask Gregoire for it by that name with a certainty of being understood—but your palate would have been jaded indeed if you needed anything to stimulate your appetite. Oysters from Bayou Cook, a bisque or a gumbo, crabs from the Gulf, "swimp" from the Teche, pompano or snapper, chicken, perhaps, or turkey—and those candied yams of Chloe's! Ah, those yams!

If you impressed him favorably, Uncle Ned himself would bring such delicacies to you; Uncle Ned with the wool still on the top of his head, but gray with age; Uncle Ned, with his antiquated spike-tailed coat and marvelous shirt collar, slip-slopping in his old carpet slippers to your elbow, deferentially advising, keenly interested in your reactions to what he served, anticipating your every want, beaming at your inevitable appreciation, emphatically grateful for your modest gratuity, bowing you out with courtly ceremony! He was always apologetically conscious of those bulging, much worn carpet slippers but, "Ah finds Ah've got to favah mah feets, suh," he would say.

Most of the servants were at least elderly. "Old-timey niggers." Miss Fanny's training had made them fairly efficient, and the example of the major accounted, perhaps, for their elaborate politeness; but they seemed to have come by their cheerfulness and their anxiety to please quite naturally. Old and young, there seemed to be an army of them in the quarters that flanked the kitchen. The half-naked children were fat as butter balls. Waste must have run riot, but if nobody cared and there was plenty, why not? And if you didn't get what you wanted exactly when you wanted it, you were sure to get it in time or a perfectly good excuse. There were no room telephones, but you could, as the major might have suggested, "just lean ovah the stair rail and hollah," and if you shouted loud enough to wake 'Dolphus or Rhoda it would answer quite as well. There would be no speck of yesterday's dust in the room, your bed would be good and its linen and mosquito bar snowy and spotless, the latter with no undarned holes. Miss Fanny inspected every room regularly, and woe betide Julia or Rhoda if anything was left undone that should have been done.

Major Wilgus had been more or less aware of the new-fangled contraptions that modern hotels in the larger Northern cities were adopting. He had known his Memphis fairly well in time past, and his New Orleans much better. He could tell you stories about nights *chez* Madame Veguesse and the *bons viveurs* who frequented madame's hospitable establishment. He had learned from her. Chloe's bisque of crayfish had been madame's. He had learned from the old St. Charles in kitchen and office. He had always stopped there, but they told him that there were changes of late—improvements. That puzzled him, for the St. Charles already had elevators—which, of course, were unnecessary in the Wilgus House. Some of these days he would run down on the Laura Lenox and see what they were doing.

There was this new hotel, too, going up. Andy Thayer, returning from a business trip to Chicago, told a great yarn about the magnificence of the hotels in that city. Where he was stopping there was a disk fastened on his bedroom wall that was marked off like a roulette wheel, only lettered instead of numbered. Each division had the

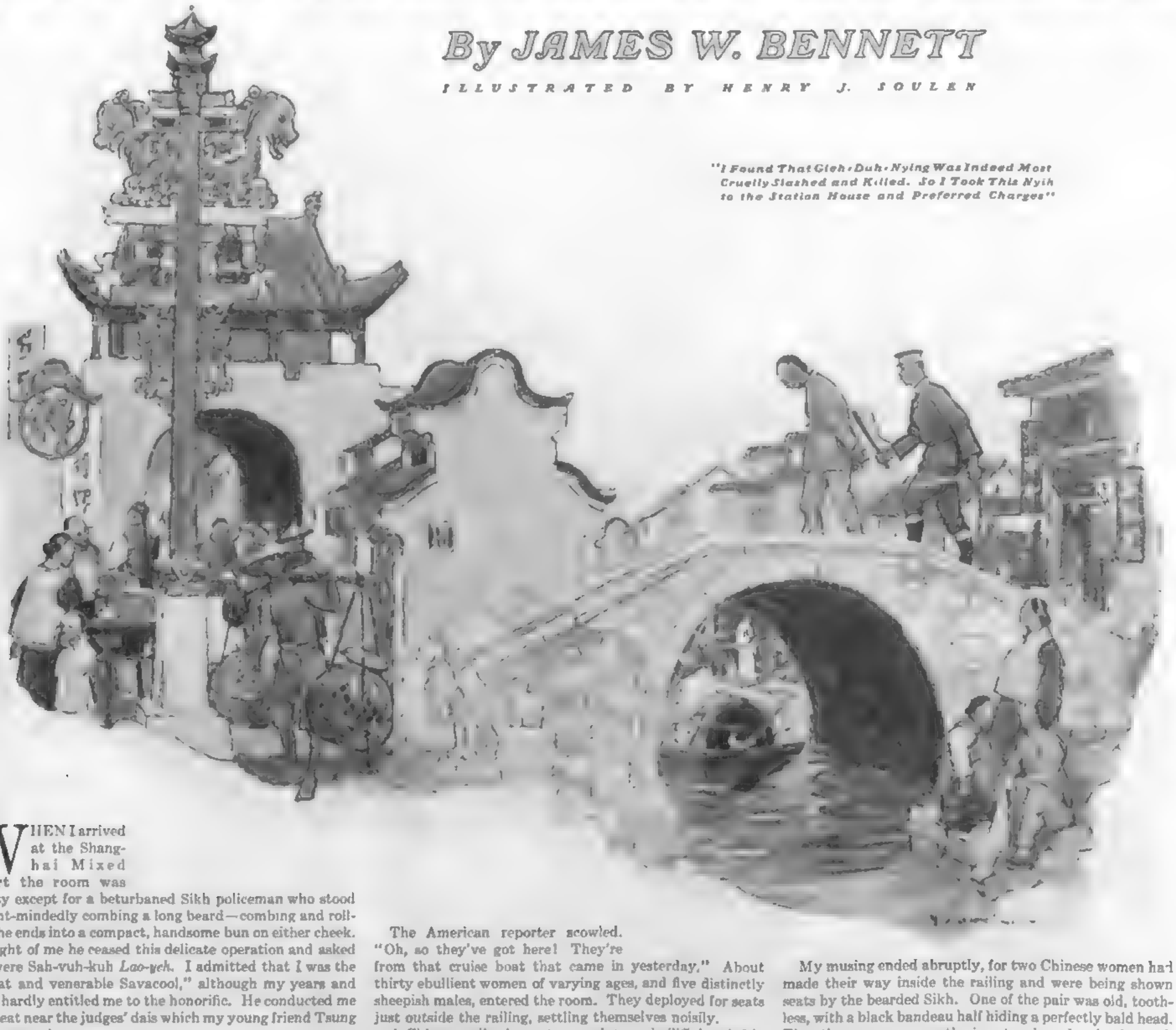
(Continued on Page 141

With Such Chaperonage, the Meetings of the Young People Could Hardly be Called Clandestine

THE MIXED COURT DECIDES

By JAMES W. BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



"I Found That Gleh-Duh-Nying Was Indeed Most Cruelly Slashed and Killed. So I Took This Nyih to the Station House and Preferred Charges"

WHEN I arrived at the Shanghai Mixed Court the room was empty except for a beturbaned Sikh policeman who stood absent-mindedly combing a long beard—combing and rolling the ends into a compact, handsome bun on either cheek. At sight of me he ceased this delicate operation and asked if I were Sah-vuh-kuh *Lao-yeh*. I admitted that I was the "great and venerable Savacool," although my years and rank hardly entitled me to the honorific. He conducted me to a seat near the judges' dais which my young friend Tsung had reserved.

Two reporters arrived on my heels, one from Shanghai's lone American daily newspaper, the other from a British organ. They nodded to me, and the American journalist said with a smile:

"Isn't this a bit off your beat, Professor Savacool? I didn't realize that you went in for murder trials."

"Yes, it's decidedly out of my line. But an ex-student of mine, Tsung, told me over the phone that there would be some unusual features, and he offered to reserve me a seat. I was rather surprised, for I thought this Glendenning case was pretty open and shut, judging from the accounts in your paper."

The reporter yawned. "So we all think. The assessor and the magistrate will convict in an hour." Then he added with a rising inflection: "Tsung? You mean the detective?"

I nodded.

"Well, he ought to know what he's talking about. By the way, that's a keen young Chinese—Tsung! Youngest man on the municipal force in Shanghai, and about the best."

He turned for confirmation to the British reporter, a melancholy-appearing man with burnt-out eyes.

"Rather!" agreed the Englishman briefly. His cindery eyes roved toward the passage, where sounds had arisen—laughter, scuffling of feet, high and tittering cries. "What is that blether?"

The American reporter scowled. "Oh, so they've got here! They're from that cruise boat that came in yesterday." About thirty ebullient women of varying ages, and five distinctly sheepish males, entered the room. They deployed for seats just outside the railing, settling themselves noisily.

A Chinese police inspector, on duty as bailiff, hurried in from the judges' chambers. Reaching up for the magistrate's gavel, he rapped for silence. The sharp tapping was blurred by the whispering and continued laughter from this gallery. A spark of life came into the eyes of the English reporter. He twisted about in his seat and addressed them:

"This may strike you as amusing, but a man is about to be tried here for murder in the first degree." Then, seeing their slightly startled expressions, he embroidered: "If he's convicted he'll be killed today—here in this room. His ears will be sliced off, tongue slit, hands lopped at the wrists."

They gasped, grew a trifle pale, but settled more firmly in their seats. He faced back to the other reporter and me, muttering:

"'Strewth, how I hate these ruddy trippers—Yankee or English! The last party that nosed in here I frightened away with that tall story."

The American reporter laughed shortly. "You shouldn't have told them it was going to be a murder case. I know my compatriots. They'd do anything, short of committing the crime itself, to watch such a trial."

I wondered if those tourists would understand what was going on—the easy informality of the Mixed Court, its almost contemptuous brushing aside of trappings, of red tape and, above all, of legal forensics. A tribunal unique in the world. A fusion of Western and Oriental ideals of justice.

My musing ended abruptly, for two Chinese women had made their way inside the railing and were being shown seats by the bearded Sikh. One of the pair was old, toothless, with a black bandeau half hiding a perfectly bald head. The other was young, with pipe-stem legs showing beneath trousers cut high in the prevailing mode for Chinese femininity this year. With that one exception, she could lay no claim to being fashionable. For, like the old woman, she was clad in garments of well-washed, faded and patched blue coolie cloth. Their faces bore that gaunt imprint I had seen on so many Chinese—the cruel stamp of slow starvation. I did not need the whispered words of the newspaperman to identify them as the wife and mother of the accused man.

The clock was verging on the hour of trial when a jolly laugh floated from the passage and a tall, heavily built foreigner came breezily into the court room. He was followed by a furtive little man, tugging a brief case.

"That's Marder," said the American reporter, making a note on a sheaf of copy paper as he spoke. "Fine chap—Marder. He's the murdered man's business partner. Wonder why he has that little shyster, Fettie, with him? Isn't the police department going to conduct the prosecution?"

The English journalist answered the question: "No; our esteemed police prosecutor was thrown from his horse yesterday, on a paper hunt. I believe he fell on his head. I hope so," added the Briton vindictively. "He's so tight about giving out any information."

The two men—Marder and the lawyer, Fettie—seated themselves at the plaintiff's table. The bailiff again grasped the gavel. He neatly erased the veneer from the wood of a

small translator's table as he pounded with fury. In the silence which followed his onslaught, he intoned in Chinese:

"The magistrate and the assessor are about to enter the court room. All will arise."

We sprang to our feet and, following our example, the tourists. The two Chinese women sat apathetically, but with eyes darting. The bailiff rushed over to them, and catching the shoulders of the old woman, jerked her from her chair. The young wife, comprehending now, scrambled upright.

The Chinese magistrate entered, a burly Oriental with coarse iron-gray hair and with a mouth like a small steel trap. It was a peculiar conformation of jaw, giving his face an intimidating expression. He wore a bright blue silk robe and a short brocaded jacket of purple.

A pace behind the magistrate walked Riddick, an American consul assigned to the Mixed Court as assessor. From his long service in this tribunal, Riddick had become the doyen of the foreign assessors. I knew that technically his position was that of adviser to the magistrate, but that actually he dictated many of the decrees which—after a face-saving conference—the magistrate would announce. The assessor was a tall, slender man, frail in appearance beside the full-cheeked, robust Chinese magistrate. Riddick's eyes looked weary and his mouth—originally it must have been gentle—had a distinctly cynical twist.

The pair seated themselves, side by side, on the dais. The crowd rustled back into their chairs. Unctuously and with evident enjoyment in his rôle, the bailiff intoned in Chinese:

"The first case on today's trial calendar is The International Settlement of Shanghai in the Mixed Court, American complainant, versus Nyih Foh-ming, a Chinese, the accused, for the murder of Robert Glendenning, a citizen of the United States and a resident of Shanghai."

As the bailiff concluded, Riddick spoke crisply:

"The police department of the settlement, at the request of Anthony Marder, business partner of the deceased, has turned over the active prosecution of this case to Thomas Fettie, attorney retained by Anthony Marder. However, as the law requires that the police must assist, the court will appoint"—he paused and his eye went to the back of the room where three foreigners in the blue uniforms of police inspectors were standing—"it will appoint Patrick MacNamara."

One of the three men detached himself from the wall and trod with bovine stolidity to the plaintiff's table, where he seated himself.

A rotund Chinese arose from a desk at the foot of the dais and translated this statement for the benefit of the magistrate, who did not speak English.

Then Riddick continued:

"The defendant, Nyih, is without counsel, having twice refused such aid. This court is unwilling to force counsel upon any man. However, in the interests of justice, it will endeavor to see that Nyih is properly warned in the matter of questions and answers which might unduly incriminate him. Beyond that, the court may not trespass. . . . Let the defendant be brought in."

The Sikh policeman marched ponderously to the runway leading from the court room to the jail. A moment later he reappeared with the Chinese, Nyih Foh-ming.

Nyih, I saw, was a small Oriental. On his sallow, pock-marked face grew a stubble of sparse beard. His gray coolie-cloth jacket and trousers were dirt-stained and incredibly wrinkled. About the whole figure there was something so utterly woebegone that my heart illogically went out to him in pity.

The magistrate stared at the prisoner for a long moment, during which time the assessor was making a notation in a large ledgerlike book at his elbow. Nyih batted his eyes once or twice, but he stoically returned the judge's stare. Riddick blotted his notation, looked toward the plaintiff's table and spoke.

"Thomas Fettie, since upon you devolves the prosecution of this case, state briefly upon what evidence you expect to gain a conviction."

The lawyer rose. Taking a forensic stance beneath the dais, he began in a high voice that I found extraordinarily unpleasant:

"The magistrate and the assessor, I am here to demand that sentence of death be imposed upon the man now cowering in the prisoner's dock. He must pay the penalty for the brutal murder of Robert Glendenning. I shall prove to you that the defendant, Nyih, killed Glendenning. I shall show that Nyih was last seen with the murdered man. I shall prove that Nyih's garments were stained with blood. Moreover, that when apprehended the villainous Nyih made no protestations denying his guilt ——"

"Wait!" interrupted the assessor. "I wish your charge, thus far, translated for the magistrate."

The translator's words rattled like musketry. After a moment the judge held up a long-nailed brown hand. At a nod from the assessor, the attorney went on:

"The act of confession in this case would be needless, a mere gilding of the lily. Nyih was caught, bathed in his victim's blood."

He paused for effect; then went on in a lower key: "With the court's permission I shall introduce the evidence of Mr. Anthony Marder, who, as the court knows, is the survivor of the honored firm of Glendenning and Marder. Mr. Marder will tell you ——"

"You need not advise us in advance what Mr. Marder will testify!" curtly interposed the assessor. "This court will hear his evidence in due course. Along what other lines does the prosecution plan to follow?"

The attorney gave a nervous shrug. "Again with your permission, I shall introduce the prisoner's criminal record, the Annals of the Shanghai Mixed Court, pages 9781 and 10,040. In other words, two convictions within the space of a single month for petty larceny, the theft of foodstuffs. I shall introduce the testimony of the policeman who captured Nyih on that fatal day of the murder. When I have laid before the court this overwhelming body of evidence, I am convinced that it can find no alternative but to pronounce the supreme penalty upon this heartless and degraded monster."

Fettie mopped his brow, opened his mouth, closed it again and sat down rather suddenly. The interpreter translated his closing words for the magistrate. Riddick shuffled a batch of papers and lifted out a memorandum. Turning toward Fettie, he spoke:

"The police have already transcribed the record of the defendant's past two convictions, Mr. Fettie. Are you willing to consider these transcripts as introduced in evidence?"

"Gladly," answered the lawyer.

"Then call your first witness."

"With the court's permission: Mr. Anthony Marder."

The assessor nodded and Marder stepped to the witness stand. Here, I commented to myself, the East and the West met and a ritual was demolished—that of swearing to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The Orient could see no saving grace in a Bible to bind men's tongues toward honesty. So the testimony began without Marder submitting to the formality of an oath.

I stared at Marder with interest. He seemed the apotheosis of the well-dressed man, from his gray spats, striped trousers, to the immaculate tail coat with its discreet mourning band. Perhaps the crape was a trifle ostentatious, but otherwise his attire was beyond reproach. His eyes were blue and clear, his cheeks the healthy brown that attested to hours on the Kiangwan or Hungjao golf links.

"What is your name?"

"Anthony Marder."

"Age?"

"Forty-three."

"Your occupation?"

"Exporter of Chinese products, principally tea, to America."

"Were you a partner of Robert Glendenning?"

"Yes, a full partner."

"In what condition were the affairs of the deceased when his death took place?"

Marder's face grew serious. "Rather bad. Ever since his death I've been going over his books. He had been speculating on the silver market, plunging quite heavily."

"With money belonging to the firm?"

Marder turned to the assessor. "Must I answer that, Your Honor? After all, Robert is dead. He was my friend. I owe my start in life to him. We had been partners for fifteen years."

(Continued on Page 118)

"Why Were You Unwilling to Testify?" His Voice Sharpened

WAR PROPAGANDA

By One of the War Propagandists

Lord Riddell

Lord Northcliffe

NO MATTER how artful the propagandist may be, he cannot succeed without sincerity—at least, in his followers. German propaganda addressed itself primarily to groups from which it could expect a sympathetic response. It sought the old-fashioned American with Revolutionary traditions; the cotton grower of the South, almost bankrupted by the blockade; the Irish with a grudge against England; the Jew with a grudge against Russia; and last, but not least, the pro-German. The isolationist whose world ends with the Rocky Mountains lent a willing ear to the voice of the propagandist. The pacifists, except for those who regarded the Allied enterprise as a "war to end war," clasped hands with the pro-Germans to prevent Uncle Sam from increasing the ranks of the belligerents. The radicals coöperated for reasons of their own. Pacifism was the motive of some; resentment against the capitalistic groups, the banks which loaned money to the Allies and the munition makers whose war babies were skyrocketing in the stock market, influenced others; still others were deliberately seduced by bribes.

German propagandists appealed to each group on different grounds. The very fact that the arguments used were frequently contradictory made it all the more necessary for the propagandist to conceal himself. For the pacifist he painted the glories of peace, for the pro-German the glories of war. He accelerated, where he could, movements of other than German origin favorable to the Central Powers.

Captain Guy Gaunt

Censorship

THE best bet of the propagandists were Americans of German stock whose sympathies spontaneously rallied to the defense of the Fatherland, sorely beset by twenty-two foes. Americans of German descent formed a powerful nucleus in every organization which, directly or indirectly, willingly or unwillingly, played Germany's game. It should be said, in justice to the German-Americans, that Americans of British descent rallied just as spontaneously to the standards of the Entente. While British propaganda reechoed from many Episcopalian pulpits, the Germans found their support mainly in the Lutheran churches, where in many cases the German language persisted. It was not necessary to subsidize the elements represented by these groups. They were naturally pro-German, but propaganda stiffened their backbone and made their leaders more militant.

Until the war the German Government had paid scant attention to its emigrated sons. The trip to America of Prince Henry of Prussia in 1902 marks the first recognition by the German Government of the German-Americans. The German Government did not attempt to create a state within a state. But German statesmen, some twenty-five years ago, realized that Germany's emigrated sons were a political asset. After this they received grudging recognition and now and then a German-American was the blushing recipient of some minor decoration.

The moment England decided that she was obligated to carry out the agreement with France, anti-German news dispatches came sizzling over the wire from London—the center of our news-gathering forces in Europe. American newspapers were helpless victims of circumstances. The German cable was cut, the German wireless censored, while the British cables, going night and day, spluttered ceaselessly new tales of German atrocities.

Sir Gilbert Parker

The public did not know that the same stories had done service in every war. The tale was ancient; only the dressing was new. A few students of public opinion recognized in the atrocity stories old acquaintances only slightly disguised. Some were reminiscences of the Belgian régime in the Congo; others had figured in the stories of Russian pogroms; many were a rehash of mutual recriminations engendered in other European engagements.

Americans of German descent knew the discipline of the German Army. They felt that their kinsmen could not change overnight from jovial fathers, cousins and brothers into inhuman monsters. To them the tales of German atrocities seemed the deliberate inventions of malignant foes.

Not content with branding all Germans as barbarians without discrimination, every dispatch now mowed down entire regiments with one stroke of the pen. Every extra exterminated a German army. Here Allied propaganda overreached itself, because the uninterrupted German advance tended to discredit all dispatches from Allied sources.

Atrocities grew thick and fast. Soon, judging by newspaper headlines, hardly a Belgian baby was left with both hands intact. Today we recognize these cock-and-bull stories as the spawn of propaganda. In the early days of the war they were literally believed by millions of Americans.

Allied borrowings in America alarmed not only pro-Germans. The editor of The Fatherland was spending a week-end at the house of one of the great bankers of the United States—a pronounced pro-Ally. Both men were looking over the morning paper when the banker suddenly started.

"Look at this," he said, pointing to a paragraph in the paper. It was a short note, rather inconspicuous, from which it appeared that Great Britain and France were on the point of launching a loan of five hundred million dollars in the United States.

"Stop that if you can," the banker remarked.

The editor looked up in surprise.

"I thought that you were pro-Ally."

A Menace to the United States

"I AM," the banker replied, "but I am American first. I consider this loan a menace to the United States. It is only the beginning of other loans to come. Now they ask us to lend them a fortune. Sooner or later these loans will inevitably drive us into the war. In the end, no matter who wins, we shall hold the bag for all Europe. They will saddle their war debts upon the broad shoulders of Uncle Sam. I doubt if we shall ever see our money again. We shall lose not merely our money but the good will of our creditors."

A campaign first to prevent the loan, then to defeat it, was begun. The pro-Germans adopted the picturesque device of having sandwich men parade in front of Mr. Morgan's office, warning against the loan. The bankers had considerable difficulty in financing the project. German-Americans threatened to boycott banks and insurance companies investing in the Anglo-French loan. In several cities, especially Milwaukee, this agitation, aided by the National German-American Alliance, by the American Truth Society and others, seriously interfered with the handling of the Anglo-French bonds. However, the very

fact that the pro-Germans took such an active part in the campaign against the loan intensified the activities of the pro-Allies in its favor. In the end the pro-Allies won.

Sir William Wiseman

The Allies furnished the propagandists daily with new fuel to inflame public opinion. According to international law, food intended exclusively for the use of the civil population was not contraband. The British, however, seized such shipments, even if they were consigned to neutral countries contiguous to Germany The State Department protested unavailingly. In order to dramatize this issue Doctor Albert induced an American shipping concern to dispatch the Wilhelmina to Hamburg with food for the civilian population only. A secret agreement safeguarded the American firm from loss. The English calmly seized the ship and then declared a blockade. With the declaration of the blockade the seizure became legal. Nevertheless, Albert had succeeded in raising an issue which aroused acrimonious discussion.

Louis Tracy

A similar issue was involved in the case of the Dacia, a ship formerly owned by the Germans, which, after being transferred to American registry and laden with cotton, cleared for Germany. Great Britain was determined not to permit this cargo to reach her foes. The seizure of the boat by the British would have led to a serious crisis. Walter Hines Page, then American Ambassador in London, advised the British Foreign Office to permit the ship to be seized by a French warship. This ruse thwarted the plans for a mighty protest against British interferences with American rights.

For the Advance of Kultur

THE attitude of Page lends color to the complaint of the pro-Germans against the neutrality of the Administration. They pointed to the interference with the German wireless and to the shipment of submarines in sections from American yards. The disregard of American passports, especially in the case of naturalized citizens, and the seizure of American mails in contravention of all international agreements incensed American opinion. This indignation was exploited by the pro-Germans. Their grievances were placed on record by Senator Stone in a formal memorandum submitted by him to the Secretary of State. As chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations the senator from Missouri occupied a position scarcely less important than the Secretary of State himself. The great adventure of our own participation in the war has obliterated in our minds some of these facts which are necessary to understand the psychology of the situation before April, 1917. Pro-Allies closed both eyes to these infringements of American rights. Pro-Germans could see nothing else. Each, dominated by his emotions, became the play-ball of propagandists and the politicians. Both Republican and Democratic leaders flirted now with the pro-Germans, now with the pro-Allies. Thus the war became an issue in American politics.

Lieutenant Colonel Norman Graham Thwaites

Perhaps the most serious handicap from which Germany suffered was the fact that most American intellectuals, having drawn their cultural sustenance most heavily from British and Latin sources, were predisposed in favor of the Allies In order to reach the intelligentzia, especially those Americans who had studied at German universities, the Germans supported a new organization known as the University League. The aim of the University League was to be a nucleus of *Kultur*. Count Bernstorff, in a report to the German Government, states that he made use of the league. It also appears that the league received at various times substantial contributions from Bernstorff's account. But so cleverly was the thing handled that the men at its head had no inkling of the source of the funds. In fact, the treasury of the league was always empty. Nevertheless, it managed to engage in activities involving more money than its founders dreamed of.

Dr. William Bayard Hale

The University League supplied a large number of teachers and professors in public life with propaganda literature. It approached distinguished jurists and historians for opinions favorable to the German cause. Learning is no protection against propaganda. The most learned men are caught like flies by the propaganda spider. Many of the propaganda activities of the University League were engendered not by the organization itself but by individual members constituting themselves committees of one, who used the league as a smoke screen.

The term "German propagandist" had already, in Bernstorff's own words, become a term of abuse in America when the Citizens' Committee for Food Shipments was formed by Dr. Edmund von Mach with the ostensible purpose of supplying the children of Germany with milk. The methods of the British Navy had forced the Postmaster-General to suspend the United States parcel post to Germany and to Austria-Hungary. The milk committee envisaged the plan of sending the milk by first-class mail. Further interferences with the mails, contrary to international agreements, would have furnished a lively subject for controversy between the United States and Great Britain. The milk was to be sent to specific individuals or to the clergy in individual towns.

At one time the committee discussed the fantastic plan of building a submarine to run the milk through the blockaded area. Doctor von Mach succeeded in enlisting the interest of President Wilson, who promised to devise means by which the milk for the children should pass the British blockade. Whereas the University League addressed itself to the brain, the Citizens' Committee for Food Shipments appealed to the heart of America.

The Practical and Emotional Sides

VOLUNTARY contributions came in substantial amounts. The expenses of the committee itself, including the modest salary of Doctor von Mach, were paid by sympathizers. Doctor von Mach was a fiery propagandist. His eyes, like his red beard, flashed fire. But his voice was gentle. He had acquired the Harvard manner. Originally intended for a military career, he had left Germany to escape the irksome discipline of the army. He taught art at Harvard, and was the author of numerous books on æsthetic and on historical subjects. The war aroused his pro-German blood. He became one of Germany's most active intellectual propagandists. His German antecedents were his principal handicap. However, the milk committee could have chosen no more eloquent advocate.

Here was an issue likely to be of immense value to the Germans. But the jinx which thwarted so many of their efforts compelled them to give up their campaign, for, though the image of German babies starving for lack of milk evoked the pity of neutrals, it did not increase their confidence in Germany's victory. In fact, the repercussions aroused by Doctor von Mach reached Germany and threatened the morale of the civilian population. It was good propaganda in America for the specific purpose of stirring up our emotions. It was bad propaganda from the point of view of Germany's larger objectives. Hence the order came from Berlin to abandon the agitation.

Major Ian Hay Beith

The money collected was forwarded to Empress Augusta Victoria to provide starving German children with milk. From a practical point of view it was far more sensible to buy milk for the Germans with American money from neutrals contiguous to Germany. From the propaganda point of view, it was preferable to make the shipment with beating of drums from America in defiance of the British blockade.

In the milk campaign German leadership had been too obvious. German propagandists realized more and more the necessity of operating under aliases. They joyfully seized upon the American Truth Society, founded by Jeremiah O'Leary two years before the war. Yet O'Leary was not a pro-German. He was engaged in a struggle against British propaganda since 1905. He was honestly convinced that Lord Northcliffe controlled the American press and that powerful and sinister influences, emanating from Andrew Carnegie and Cecil Rhodes, were at work to make America once more an integral part of the British Empire.

Wherever it was undesirable to call the German-Americans to the front, the American Truth Society, with O'Leary, leaped into the breach. There was no demonstration against Allied loans, no meeting in favor of an

(Continued on Page 169

MR. HANNA—By THOMAS BEER

The Late Myron T. Herrick, When Governor of Ohio

The Arlington

OTTO PAUL HEINRICH left his young wife in a milliner's shop at Aix-les-Bains and ran out of the place to stare at a profile, a cigar and a white waistcoat in a victoria passing him. He had stopped being a journalist in 1896, when he permanently left America, but the craving roused again in August of 1899. He set off after the carriage and tracked it to a big hotel. Monsieur 'Anna would see no callers. Mr. Heinrich wrenched the neck of his conscience and threw the corpse away. He wrote on his card, "A friend of Hermann Kohlsaat" and sent it in to Senator Hanna. Doors flew open. Trying to remember the appearance of the Chicago editor whose name he had used, Mr. Heinrich came before Mark Hanna and demanded an interview.

But Mr. Hanna would not be interviewed for any newspaper. Mr. Heinrich assured him that this was just a case of taking notes for a book on the United States. He had lived three years in America and meant to record his experiences. Mr. Hanna hoped it would be a better book than Paul Bourget's Outre-Mer. He thought that about the wishy-washiest slop he had ever read. Mr. Heinrich agreed. He would have agreed to anything just then, with the senator defenseless before him.

MR. HEINRICH: You do not care a great deal for books?

MR. HANNA: Not as a rule. I like some of Mr. Howells', and I used to read Thackeray. But most of these popular books seem pretty thin to me. I don't like Ben Hur or Mrs. Grand's book—The Heavenly Twins—or things like that.

MR. HEINRICH: I suppose you prefer newspapers?

MR. HANNA: I don't think much of most newspapers. They waste a lot of time. The editorials are too long. Editorials only ought to be printed about twice a week. I guess I am spiteful about newspapers because I made a fool of myself trying to run one.

[He then interviewed his interviewer on German n. papers, down to the details of printing and the pay . typesetters. Mr. Heinrich struggled and changed the topic.]

MR. HEINRICH: I suppose you consider Mr. W. J. Bryan a very dangerous person.

MR. HANNA: Why should you think that? My friend Mr. Dawes has known Mr. Bryan for a long time. Dawes says that Mr. Bryan is a good fellow. I do not go around saying that people are bad because they oppose my friends in politics.

MR. HEINRICH: Still, you would have been afraid to see Bryan elected in 1896.

MR. HANNA: Of course. You know how bad the financial condition was in 1893, and from then on to the war. We are just getting back into shape now. Mr. Bryan's election would have brought on a panic.

MR. HEINRICH: I believe that is so. You believe that it is the business of your Government to protect industries?

MR. HANNA: Yes. So does your emperor.

[More conversation which was not written down by Mr. Heinrich. Mr. Hanna interviewed Mr. Heinrich on the limitations of the emperor's powers, or something of the kind.]

MR. HEINRICH: But I do not understand why Americans find the government ownership of railways so objectionable.

MR. HANNA: I will tell you. [His reserve, as usual, is breaking down under an agreeable presence.] I have been in the Senate for two years. You cannot understand how hard it is to get legislation pushed through Congress. Suppose that the Government took over the railroads. We have just about one-half of the mileage in the United States that is needed. If the Government owned the lines it would be an awful job to get systems extended. Any fathead [rendered as "sheep's head" in Mr. Heinrich's German] from Maine would be unwilling to see a new line put out in Minnesota. Senator Davis would have to fight for years to get such an act. Our nation is too big for one part o know what another part needs. Then, in case of strikes, what a terrible situation you would have! You know what Mr. Pullman's foolish friends made him do in 1894. Now, everybody blamed Mr. Pullman for refusing to arbitrate that strike. I blamed him myself. But it was one of his big stockholders who caused the trouble. Let us suppose the Government owns the railroads. The unions ask for more pay. The case comes to Congress and some silly congressmen refuse to listen to reason. What have you got? Revolution!

Mr. Hanna in His Later Years

MR. HEINRICH: But the people should not be allowed to strike.

Mr. Hanna roars. He is then lectured on the rights of the state and the profound indecency of opposing the state, for quite a time.]

MR. HANNA: That may be true in Germany. But it would not do in the United States. Our working people are not so weak as that. I have been dealing with labor for thirty-five years. I should not be surprised to see the Government take over the railroads in forty or fifty years. At this time it would be a bad thing. You forget how big our country is. The people in the East know nothing about it. That is why Mr. Reed would have made such a bad President. But he is a very clever [he probably said, "smart"] man.

MR. HEINRICH: You mean that the provincial feeling of the various states makes legislation difficult? Enterprises are not nationally felt?

MR HANNA: Yes. Now, as an instance, there are two good propositions in which Mr. McKinley takes a great interest. One is to do something for the irrigation of the dry states in the Southwest and the other is to have a serious discussion of a canal from the Caribbean to the Pacific. Senator Davis is opposed to a canal through Nicaragua. He may be right. He has studied the matter a great deal. But you cannnot get a serious discussion of these matters from most of the members of Congress. [He then draws back into his reserve.] I am not criticizing Congress. The trouble is what I just said. It is the size of the country.

MR. HEINRICH [diplomatically]: I understand. Would you be opposed to legislation determining the hours of daily labor?

MR. HANNA: Yes, if it was a case of national legislation. That is a matter to be fixed by the states. A great deal of the legislation proposed for the good of the workingman is a case for the state and not for Congress. Conditions differ according to locality.

MR. HEINRICH: Did you ever read Henry George's book, Progress and Poverty?

MR. HANNA: Yes, of course. Everybody was reading it when it came out. There is some good writing in that book. But I do not believe in Mr. George's principles. I do not think the single tax would do what he says it would. The final value of property is not in the land but in the uses of the land. I have talked this over with many people. Mr. George's proposition is bad.

MR. HEINRICH: I agree. But you do not believe in most of the social reforms that are proposed?

MR. HANNA [very slowly]: No. They seem to end up in producing some kind of condition just as bad as anything we have on our hands now. Take the proposition of making all incomes equal with the Government owning all property. Now —— [Mr. Heinrich interrupts to ask what party among the Socialists believes this]. But that has been talked of. You must have heard that. I heard John Ellsler talking about that many years ago.

MR. HEINRICH: Did Herr Ellsler write this in a book?

MR. HANNA [bored]: No, no. I mean the actor John Ellsler. [He was suddenly bitter.] He is one of the men I am supposed to have ruined. It was when he was producing a play of Mr. Howells'. [October 25, 1878.] He was a very smart man, a great theorist.

MR. HEINRICH: A Socialist?

MR. HANNA: No! But he liked to talk theoretically.... But do you see where this proposition would end?

MR. HEINRICH: It appears to be like some of the English propositions. [They discussed the idea. Mr. Heinrich forgot to take notes for a while.]

MR. HANNA: That seems to me the defect. I know people who will do good work for nothing. But most people are not like that.

MR. HEINRICH: You think that special talent ought to be rewarded specially?

MR. HANNA: Of course I do. Suppose they had said to Henry George that he would not be paid more than a boy on a newspaper gets for writing his book! [He discovers that Mr. Heinrich is translating his words into German on the note paper.] I wish I could speak some foreign languages ——

But that was all, because Mrs. Hanna swept into the room, telling the senator that he was supposed to be taking a nap. Mr. Heinrich fled. His holiday was over. He and his pretty wife went back to their pretty apartment in Dresden, and Herr Heinrich attended to the English correspondence at the office while Frau Heinrich worked on prophetic little shirts or practiced the piano. Only a restless nibbling affected Herr Heinrich. He spun the terrestrial globe in his office and the United States seemed a patch of raw, bright, alluring bulbs. He read over and over a copy of Rudyard Kipling's American Notes picked

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Elihu Root When Secretary of State in the Roosevelt Cabinet

up in a café. In September his wife shed tears on the pier at Bremen. Otto had gone mad, her parents thought. He, so well placed at the office of his rich uncle, to return to that desolate and uncivilized Chicago! It was lunacy. The young man could not explain just why he wanted to go back. Something had caught him, while the senator talked in the smoke of the cigar at Aix. In this way Mr. Hanna, without knowing anything about it, contributed a tall young machine gunner to the armies of his nation, in the year 1917.

This scant, unfinished interview raises two points. Mark Hanna's interest in the irrigation of the Southwest does not appear in Mr. Croly's excellent narration of his life. But he had shown, at various times, an intelligent willingness to raise this topic during McKinley's presidency. In the spring of 1897 he brought his follower Joseph Kimball to the White House and made the President listen to the shy little man for an hour while the Westerner explained, stammering, the possible location of high dams and reservoirs. In the autumn of 1898 he had the visit repeated. Mr. Kimball stayed to luncheon, but the meal was interrupted by one of Mrs. McKinley's epileptic seizures. In 1899, before he had learned to use his voice in the Senate, he suggested an irrigation scheme to be introduced by Senator Spooner and turned Mr. Kimball loose on the clever man from Wisconsin. Other people were now attracted. Articles in magazines and newspapers were frequent.

"The thing is coming along," Mr. Hanna wrote to Mr. Kimball, in September of 1901. "I should not be surprised if it was seriously discussed in the short session. I would advise you to have a talk with Mr. Roosevelt when you come to Washington. He can do a good deal with some of the New York men if he wants." Mr. McKinley's death disheartened Mr. Kimball; he fancied that the power of Mark Hanna ended here, and was startled in the spring of 1902 when Mr. Elmer Dover wrote to him from Senator Hanna's office, saying that things were shaping for the passage of an act and that Mr. Roosevelt was working vehemently in its behalf.

The great proposal had enchanted the new President, and all his dazing resources of conversation were behind the movement that took form in the Newlands Act. He summoned legislators; he dazzled callers; he wrote to powerful editors. But toward the end of May there was a hitch, a flare of provincialism. Some senators and representatives saw no sense in irrigating the deserts; the Southwest was too far from their embarnacled, Yankee perception of the nation's wants. Mr. Roosevelt came, flushed and sweating, down the hallway, arguing with a pair of these parochial statesmen and, twenty minutes later, tired waiters in the outer office watched Mr. Hanna pass through the chamber. Mr. Roosevelt had rubbed the brazen bottle, evoking the jinni of the Arlington. His agitated falsetto broke out as the senator approached the door of the inner office:

"Uncle Mark, do you think you could explain to some of these complete idiots that there is such a place as Arizona?"

Uncle Mark thought it possible, and did it in his own manner. He roamed into the alley of the New Willard Hotel and summoned the bloodhounds of the lobby from their chairs with a motion of his cane. He could command these men because they liked him, feared him or might need something from him. They had their orders promptly. They were to go to work on Senator This and Mr. That. "Bring in some scalps," said the senator, "and make it fast." The bloodhounds wagged their frock coats and did what they were told. On June seventeenth, the Newlands Act, creating a huge reservoir of money from the sale of public lands, became a law.

Mr. Hanna took no part in the debates, and journalists wondered if he was not secretly in opposition to the measure, until Mr. Roosevelt set them right by a word to Arthur Dunn. He had fulfilled his function in the unspoken treaty between the White House and the Arlington Hotel, and the credit could fall where it might. "People have not paid much attention to this business," he said, "but I tell the lot of you that it's a damned big thing."

So it was. It came on one man as a final release from a weary course of action to which he had bound himself when he was a boy. Mr. Joseph Kimball packed his modest trunk and vanished forever from the city of Washington, where he had spent months of each year since 1886, lurking in grand offices with his black hat and his roll of plans spread on his knees. Too shy, too gentle for the task he had set himself, he had been obscure or ridiculous in this

Miss Alice Roosevelt, Two Years Before She Married Nicholas Longworth

pale city. He had been pointlessly insulted by Thomas Reed and laughed at by reporters who knew, from some profundity of their profession, that it was impossible to irrigate the deserts of the West. Until Mark Hanna took him up, he had been without a powerful friend, a gray, slim figure in antechambers, a person known to secretaries and clerks as the fellow with the irrigation scheme. But he had hung around, timidly badgering congressmen and senators, and now other men triumphed for him. Mr. Hanna took him to the White House to thank the President. Mr. Newlands sent him a cordial line. He went back to his deserts and soon died. His name means nothing, save to his children, written here, but it is written to remind a few that a nation has—sometimes—loyal and unselfish servants who go unpaid.

The "Easy Boss," Senator Tom Platt, New York State Republican Organization Chief

Mark Hanna's interest in a canal connecting the Atlantic Ocean with its neighbor by way of Central America is a more definite set of facts. He had periodically talked of this plan since the Civil War. He bored his guest, Mr. Adler, by a long discussion of the matter in October of 1890, at the Union Club in Cleveland. The affair presented itself to him, then, merely as a technical topic. His mechanical intelligence was entertained by the possibility of cutting such a canal. In the spring of 1896 he was talking of the canal again, this time to Mr. Theodore Hamill, a youngster of twenty who had lived in South America. In the autumn of 1897 Mr. Hamill appeared before him more seriously, full of an agreeably piratical scheme for seizing the Isthmus of Panama for the United States, confiscating the property of the French canal company and building a canal. Mr. Hanna must have enjoyed this project in patriotism, because he gave Mr. Hamill a note to Cushman Davis and sent him across Washington to call on the senator from Minnesota, who laughed outright, but kept the boy talking about the geological structure of the isthmus for some hours. Yet, however lightly Mr. Hanna took this chatter, he thought enough about Panama to address a letter in his own script to Senator Allison, asking what his real opinion of an interoceanic canal was. "I have recently," he wrote, "heard a lot about the Panama route which impresses me favorably. Mr. Henry Villard and some other solid business men in New York have been interested in the French concession. You know that Davis has no use for the Nicaragua route. He has been into the business very thoroughly and is dead against that project. I should like to hear from you on this point."

(Continued on Page 69)

VILLA LAURIER

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

II

I CLIMBED the terraces, giving Jasmin a hand up after me. On the side of the road there was one of the long truncated pyramids of small broken stone piled up by the road menders, who are paid by this measure, and over it Jasmin's dress was draped. She put it on, secured it in some fashion and said in a tone of relief: "I was afraid they might have carried it off, just out of spite. It's a new dress, and not torn so that I can't mend it."

"Thanks for something," I said.

We reached the road and found what we had suspected to be the fact. The pair had driven off with our, or Brown's car, and left us what proved to be Smith's. I did not need the name plate to identify the ownership.

"Perhaps we may be able to trace this pair of crooks by Brig," I began; then stopped. As I spoke the dog's name there came a faint tap-tap from inside the car. I looked over, and there was Brig crouched flat on the floor, head low and tail lightly thumping.

"Oh," I said, "so here you are, *salé traître*." I opened the door. "Come out of that."

Brig poured himself down onto the road and crouched at my feet, his muzzle in the dust between them. No wolfskin rug with the head attached could have been flatter. Only his plumy tail stirred a little.

"Here's an example of discipline that's not ordinary," I said to Jasmin. "His crook master realized the danger of being traced through the dog, so he told him to stay here, and he stayed. How he must have hated it. Brig knew that he had betrayed me, a kind new master. He may have thought I'd shoot him. But he obeyed orders."

"Most men would shoot him," Jasmin said.

I shook my head. "Not those that understood dogs. I can't say though that I feel like petting him. Besides, it was ungentlemanly for him to run off with your dress."

"That was part of his pretense that it was all a lark," she said. "He's a good deal of a *farceur*."

It became immediately apparent why they had stopped. Just as I thought, my pistol practice had not been so bad. There were four bullet holes in the rear mud guard and a gouge in the tire. It must have brushed the inner tube that had given way. I got out the jack to shift the wheel; first, however, starting the engine and looking at the gas, to save possible wasted effort.

"They were decent enough not to play us any monkey tricks," I said. "What do you think it's all about?"

"Don't you think it was to get papa's secret?"

"No, I don't. They're after something else they believe to be on the premises. It looks to me now as if this were not in the house."

"Why?"

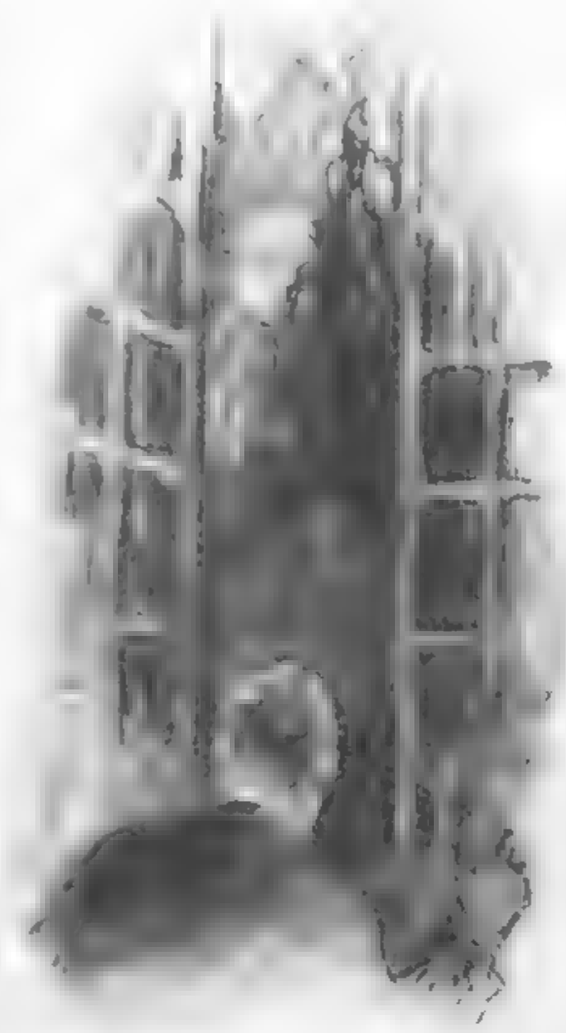
"Because if it were, there would have been no sense in knocking out your father and thus put you all on your guard. That very result looks to me like the object of the attack. It was to keep you indoors, afraid to go out in the dark, while they searched the grounds for whatever they were after. They knew you had no telephone, and I think that if one of you had started to go for help you would have been grabbed."

"I should have thought Brig would have scented his master," Jasmin said.

"He probably left the grounds on the opposite side from where his master happened to be and did not cross his trail. This breed has a fairly keen scent, but not that of the hound. When I brought him back and he started to scout the premises he found his master soon enough."

"Do you think his master planned what happened here?" Jasmin asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps. He looked back when I was shooting at the tire and may have seen Brig sitting up on the rear seat. He would have counted on the dog's obedience."



Then, Through the Rushing Wind, It Seemed to Me I Heard Another Sound

Again, at the sound of my name for him, Brig's tail stirred back and forth. But his abject crouch had no other motion. Plainly the dog was overwhelmed with shame at what he had found it his duty to do.

I shifted the wheel and we got in, and went on until we found room to turn, then drove back to the Villa Laurier nearly as fast as we had come. The whole joy ride had taken only an hour and a half, thanks to the speed of its action. We went into the house, to find Mr. Moran stretched out on a sofa with a cold compress on his head, comfortable and entirely clear as to mental faculties, while Tom and Mr. Brown appeared to be enjoying a visit with Mimosa and Lys.

"Where's the doctor?" Tom asked as Jasmin and I entered.

"What doctor?" I asked.

"Any doctor," Tom said impatiently. "Didn't you go for one?"

"Why, no," I began.

"Then where the deuce have you been? It's a pleasant night for a ride, I'll admit, but the moment seems ill chosen. And a bit cheeky of you to take Brown's car."

"We've been chasing a pair of Apaches" I said, and described as briefly as I was let by frequent interruptions what had happened. Brown sat silent and his face looked strained. It showed no shock or surprise at what I had to report, nor any disturbance at the theft of his big car.

He said merely, "They'll not go far with it. Too easy to trace."

"Well, then," I said, "I suppose I had better take Smith's back before he finds that it's been swiped. He will probably play until midnight."

"What do you make of it all, Charles?" Tom asked.

I gave him the theory that I had offered to Jasmin. It seemed preferable to suppress the incident of her experience with Brig. This discredited guardian had remained outside.

"That seems to make sense, though a little wild," Tom said thoughtfully. "But what the devil could there be that Mrs. Smith and Clytie and this Englishman seem to be wise to, and Mr. Moran knows nothing about?"

As nobody could answer this, I said presently, "One of us ought to stay here tonight and let the family sleep."

"I'll be glad to stay," Tom said.

"So should I," Brown offered.

I told them that my own services as watchman had already been accepted by Jasmin. Tom laughed.

"Well, she's got a swell one from your own report," he said. "Brig might hold you down while they come back and dig up the pirate treasure."

"You can take that mutt back with you and lock him up in the office," I said.

Tom said, "I wonder what Smith is going to think about the holes in his mud guard and gouged tire?"

"Let him think what he likes. You had better leave the car in some dark corner outside the town and walk in."

"Why?" Tom asked. "All this stuff looks like a job for the police."

Mr. Moran raised his hand in a gesture of protest. "No, please. I should hate the publicity. We should all hate it. Besides, I want to try to study out the puzzle." He looked at me. "Your idea is ingenious, but I can't imagine any of my

Beside Her Like a Devoted Guardian Lay My Dog Brig, Whose Fidelity I Had So Often Boasted

wife's ancestors having hid pirate treasure they might have taken in their naval service."

"Then what do you think, sir?" I asked.

"It's my perfume process, of course. You don't realize the commercial value of such a discovery. You have heard, of course, of the value of ambergris as a base. Well, what if I have been able to produce the same substance synthetically?"

"But why knock you out?" I asked. "That attempt would put you more than ever on your guard."

"What if the intention was to kill me?" Moran asked. "But the blow was poorly delivered. I was wearing a thick woolen cap. Perhaps the assailant counted on my being taken to hospital, which would have left the premises unprotected."

"There's something in that," Tom said, and rose. "The trouble is, it doesn't account for these carte-blanche offers to buy your estate."

"My own is subject to reason," Brown said quickly.

"Smith's isn't hard to understand," I said. "And he's staggering under a load of easy money. Has it occurred to you, Mr. Moran, that in refusing to sell you are doing the equivalent of paying about three million, five hundred thousand francs for the property yourself? And you are not, as yet, a multimillionaire, like Messrs. Brown and Smith."

Moran looked startled. "But it is our home. There are my daughters."

"Precisely," I said. "The query is: Which is apt to be worth more to them—their home, or what is offered for it? Brown and Smith are bidding high for sentiment. But so are you, if you don't mind my saying so."

Tom said sharply, "Cut it out, Charles. This is no time to talk real estate. Brown, let's shove along, since my partner is standing sentry go."

They said good night and went out. Mr. Moran, who did not appear to be in a condition to cause anxiety, went presently to bed. Mimi and Lili went up with him. Jasmin said to me, "I'll arrange a room for you, Monsieur Charles."

"Don't bother about a room. I'd rather camp here on a chaise longue. Please give me the pistol I loaned your father, and a pocket torch, if you have one."

"I'm afraid we haven't one that works," she said. "Surely you don't expect them back tonight."

"I don't know what to expect. There's still this Englishman who offered to buy the place at your father's price. It's occurred to me that it may not have been one of the pair we chased who made the attack. That might have been through some other agency."

Jasmin nodded. "I hadn't thought of that."

"There's something else," I said. "It doesn't seem as if there would be two women so dead set on owning your villa. All this effort to buy may be inspired by the same one. This woman Smith wants to marry may be the former Mrs. Clytie Brown."

Jasmin nodded. "That's possible. What about the Englishman?"

"He might be somebody who knew why she wanted the property so badly and thought he saw the chance of making a turnover."

Jasmin reflected for a moment. "That sounds like blackmail."

"Perhaps it is," I said. "Something may have happened here during Brown's absence, with evidence somewhere about that she wants to remove."

"You mean a crime?"

"That would explain it all," I admitted.

Jasmin said as if to herself, "Mrs. Brown was all alone here ——"

"What's that?"

"Mrs. Brown had a row with her servants the day her husband left for Paris, and dismissed the lot of them there and then. She paid them their wages and eight days, and told them to get out."

"Brown mentioned that she had had trouble with the servants. Was she entirely alone?"

There Came at This Moment a Sound on the Stairway, and I Looked Round, to See Moran

"Yes, for one night. The next day she got a maid and chauffeur at Nice. An old man who worked here by the day as gardener told me that."

I considered this; then said, "It struck me tonight, when we found that it was Smith's car she'd borrowed, that it was rather more than uncommon for a woman to hop into a strange car and slam it over such a road at such a pace, without crashing."

"What about yourself?"

"I'm an expert. Driven everything from a motorcycle to a passenger plane. Tom and I were once in the car business, until bad accounts let us down. Since the war we've been in one business after another, all with gas engines. But I couldn't catch this girl tonight in the same brand of car, without taking chances she didn't balk at, and I know that road. Well, it looks to me as if she had driven that car over the same road a good many times before."

Jasmin nodded. "Tomorrow you must try to see her. Then we shall know with whom we have to deal."

"There's another point," I said. "If whatever they want here was something they could get at in the grounds and carry off, then that would have been done some night long ago. Something would have happened to your watchdog before this. So it must be bulky and strongly seated. I think this visit tonight was to determine that it had not been tampered with."

Jasmin nodded. "It might be a corpse," she suggested calmly.

I remembered then that a year ago I had seen a notice in a newspaper requesting some man whose name I had forgotten to inform the newspaper of his address, at the request of his family. A week later I had seen a similar notice in another paper, a sort of Social-Democrat paper, but this time in the form of an advertisement offering a reward for the location of the same person. The name—a local one—was entirely familiar to me. I seemed to associate it with a ship or town or something of the sort. It had made no great impression at the time.

It did not seem worth while to tell Jasmin this, though I had no fear of upsetting her. I began to think that she was baked pretty hard, with a porcelain glaze. The wild chase had not seemed to disturb her, nor had Brig's act roused more than her wrath at my having set him at her and the damage to a new dress.

And now the possibility of a murder having been committed on the premises and the corpse hidden there called from Jasmin no more than a sort of careless speculation. It was hard to fit this cool indifference to her. Some girls of her age have classic beauty and some mere winsome prettiness, but Jasmin had both. The tilt at which her little nose was set and the lift of her lips that gave her a provocative look mocked the classic balance of her face and made it alluring. The lower part invited the kisses that the upper half, with its straight brows and level eyes, forbade. They discouraged what the nose and lips appeared to ask for. This combination of hot and cold was tantalizing, like a fire of coal and kindling all laid on the hearth of a chill room, and its occupant wondering where he could find a match to light it.

"You seem to take all this very calmly, Jasmin," I said.

"Why not? I'm thinking about ourselves. Wondering if perhaps we aren't acting foolishly not to profit by whatever it may be that brings these big offers."

"Quite so," I said. "Especially as you might get the chance to buy it back later and make a good turnover."

"I've thought of that."

"If the woman Smith hopes to marry and Clytie are the same," I said, "Brown ought to be warned, and in that case he is pretty sure to withdraw his bid. He would scarcely feel under obligation to buy the villa for the prospective Mrs. Smith."

Jasmin nodded. "Only a fool would do that."

"So we shall have to sell the property to Smith," I said.

(Continued on Page 99)

THE KIDDIE

By EDITH FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

BERT CONNELLY, Vaudeville's Own Nut Wonder, sat on the edge of the white hospital bed looking tenderly down on the seven pounds of florid humanity that lay in the arms of the missus, Jewell Dody, Vaudeville's Song Bird, who had canceled twelve of her thirty weeks of Radio-Keith-Orpheum for the more serious business of ushering the aforesaid seven pounds, now known as Gloria, into this vale of tears. This, however, Jewell did willingly; as what, she had asked Bert many times, is more beautiful than the patter of tiny feet, the softness of baby arms? Bert, too, had longed for the joys of fatherhood; the longing having been aroused by hearing the tender ravings of his pal, Art Claire, who had joyfully spent his last season as a mere basso in a band while his missus, Birdie May, who usually did a two in one with him, attended to the advent of little Doris May, whose future as a third member of their act Art spent the lonely hours in planning. Bert, to whom he had confided his plans, had listened with envy, thinking it would be nice to have a kiddie of his own to bring on for an encore or perhaps a little specialty as soon as she was big enough to walk. But now that his paternal dreams were realized, he was disappointed to learn that Jewell did not share his plans for a professional future for their kiddie.

She expressed herself on the subject with violent aversion.

"One thing, honey," she began sweetly, "we got to protect our kiddie from the hard knocks we had."

This Bert agreed to, thinking that by the time the kid was big enough to do a single, along about ten or twelve, he would have taught her all the ropes. Not only would he teach her to put herself across with a wow but he would put her wise to the other things she ought to know—how to stand up for her own, to put cheap agents in their places, to come back with the nifties.

"She'll never be brought up like we were, Bert, to run wild with no one to care whether she grows up refined or not."

"No, hon," Bert agreed to this also, grateful that performers and stage hands always cut out the rough talk in fronta kiddies.

"She's goin' to the best schools there is, Bert, and learn how to be a lady."

This was quite a blow to Bert, as in his plans for the kiddie school hadn't entered. But Jewell was right. The kiddie had to learn to read and write. Well, maybe it would do her good to go to school till she was fourteen or fifteen. They always look up to a girl with education in the profession. And when she was ready she could walk in like a lady with the best of them.

"She'll have music and dancin' and French," Jewell went on dreamily.

Bert didn't see much sense in the French, but he supposed it would add class to the kid's single if she could sling a little French patter now and then.

But at this point Jewell threw the bombshell that exploded Bert's plans with no uncertainty.

"And so help me, Bert, she'll never set foot on a stage as long as I live." There was no doubting the earnestness of her resolution, for she was gazing down on the little red face with an expression of passionate protection. "I'd die before I'd see her on the stage," she said fiercely.

"A lotta nice people let their kids go on the stage, hon," Bert made his first objection mildly, not wishing to upset her. "Why, lookit Pat Rooney's kid, and Fred Stone's, and George M. Cohan's and ——"

"I don't care who lets their kids go on the stage, Bert," Jewell interrupted him defiantly. "We don't let ours" She looked again at the kiddie whose future hung in the balance. "Does we, tweetness?" She addressed her daughter now, and Bert listened uncomfortably to the ideas she proceeded to put into the kid's head.

"Mudder's not donna yet 'em put her itty witty darlin' on a nassy ole tage, her's not. Her's donna take dood tare a her pwecious, make a yitty yady outa her pet." She transferred her attention to Bert and talked seriously, as only Jewell could talk, in that low tremolo of her famous heart songs.

"It's a heartbreakin' life, Bert, even when you hit it lucky, like we have. Look at us. Here we are. You're nearly thirty-sev——"

"For Pete's sake, Jewell, don't tell the world about it." Bert, with his debonair air and nifty clothes and youthful figure, expected to be billed as a juvenile for a good many years.

Jewell lowered her voice: "—— thirty-seven, Bert, and I'm nearly thirty." She gave Bert a wink on this in case someone should be listening. Jewell was thirty-five. "And where are we?" she finished her dismal prospectus by demanding.

Bert was inclined to think they were sitting pretty, but she disillusioned him.

"Look at us, Bert," she went on gloomily. "Here we are just in the prime of life and we're almost through."

She silenced Bert's involuntary motion of objection quickly:

"You don't think you are, Bert, but it's true. You know what's happened to vaudeville in the last few years. First the movies come and rob us of a lotta theaters. Then all the two-a-day houses went to three-a-day. Then the week houses went to splits. They say vaudeville's gonna be wiped out in a few years. And where'll we be then?" She answered her own question: "We'll be in the prime of life with only forty or fifty thousand saved and no jobs," was her dismal prediction.

"We don't have to put her in vaudeville," Bert offered, somewhat moved by the picture of himself with only forty or fifty thousand. "We could put her in the legit."

But this Jewell scoffed at:

"That's the most heartbreakin' branch of it all, Bert. Lookit all the big legit stars. They have it great for a few years while they've got a bit, and what happens? If they don't get another hit they're a wash-up. And let them get on a little bit and start showin' their age, and where are they? You know yourself, Bert, that most of 'em die in the actors' home, no matter how much they make. Lookit even the movies. One year they're ravin' over a new star and the next year she's goin' back to Europe or somewheres where she came from." She turned back to their daughter and settled her ambitions for a professional life, once and for all. "Our baby is never goin' through all that, Bert—not while I'm her mother." Just then the baby woke up and began to cry, and Bert was sure it was because of all the bunk Jewell was handing out.

He took his leave a few minutes after, somewhat unhappily, returning to the Alhambra, where he was taking a cut from five hundred to four seventy-five; the only thing that made Bert believe there was something in what Jewel had said. As he rode up in the Subway he recalled, with disappointment, the pleasure with which he had watched the team of dancers teaching their kid a split. The warm thrill that had come over him at the thought of showing his own kid how to put the works over, now gave place to a feeling of humiliation at having a kid he would have to be ashamed of, not being a performer. He did not give way to these bitter reflections, however, as, if he was any judge of his own daughter at the tender age of two weeks, he was sure nobody would be able to put anything over on her, and she'd have sense enough to know there were heartbreaks in any line. He reflected, too, with no small amount of pride, that with all his talent his kid would be sure to be a natural performer. Not that all the talent was on his side. Jewell was clever, too, but singing was something anybody could learn. It wasn't like going out there and putting yourself across on your personality.

The pain of the first season away from his offspring was not terribly difficult to bear, as from the few weeks he spent with her during the summer, Bert judged that she would do nothing but sleep for a good long time, and as she was too little to take around with him, he might just as well spend his time where he could get a little sleep himself. It was the second season, when Jewell was sending him snapshots of the kid—who, he could see, was growing cuter daily—that Bert really suffered and began writing Jewell nightly, on hotel stationery, that vaudeville was a sucker's life, if a fellow had to be away from his wife and kiddie all the time. His greatest consolation was in displaying the pictures to as many fellow performers as he could collar, who, in return, gave him vivid descriptions of what they did the night their own kid ate the grease paint or of how he disappeared while they were doing their act, to be discovered later in the act of sticking his hand in the gorilla's cage. Bert, listening to these stories, felt a new tenderness growing within him, a reverence for the very people whose ravings had formerly caused him to think they were cracked. He had a new reverence, also, for Jewell. Before, she had been only the buddy, the pal, the missus, but now she was the mother of his kiddie.

The Following Week the Kiddie Toddled On in the Afterpiece and Sent a Hard-Boiled Audience Into Sudden Gurgles and a Burst of Wild Applause

He pictured tender scenes in which he would appear the devoted husband and father; though in most of the scenes he figured more prominently in the paternal rôle. He and the kiddie on the floor, himself the hobbyhorse which the kiddie rode, Jewell watching smilingly, silver threads now among the gold—Bert's only idea of a mother being a composite of all the mammy songs he had heard. He and the kiddie in the cold gray dawn; he the willing martyr pacing back and forth till she should fall asleep; Jewell getting her rest meanwhile, unconscious of his devotion. He lay awake nights planning these joys and many others which they would have, the three of them, in their cozy little apartment in the Hotel Majestic, which Bert supposed was all right, since it was near the park, but a little far from the N. V. A.

The only fly in the ointment of Bert's dreams was the Miss Schermerhorn Jewell had engaged as a nurse and of whom she wrote so enthusiastically, saying that she had been with all the best families for years and could make a little lady of Gloria if anyone could. This Bert was amused at, as who could put on more dog than Jewell herself? And besides, he did not approve of intrusting the care of their child to a stranger. However, when he returned all would be different. He would take care of the kid himself.

But Bert's rôle of sacrificing father did not materialize. At the end of a few weeks at home he found himself a cruelly disillusioned man. Not only did the Schermerhorn dragon have the entire possession of his kiddie but she acted as if Gloria belonged to her! His dreams of romping with the kiddie had been merely delusions, for by the time he arose, around noon or so, the dope had the kid outa the house, and when he came home from the N. V. A. around seven she had her in bed already. As for walking her up and down at night—well, it would have done no good to get up and try, as he couldn't even come near the kid in the daytime! And the way she let her cry, never even looking to see if a safety pin was hurting her. Bert was sure the kid would grow up to be a dope herself, the way she was put in bed at six o'clock. He raised his voice in these matters, loudly and often.

"She's my kid, ain't she?" he demanded over and over. "I gotta right to pick up my own kid, ain't I?"

Jewell was always sweetly patient, but superior, which made Bert sore too.

"They don't fuss over children like they used to, Bert," she told him. "She won't even let me pick her up when she cries. They get used to it and expect it, you see."

"Well, what of it?" It was a simple matter to Bert. "Let her expect it. One of us is always around to pick her up, ain't we?"

"That's not the idea, Bert," Jewell explained, more patiently. "If we spoil her, Miss Schermerhorn can't do anything with her when we go on the road next year."

Bert, in the fervor of his dreams, had almost forgotten Jewell's former remarks.

"The kid's almost two," he complained. "She'll be big enough to take with us by then."

"Are you crazy, Bert Connelly?"

"Well, she's got to start sometime. The sooner she gets used to the foots the better."

Which brought forth a more impassioned verdict as to the condition of Bert's brain, and started something, as he had his own ideas as to who was crazy. A little while later Bert was making his solitary way back to his usual hangout, where a fella could ask a civil question without starting an argument. However, as he walked along, pondering on the injustice of his lot, he was able to think of several nifties he was going to come back with the very next time Jewell started talking about the low performers she was not going to allow her child to associate with.

So our Own Nut Wonder spent his summer wandering kiddieless, from vaudeville house to vaudeville house, killing the hours he should have spent taking his offspring backstage to meet performers or up to the main office to shake hands with the big boss.

It was in one of his lonely moods that he ran into his old pal, Art, with whom he had spent so many hours drinking to the little women. Art was beaming all over.

"Gosh, Bert, I'm glad to see you. Where you folks been, anyway? Birdie says to me every day she wonders what on earth Jewell's sore about that she don't call 'er up or something. She wants to see your kiddie. How is she, Bert?"

"The kid's all right, Art." Bert's answer was gloomy. "How's yours?"

"Gee, she's wonderful, Bert. Lookit the pictures I tooka her on the beach last Sunday." He drew forth a huge bunch of snapshots and began displaying them. "Lookit, Bert. Playing with the cat. She didn't even know I took it. And lookit this one in her bathin' suit. Fat as a pig. This one don't do her justice, Bert—the sun was in her eyes—but it'll give you an idea how cute she is. Why don't you and Jewell come down and bring your kiddie, Bert? The two of them could have a great time together."

Bert had visions of the remote little Gloria playing with anybody without that fat-head butting in and telling her little ladies didn't play rough or something. But before he had a chance to refuse the invitation, Art went on happily:

"Gee, you oughta see the tricks we taught the kid, Bert. You'd die laughing. She can bow like this." Here Art stopped at the corner of Forty-sixth and Broadway to demonstrate the kiddie's bow. "Her skirts out, Bert, on each side, as cute as you please. And, Bert"—he paused to right himself and became very serious—"a born dancer if ever one lived. You oughta see the sense of rhythm that kid's got. You wouldn't believe it, Bert. I'm tellin' you ——"

Here Bert could stand no more and interrupted to ask Art dismally if they intended to put her in the profession. Art regarded him with surprise.

"Why, she's born for it, Bert. You can't miss it."

"Well, I thought maybe you didn't want her to go on the stage. A lotta folks won't let their kids."

This amused Art.

"Say, listen." He disposed of the people who wouldn't let their kids go on the stage with that famous gesture known as the raspberry. "I'd like to see anyone stop this baby if she wanted anything. You oughta see her raise hell if she don't get her way. The way she stamps her little foot's the cutest sight you ever saw. You gotta give in to her whether you like it or not. So I guess I and Birdie wouldn't have nothing to say about it if she made up her mind." He spoke proudly until he noticed Bert's sober face. "Why," he asked with faint alarm, "ain't you and Jewell gonna make a performer outa your kiddie?"

"Well ——" Bert hesitated, thinking he might be disloyal to Jewell, but, after all, Art was a pal. He would understand. "Y'see, Art, the missus don't feel the same way you folks do about it. She's gotta lot a ritzy ideas about our kid bein' too good for the stage."

"Yeh?" Art was concerned

"You know Jewell, Art," Bert apologized for her. "She was always nuts on the highbrow stuff. Always readin' an' all that."

"Yeh, I know, Bert." Art was very serious and discussed his pal's misfortunes in low tones. "Birdie always said Jewell liked to spread the dog."

"Not that I don't appreciate her, Bert. You know what a great little girl Jewell is. She's a great little girl, Art, but, honest, she gets me sore

(Continued on Page 110)

"Jewell, if She Isn't the Cutest Little Thing I Ever Laid Eyes On. Lookit, Art, if She Isn't a Picture"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 Issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 Issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles $6.00 the Year—52 Issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela, $6.00 the Year—52 Issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10.00 the Year—52 Issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 29, 1929

Farm Relief by Railways

SEVERAL years ago the Congress passed the Hoch-Smith resolution directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to consider agricultural distress as one of the elements entering into rate making. Since that time extensive hearings have been held in response to allegations that rates on grain are too high in view of the present state of agriculture.

Up to the present no rates on grain have been reduced on the basis of these hearings. Recently, however, the railroads have voluntarily reduced rates on wheat for export in order to aid in the export of the unusually heavy stocks of wheat now accumulated in the country.

These rates, confined to export wheat, are not offered as a basis of rates to be utilized as a precedent, are stated to be below a reasonable rate and are to expire on September thirtieth. They are extended as an act of coöperation in the solution of a temporary emergency. The reductions range from two cents a bushel from lake ports to the Atlantic to five cents from Missouri points. Similar reductions are to be made for shipments from Southwestern wheat regions via the Gulf. It is understood these reductions have resulted from suggestions made to the railroads by the Administration. They represent, directly, the contribution of the railroads to farm relief, equivalent to a subtraction of revenue and a reduction of dividends to shareholders.

Many People

RECENT announcement of William M. Steuart, Director of the Census Bureau, that the population of this country is increasing at the rate of about 1,400,000 persons each year gives pause for thought. We now have more than 123,000,000 inhabitants, as compared with less than 4,000,000 in 1790, when the first census was taken. Of the total annual increase 1,150,000 are accounted for by the excess of births over deaths, and 240,000 by the excess of immigration over emigration. According to Mr. Steuart, history records no other instance in which the population has increased so rapidly and tells of no other nation in which the increase has been accomplished by such improvement in the comfort and well-being of the people.

Only China, India and Russia exceed us in respect to population, but we are not envious of their vast hordes. It is the quality of each human life rather than increasing numbers which provides a suitable ideal. But even at that, no country has ever had such a large population as ours in which there was real coherence. With all our racial and sectional groups, we pride ourselves on a unity of national spirit and common purposes that are really remarkable in view of our numbers. There are many people in this country, but it is to be hoped that there are not many peoples.

Fortunately, we have great resources to care for this rapid increase in numbers, and just as fortunately an outworn immigration policy has been stopped. Valuable free lands are no longer available, as in earlier days, but in many respects the country is by no means settled up. As far as room or space is concerned, it can sustain a much larger population. Nor does any shortage in food supply threaten at this time; indeed, the difficulty is quite the reverse of that, for production is, if anything, too great.

It will take patience for many people to live together, and many problems will arise as numbers continue to multiply. We need more and more organizing genius as time goes on, to maintain the peculiar free spirit of our institutions and yet govern so many people. The lax, easy methods of a thinly settled seaboard with a rich wilderness beyond are no longer feasible. Yet the country would lose its finest asset if the regimented and militaristic systems of Europe were adopted. We must have a singularly apt system of education to meet the needs of coming years and a willingness to do what is naturally right if we are to escape the autocratic solution.

Perhaps the birth rate may not continue as high as at present, and there are authorities who believe that ultimately the fertility of the reproducing age groups must decline to a point where no such proportionate annual increases in population will occur. On the other hand, such wonderful progress is being made in keeping people alive that it is difficult to foresee the outcome. The enormous growth in population together with the falling mortality rate constitutes at once an inspiration and a challenge. Never was there such a country to live in, but never was there one that required so much of thoughtful service to bring it up to the highest possibilities.

Vacation Season

THE vacation season which lies ahead is more of a national asset than is commonly realized. This does not mean that we are about to reduce it to terms of dollars and cents. The effort to express all values in material ledger items is a futile occupation. Grave professors tell us that a college education is worth so many thousand dollars, although obviously the higher values of an education escape and defy such measurement. No matter what good things of life are mentioned, there are lightning calculators ready to tell what they represent in money. We do not believe that inspiring scenery can be reckoned in this fashion. Forests, mountains, waterfalls, rivers, parks—all these make living worth while without a precise statistical appraisal. It is the same with air and water, with oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen—they have their utilities unexpressed in monetary metes.

Thus a vacation is a requisite of productive manhood. It may be short, like President Hoover's week-ends, or a month or two. But the ideal is clear enough. Those who never work and those who work all the time are alike harmful to society at large. The idlers are immediately and manifestly useless, but the man who never stops for a rest injures himself in course of time and so in turn becomes a liability. But how long a vacation does a man need, and how and where should it be spent? For each individual there is a different answer, and none can be given until we know what values should accrue from the prescribed period of rest, recreation and change. A young man who went for the first time on a fishing and canoeing trip in the wilderness classified and set down in writing the "pleasures and appeals" derived from his outing. They included good fellowship, relaxation, enjoyment of nature, outdoor sports.

We do not suggest that all vacationists put into actual writing all the gains which they have made. But it is well to have some idea at what point or points one's life has been enriched. It takes optimism to face the hard problems of the world, and optimism is stronger if we have definite grounds for it.

Mounting Tax Bills

LIFE is full of variety, and newspapers reflect the changing scene. Public interest veers around among sports, politics, aviation, disasters, scandals, inventions, personalities and many other topics. But there is an old saying that death and taxes are sure. Whatever be the sensation of the moment, the cost of government keeps right on, certain and persistent, a silent partner in every endeavor and enterprise. It has become absolutely monotonous to read the statement that local government continues to present a larger and larger bill. The newspapers must by now have a standing headline for this item; it is like the morning coffee, a permanent fixture.

What this perplexing problem really demands is a talent for forethought and planning. We are living in an age which is necessarily cooperative and intensive. In other words, the great necessity is to learn how to live together intelligently. It is perhaps too much to ask that people shall not be selfish; the mere mention of such an altruism sounds impractical. But it is a hard and by no means theoretical truth that the taxpayers of the community as a whole are constantly being forced to pay for benefits which are loudly demanded by individuals or groups not so much because the community needs them as because a few elements want them.

The New York State Tax Commission, in a recent report, speaks of the lack of any orderly offensive against the mass of deficiencies and delinquencies in state and local tax systems. Fiscal confusion is not attacked in any organized way. It is the same with expenditures as with taxes. There is no looking ahead and no offsetting of evils against benefits, of advantages against disadvantages, of gains against losses, of favors conferred against burdens imposed. In one mood we demand more and better schools, roads and institutions, and in another mood we complain bitterly of the cost.

The expansion of government activities and the means of paying for them are both provided for on the nibble-here-and-bite-there principle. The insignificant amount of sober, organized projecting or planning for the future is unworthy the genius of an otherwise great people. Too many expenditures are entered into on the idea of keeping up with the Joneses. Ultimate or terminal costs are not brought home to the voters. Each new expenditure and each new bond issue is advocated without reference to burdens already carried or the interest which must be paid ten or twenty years hence. Often proposed improvements, no matter how desirable or even necessary, are not coördinated with other similar activities. New agencies are demanded, when the real need is to consolidate or eliminate overlapping ones already in existence.

To provide the services which modern peoples demand from their governments, especially from the state and local units, requires real talent and continuous forethought—that is, unless society is finally to sink without a trace under the burden. Communities enter into new expenditures in a happy-go-lucky spirit, with the idea that somehow they will get by. Behind it all is the feeling that perhaps the other fellow can be made to pay, or the comforting thought that politicians are pretty bad, anyway, and what more can be expected?

There is no agency by which states or communities deal with matters of common concern to them. Each goes on spending what it can and grabbing what revenue it can from whom it can. There is some hope in the very evidences of dissatisfaction so manifest. In 1927, legislatures of ten states provided special committees to investigate their tax systems. Agricultural colleges, taxpayers' associations and chambers of commerce are studying the situation. But there must be far more discontent before matters grow better. The people at large must awake from their easy-going passivity. What is everybody's business must cease to be nobody's business, or the collective carelessness will finally swamp us all.

GIANTS OF FINANCE

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

PROSPERITY is the marvel of American life. The ability of so many millions to avail themselves of the products of Ford and Edison impresses us more than the inventive genius displayed. It is the financial democracy of our peculiar civilization which is so characteristic. How strange, then, that, with all this emphasis upon stockholders and bondholders, so little should be heard of the parallel and equally indicative growth in bank accounts. Here are two sides to the same thing, but the newspapers and magazines are filled with exclamatory articles concerning one, while the other is calmly taken for granted.

This extension of banking facilities to ever-widening circles has come so easily and as a matter of course that no one thinks of it as a revolution. Yet it surely amounts to that, especially if we consider not merely the more widespread use of facilities but the corresponding increase in the scope and variety of services offered. Banks are becoming immense department stores of finance, ramified, rounded, far-flung and complete. They are prepared to care for a customer, financially speaking, from the cradle to the grave; from a savings account at birth to funeral expenses out of the estate at death.

In no form does big business come closer to the people or touch them at so many points as in banking. Banks were once rather forbidding institutions, set apart, but now they fit so naturally into the everyday life of the people that they are hardly distinguishable from the gasoline service station, the chain grocery store and the movie house. Perhaps this is just as well. Banks have become so familiar and commonplace, so intermingled with the routine, petty affairs of men and women, that cries of "money power" or "money trust" no longer stir the pulse.

Thus banking service fits into the easy, homely routine like motor transportation or electricity. But we must not let this wholesome fact blind us to the drama of swift changes. The merger fever has seized upon banking, and out of it are coming giants of finance. Each monster combination may be a private affair to the officers, directors and stockholders—that is, the motive no doubt lies in what seems to be an opportunity for greater profits. But in the aggregate these mergers constitute nothing less than a financial revolution.

Reaching Every Penny

BUT if we are to look for the fundamental cause of the giant bank we find it in the very popularization to which I have already referred. The banker, like the industrialist, seeks to reach the consumer at as many points as possible. Those who provide the most varied service expect to reap the largest rewards. If a company can make and sell domestic heating apparatus, why not kitchen sinks? If one food product, why not another? Even the much-suppressed and regulated railroads are experimenting with motorbus routes and aviation.

So, in banking, we have a natural, spontaneous and almost irresistible urge to round out, supplement and complete. Banks are becoming big primarily because of the increasing ramifications of their business. As they offer a more varied and comprehensive line of services, enlargement inevitably follows. Either a new department is started or another institution, which has been specializing in the desired branch of financing, is taken over. In either case larger capital and resources are created. The small bank cannot afford an extensive variety of specialists. It takes volume to carry numerous high-priced executives in charge of departments varying widely in purpose.

But I must be more specific than this. The ambitious modern bank is no longer satisfied to accept deposits and make loans. It must have a securities or investment department and a trust department. There are other activities as well. But the swift, the significant change has been in the addition of securities and trusts. Why do banks wish to engage in these activities?

The answer is simple enough. In the first place, business has become complicated and many-sided in its financial needs. The process known as commercial banking is no longer enough. A corporation is not confined these days to making a three or six months' loan at the bank; it may sell stocks or bonds to investors. But if the bank has a securities department it still gets the business.

Our ideas of banking go back to nineteenth-century England before modern industry or the corporate form had developed. Commercial banking grew out of the peculiar needs of the mercantile class—of shippers, exporters and importers. Their transactions were specific, and a loan for three or four months could be repaid from the proceeds of the sale. Thus the pattern of commercial banking was fixed, and all through subsequent banking literature we find condemnation of any alliance between commercial banking and the different kind of financing which industry, especially in the corporate form, requires.

Working Capital Through Shifting

THE development was quite otherwise in Germany. There industry and corporate form did not develop after the banking system had set and hardened, as in England, but all together. Consequently, banking, capital investment and even the ownership of industry have gone hand in hand in Germany, without dire results, although in the economic thought of England, which we have followed, such an association has always been regarded as dangerous.

More than ten years ago Prof. Harold G. Moulton challenged in detail the prevailing theory that commercial banking does not have and should not have any relation to capital formation. This idea, he showed, has been undermined by the growth of the corporation. For one thing, commercial banks invest in call loans, secured by stocks, a process which aids the distribution of securities. Then, even when banks invest in short-term commercial paper, as contrasted with the long-term capital requirements of corporate industry, this short-term paper is subject to constant renewal. Or if the borrower does pay off one bank, he goes to another. Thus while one commercial bank may not provide corporate industry with permanent working capital, the banks as a whole certainly do so through the process of shiftability.

Finally, the commercial banks have long been holders of bonds even though any relation between them and investment in fixed capital was regarded as quite naughty. The truth is that all financial institutions and processes have been knit together for the great, dominating purpose of bringing the savings of society to the use of the corporation. Mr. Moulton pointed out ten years ago that because of this necessity there was even then no clean-cut specialization possible in the field of banking, and that the then remarkable growth of the trust company, with its less narrow restrictions, was due to the inherent advantage of a non-specialized type of financial institution.

Such views have been strikingly vindicated in the past ten years. Since 1921, if we take the national banks alone, which are perhaps the most closely identified with the commercial idea, there has been an expansion of total loans on stocks and bonds, plus investments in securities, of 82 per cent. During the same period there has been a decrease of 3 per cent in commercial loans.

As for the trust company, its growth has been extraordinary. As an omnibus of finance it has set a new pattern. Thousands of banks have started trust departments, and where banks and trust companies are merged, it is frequently the trust charter which is retained, because of

(Continued on Page 162)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Bankrupt

HE'D say, "You've got to sell yourself
To folks—for ample coin and pelf too!"
Himself lay long upon his shelf;
Himself was whom he sold himself to.

He sold himself himself to hold
Until his price should go still higher,
But found himself completely sold;
There wasn't any other buyer!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Vacation

THE ready finding of all the favorite fishing tackle, the comfortable boots, the roomy trousers and the beloved flannel shirt. The packing finished in fifteen minutes. The on-time taxicab, and the pleasant ride to the railroad station. The comfortable berth in the center of the car, and the attentive and friendly train crew. The perfect dinner in the dining car. The night of sound, invigorating sleep. The roomy, easy-riding car from the lake resort. The amooth ride to the lake itself. The complete comfort of the cabin. The group of old cronies. The ability to get the best guide. The perfect day of fishing. The catch of twenty-five large bass, pike and muskie. The sundown return to the camp. The bated breaths with which the others listen to the story of the day's achievements. The bountiful and gratefully simple dinner. The log fire. The peaceful pipe. The early departure to bed and another night's dreamless sleep. And so on for two weeks.

Oh, if vacation time were only that way!

—JOHN C. EMERY.

DRAWN BY C. KEMBLE

Voice From the Car: "Wait Till James Takes the Temperature of the Water, Darling. It May be Too Cold to Go Wading"

The Wild West

A YOUNG schoolgirl from the city came out to ride at a California cattle ranch. When the cowboy who was getting the horse for her asked what kind of saddle she preferred—a Western saddle with a horn or an English saddle—she replied, "Oh, I don't believe I need a horn. I am not going to ride in traffic."

Epitaphs

Solomon Grundy

BOUGHT one Monday.
Raced it Tuesday.
Ditched it Wednesday.
Fixed it Thursday.
Wrecked it Friday.
Died on Saturday.
Buried on Sunday.
This is the grave of
Solomon Grundy.

B. Kenney

Here lies the body of
Ellsworth Kenney.
When he needed brakes
He hadn't any.

V. Gray

Beneath this stone lies Vincent Gray;
In Nineteen-ten he passed away.
Until that year, not lacking nerve,
He did his passing on a curve
Or on the crest of some high hill—
And though he's gone he lies here still.

(Continued on Page 108)

DRAWN BY MARGE

The Big One: "Y' Know, I Think Joe Must be in Love With Me! D'ya Know What He Said Last Night? He Said: 'Mame, You Remind Me of Apple Blossoms in the Moonlight.'" The Little One: "Wise Up, Mame, Wise Up! That Guy's Not in Love—He's Insane!"

"Yes, You Can Always Tell an African Elephant by its Large Ears" "But I Don't Wish to Tell Any Elephant Anything."

A Good Health rule:
serve hot soup with summer's cold meals!

A choice for every day in the week

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

Summer, with all its cold foods, puts an extra tax on the digestion. This can be delightfully off-set by including one-hot-dish in the meals. And nothing could be more appealing or more healthful for this necessary invigoration than delicious, bracing soup!

Soup, you know, is especially valuable for its wholesome stimulation to the digestive juices. Its warm glow gives you a keen enjoyment of your meals, makes them benefit you more. By very contrast, the cold foods taste better.

And remember that the great popular favorite, Campbell's Tomato Soup, is but one of the many different and delicious Campbell's Soups which are already cooked for your summer table.

There are twenty-one of these famous soups to give variety and the charm of novelty to your meals each day. How you welcome their constant help to easier and better housekeeping during these trying summer months! 12 cents a can.

Campbell's Soup hot,
Other things cold—
That makes a summer meal
Good as gold!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

PEOPLE AGAINST SALADENE

"You Fired the Shot, Killigrew?" Asked Little Amby, Interpreting the Boston Book Dealer's Glance. "Where's the Pistol?"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JAUL TEPPER

"I'LL be right out with it!" called Ross Killigrew. And he hung up the receiver with a clash and bolted from the booth in the corner drug store. His initial rush carried him across One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and to the escalator under the Sixth & Ninth Avenue Elevated on Eighth Avenue. He fled up the bumping escalator, twitched around a corner above to the station platform and was just in time to balk a guard who was closing the iron gate of a train. He hung over the gate as the train thundered southward, watching ahead more eagerly than the motorman, giving to the train the impetus of his moral assistance. Station stops fretted him; his was the suddenly flooding energy of a man who had been long chafing at inaction, repressed, denied, and to whom was given an unexpected opening.

He raced down the steps of the Eighty-first Street station on Ninth Avenue, and hurried into Rive's Auction Rooms. "Killigrew is the name," he said jerkily to a glassed-in bookkeeper. "About three months ago you sold my furniture and belongings for me. Who bought the books?"

"Killigrew," muttered the bookkeeper, flipping pages. "Killigrew! Books, books. Books. . . . Thomson on West Fifty-ninth Street, Mr. Killigrew."

"Thomson," echoed Ross, catching the word on the fly. He was out the door in a twinkling and returning to the Elevated in leaps and bounds.

But he was a salesman, and he hid his precipitousness when he neared the tattered sidewalk stalls of Thomson on West Fifty-ninth Street, as he would have hid a red handkerchief on sighting a bull. He became dilatory, dawdling, mildly curious, but unhopeful. Several bookstore loafers were drooping over the stalls, fatally bemused, charming and learned men who had been ruined by the love of books as grosser men by the love of drink; Ross took his place among them and dabbed imitatively.

Thomson, looking through his window to see that no one made off with his goods, and to see that no one brought them in to him impudently to sell to him again, found Ross' impersonation plausible. Like his blinking comrades, Ross evinced self-respecting poverty. His shoes were dull and his seams were polished; the rim of his hat was buckled like a flounder on a sunny wharf. His complexion had not been properly subdued by book rust, his build was trim and athletic, and his blue eyes did not peer in perpetual search of unappreciated treasures, but it seemed to Thomson, snug inside, that no one but a devotee would doze over inconsequential books in the raw February wind.

Ross entered the store. "Have you a book about cats?"

"Cats," chanted Thomson, taking a turn up and down. "Cats."

"But you must have a book on cats. Haven't you a book called Nine Lives, by Phelim Ross?"

"Cats!" exclaimed Thomson. And he went out to the ten-cent stand and brought in the very book that Ross had promised someone over the telephone in the drug store.

"A very fine volume," grumbled Thomson. "I don't know how it got out there." He mourned over the full brown leather binding with lacy dentelle in gold. "I ought to get two dollars for this."

"Who cares about cats?" scoffed Ross, laying down his dime.

"There's a big boom in these old books, sir. People nowadays appreciate good books. Make cigarette boxes out of them. Oh, the book itself is no good, and that's how it must have got out there. Interested in cat books, sir? Let me have your address and ——"

"Central Park," said Ross compliantly. "After tomorrow. That is, unless I can sell this book for a thousand dollars."

"Sell and repent!" called Thomson after him, chuckling.

"I've been doing that," murmured Ross grimly. "Buying and repenting too." He hurried to the Subway, and so to the Grand Central.

"Coscob? Stamford local, lower level," said the information clerk.

Ross ran down the marble steps and was just inside the gates when they clanged behind him. The closeness with which he had made his train encouraged him unreasonably; he felt that he had hit a winning streak. Everything had broken right for him since the moment when, leafing over the Times in his solitary room, hunting doggedly for employment, he had come across the advertisement for the book

It would be a life-saver to him; he could not fail now There was probably not another copy of Nine Lives by Phelim Ross in the whole world, no copy other than the one he hugged under his arm, the copy that had been among the few dozen books that had gone with the furniture of his apartment following the crash in National Nickel. How could there be, when —

He halted abruptly in the train aisle. He was looking down at an unmistakable copy of Nine Lives by Phelim Ross, lying there on the plush of a seat beside a girl in green.

The girl looked up at him and was startled

"Pardon," said Ross, passing on. Of all the infernal luck

Finding a seat, he snapped open his Times to see if this Doctor Oren in Coscob could absorb two copies of Nine Lives; he ranged rapidly to the Books Wanted column.

I will pay one thousand dollars for a perfect copy of Nine Lives by Phelim Ross, privately printed, Boston, 1865. Tel Greenwich 644.

No enlightenment on the point there; and it had not occurred to Ross to raise it when he had spoken over the telephone to a servant in the doctor's house. What the deuce did the man want the stuffy old book for? And where the deuce had that girl got hers?

He watched her profile with hostility, considering the full lips and the aquiline nose and the long-lashed gray eyes that had just looked up at him with a touch of affright.

The train arrived at Coscob at ten minutes after five. While it was pulling out of Portchester, two stations from Coscob, Ross went over to the girl, leaned over the back of her seat and silently exhibited his book.

"You have one too!" she exclaimed with more surprise than delight.

"May I sit down?" He slid into the seat beside her. "Interesting, isn't it, that there should be two?"

"Yes. Oh, very."

"And lots of fun?"

(Continued on Page 34

THEY know the importance of a well-stocked larder—those women who make an art of gracious hospitality! It is for this reason so many of them buy the whole Premium Ham, cut as shown here. Thus they are assured a supply of tender, savory meat. And in how many delightful ways Premium can be served! How easy it is, by such simple additions as those described below, to give new allure to the customary baking of the butt, boiling of the shank, and broiling or frying of the center slices!

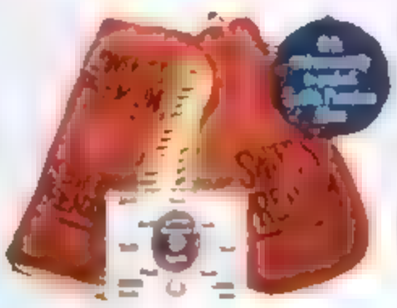
Some suggestions for serving Premium Ham. Serve boiled Premium Ham Shank with boiled rice and a garnish of pickled beets. Boil the rice in the ham stock.

Baked Premium Ham Butt is delicious with carrots and parsnips. One half hour before the ham is done, surround it with raw carrots and parsnips sprinkled with brown sugar, and bake until tender.

Serve broiled Premium Ham Slice with asparagus or green beans which have been slightly browned in the ham fat.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



BE SURE IT IS PREMIUM Look for the brand Swift's Premium on the rind. The Blue Premium Label and Tag. The word Swift on the wrapper. And the name Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side.

(Continued from Page 32

She laughed. "Well, hardly—to be painfully frank."

"I felt the same way about it and I thought we should sympathize with each other. I'll tell you where I got my book; I just bought it for ten cents in a store on Fifty-ninth Street."

"Oh, that isn't fair. I've had mine for years and years. Look!"

She opened her book to the flyleaf and Ross saw written there in faded ink:

To Richard Strahn, in hearty appreciation of his having read this book in manuscript and assisted in revising.
Phelim Ross, Boston, May, 1865. *Nemo solus sapit.*

"Richard Strahn was my grandfather," she said with a vigorous nod of the close-fitting hat of beige felt, "and a very dear friend of the author himself. Don't you think that is rather a better claim than merely having bought a book for ten cents on Fifty-ninth Street?"

"It certainly is," he said considerately. "And I'll admit fairly that the person having the closest relation to the book and its author should have the first chance to sell. You feel the same, I'm sure?"

"I know it's selfish of me."

"But you do?"

"Well, yes, to be fair."

"I'm so glad we're agreed on that, because Phelim Ross was my grandfather. . . . Are you Miss Strahn? . . . My name is Ross Killigrew."

"Oh, shucks, you're just saying that, aren't you?"

"I wish I were, for your sake." He frowned reflectively. "But still, Miss Strahn, have we any right to decide which book the buyer shall have? Isn't it the broader and nobler view that the buyer shall decide for himself? I think we should let him take his pick."

"As you please, Mr. Killigrew," she said, taking on reserve. She could be frank and direct with a shabby adventurer whose relation to her was of chance and temporary, but she had to put him on probation when he suddenly laid claim to social equality and friendship. He was obviously cultured and clever, and she had a sophisticated suspicion of clever and shabby people; having proved in her own case that brains and culture, when not disabled by vice, can win a decent subsistence, she was properly snobbish. He seemed to be a nice boy.

Ross felt the chill and guessed whence it emanated, and did the right thing. "Quite a coincidence," he said lightly, and went back to his own seat and looked out at the livid landscape; it had begun to snow. He felt that he had been snubbed, and he told himself that it served him right. He never could mind his own business and keep his distance. Instead of being a mighty nice girl, she might have proved to be a terrible pest, when she would have adopted him at once.

He was standing on the gusty Coscob platform, whence all but him had fled, when a uniformed chauffeur approached him, touching his cap. "The lady says you're bound for Doctor Oren's, too, sir."

Ross followed him to a closed car, heavy and powerful. He got in beside Miss Strahn, and they were off. Street lights were already shining palely, occasionally occulted by gusts of snow. Ross said nothing; he had let the girl know that he was a sociable sort. The car slid swiftly northward, crossed the Boston Post Road and rushed along Stanwich Road.

"Does the doctor live far out?" asked Miss Strahn doubtfully.

"Quite a step, madam. The Coscob station was the most convenient for you this evening."

About five miles from the station, the speed of the car diminished; they were going down a steep hill.

"Are we coming back this way?" asked Ross, looking out at the whirling flakes.

"I can't promise that, sir; though it's the only way. I suppose we could make it again if we turned right around. In a half hour or so."

"You're not thinking of going back to the city tonight, are you, Miss Strahn?"

"Oh, my goodness!"

The car was turning into a gateway on either side of which towered snow-laden evergreens. It rushed smoothly through a park of leafless oaks and elms, and drew up under a porte-cochère. A searchlight on a building some seventy yards away blazed in the darkness, illuminating the side of the large white residence and an acre of the appurtenant shrubbery. The chauffeur was opening the car door; a houseman in blue ticked out with flat silver buttons was descending the steps from a covered porch.

They entered a square foyer and the houseman took their coats and hats. On the left of the foyer was a stairway, white and mahogany, curving upward; to the right a wide opening gave a partial view of a spacious living room, showing the corner of a Chippendale sofa, the golden gleam of a picture frame, the red flicker of an open fire on a paneled white wall. Ross lingered a moment, glanced at Miss Strahn, and strolled into the living room.

Two men were seated on a sofa before the fire; the smaller of them rose and came forward with a hospitable air. He was a slight and dapper fellow, dressed with vulgar elegance, and with the assured manner of a sporting man.

The knowing black eyes in the narrow and triangular face scrutinized Ross frankly as the man put out a scrawny hand on which several large diamonds twinkled.

"My name is Ambrose Hinkle," he said.

"Killigrew," said Ross, shaking hands. "But are you Ambrose Hinkle, the lawyer?"

"The famous lawyer." Little Amby was smiling at Ross' companion. "Hello, Miss Bertha Strahn. We expected you, at any rate; Killigrew and my friend at the fire are added starters. What's this you said your name was?"

"Grandett," said the man at the fire, rising at last. He didn't seem unschooled or awkward, merely casual.

"Mr. Grandett, Miss Strahn. A book dealer of Boston who was coming to New York anyway, and saw the advertisement and decided to drop off, book in hand. . . . Boston, isn't it, Mr. Grandett?"

"Cornhill," said Grandett.

"That's where all the bookstores are up there, I believe," said Little Amby. "I'm a great bookworm, Miss Strahn, and whenever I hit a town I head right into the bookstores. There must be all of forty bookstores in Cornhill, aren't there, Grandett?"

"About." The laconic Grandett didn't resemble the pudgy and dusty Thomson of West Fifty-ninth Street; he looked more like a large paper edition of Little Amby. He was tall and wide and lean, with a sallow and lined face and a great hooked nose, on either side of which were closely set alert black eyes. He was dressed in well-fitting black broadcloth, a Piccadilly collar and a red-and-black cravat in which glowed a large fire opal. An alert and successful book dealer, this; not the man to be caught napping and to sell a thousand-dollar book for one thin dime.

"Is the doctor here?" asked Ross after an interval.

"That's the very trouble, Killigrew," said Little Amby felicitatingly. "He's not. And if we're going back to town tonight we want to start. I speak as a fellow sufferer: I came out here for a half hour's consultation and not to spend a week-end."

"But, really!" protested Miss Bertha Strahn.

"Exactly, Miss Strahn. It's an imposition. . . . Where's that Harrigan? . . . Hello, Harrigan! . . . Now what the devil does the doctor mean by walking off like this?"

The houseman had opened the door to a brilliant pantry.

"Sorry, Mr. Hinkle. He said he'd be back by five. I wasn't to mention that he was absent, but to tell anybody that telephoned to come right out, as he is very anxious to get that book."

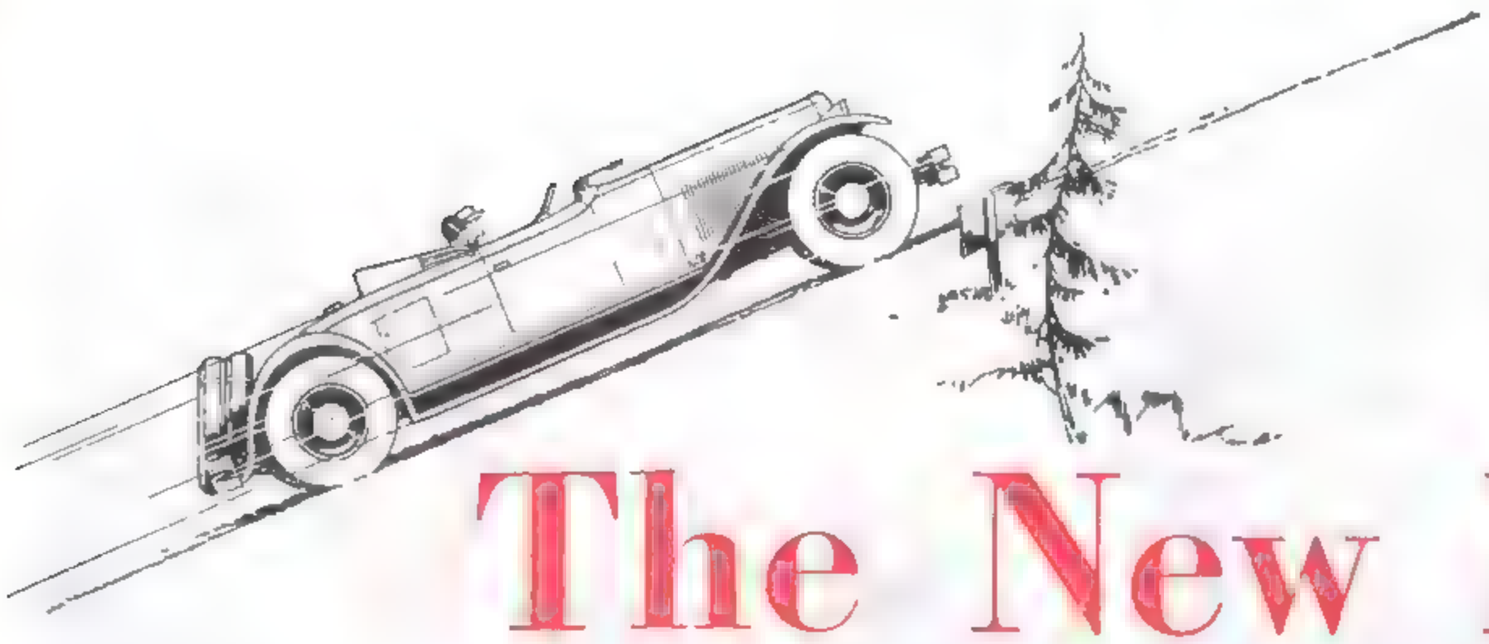
"Well, he has it. He has plenty of it. And he has plenty of us too. What's he going to do with us? We can't go home."

"But I must, Mr. Hinkle," said Bertha Strahn.

"But you can't, Miss Strahn. You and your car would be found tomorrow morning like the wreck of the Hesperus. . . . Ever read that book, Grandett? It's a great book. . . . That's the country for you, Miss Strahn. Anybody that lives in the country is stark mad. Look at that snow out there. . . . Pull down the shade, Harrigan. . . . Where did the doctor go? Well, that makes no difference. We can't take a default on him and grab his money and go home. . . . Does it snow like this up your

(Continued on Page 37)

"A Very Fine Volume," Grumbled Thomson. "I Don't Know How it Got Out There"



The New Mobiloil will preserve your engine's first-year feel for 30,000 miles!

30,000 miles—a big figure. Actually, it is *moderate* compared with the test records on which it is based. Let us explain—

A FEW months ago we arranged to use the Atlantic City Speedway as a practical "road laboratory" on which to test the New Mobiloil.

The stock cars of several prominent manufacturers were purchased, and special instruments were fitted to their cowls and floor-boards. Then the long test-grind began. Thousands of miles were run. Other high-grade oils were used in competition. The results were amazing!

When we say the New Mobiloil will preserve your engine's first-year feel for 30,000 miles—*actually*, Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in test engines *for more than twice this distance*—and without a single major engine adjustment of any kind!

In addition to saving the first-year feel of your engine, *we definitely offer you at least* 20% more oil mileage, and a noticeable increase in power—although our tests considerably bettered these results. Drain and refill with the New Mobiloil *regularly*.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

THE "POPPY" *design shown here is Congoleum Rug 609—a veritable flower-bed of gaiety that will brighten up any room in the house.*

COUSIN MURIEL WAS SURPRISED

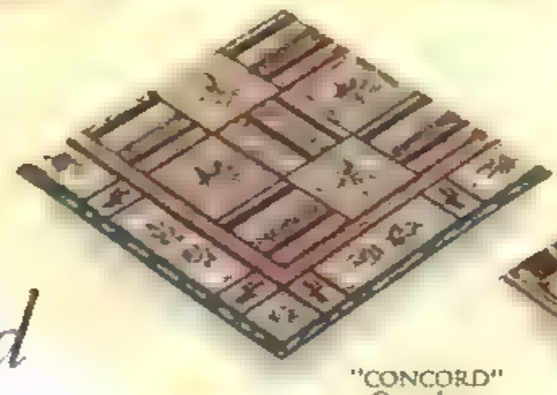
"I didn't think you were so clever," she said

"YOU surely deserve a medal, Alice. Who would have supposed you could make this room over into such a charming place? And all by yourself, too! I'm surprised at your cleverness—I never knew you were a *decorator!*"

"I'm surprised at myself, too, Muriel. You see, I was sick and tired of the way it used to look—so dull and depressing. One day I saw this Congoleum *'Poppy'* pattern downtown. I liked it so well I bought it. The cost was really next to nothing.

"It looked so lovely on the floor that I decided to get some gay flowered cretonnes for the windows. And that led to fixing up the furniture with trimmings of the same material.

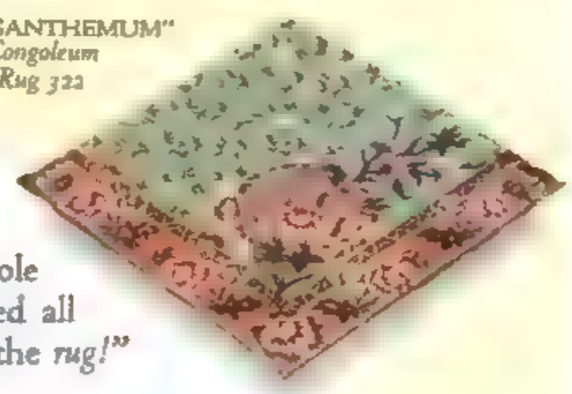
"It was lots of fun, too. Of course *you* know and *I* know that if I had tried to plan the whole thing beforehand I never would have become a 'decorator.' But somehow the new rug inspired all the rest. The room actually planned itself. So don't give *me* any medals, Muriel. Give them to the *rug!*"



"CONCORD" *Congoleum Rug 605*

"ALCAZAR" *Congoleum Rug 601*

"CHRYSANTHEMUM" *Congoleum Rug 322*



❖ ❖ ❖

All Congoleum Rugs are masterpieces of design and coloring, reflecting the genius of the well-known artists who create them. Their remarkable beauty makes them unique among low-priced floor-coverings. The smooth, waterproof surface is a joy to clean. In durability, too, Congoleum Rugs are unequaled, for they are made by the exclusive *Multicote Process.*

On the face of the pattern appears the famous Gold Seal which identifies all *genuine* Congoleum. More rugs bearing this Gold Seal have been sold than *all* similar rugs combined.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J., New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Dallas Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

❖ ❖

CONGOLEUM RUGS

... look for the GOLD SEAL on the rug!

Free Booklet—"COLOR WHERE AND WHY," just what you're anxious to know about home-decoration, by Harriette Lee. A wealth of practical suggestions and ideas, as well as a Color Scheme Selector, in one convenient booklet. Just fill out this coupon or write us for a *free copy.* Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J. *Please print name and address clearly.*

Name .....

Address .....

SEP 73

Continued from Page 34

way, Grandett, or is this a treat to you? . . . Where do you live in Boston?"

"Cambridge."

"Out with the Mayflower people, eh? Then you must know the Reifschneiders. Do you know Pink Reifschneider? He's a big social light up that way. So he told me, and he ought to know. There's only one thing the matter with Boston, Grandett, outside of it being so far from Longacre Square, and that is it hasn't a good Italian restaurant. Can you name me a good Italian restaurant in Boston, Grandett? The first thing I do when I hit a town is to locate a good Italian restaurant."

"Its Italian restauranta aren't the special pride of Boston," said Grandett blandly.

"And what a pity," murmured Little Amby, taking Bertha Strahn's Nine Lives from her lap and leafing it over. "What a pity, Grandett. . . . 'To Richard Strahn.' . . . Any relation, Miss Strahn?"

"My grandfather. But there's an odder discovery than that, Mr. Hinkle. The author of the book, Phelim Ross —— Oh, pardon me."

"Quite all right," smiled Ross. "Phelim Ross was my grandfather." He took advantage of the occasion for a long and amiable look at Bertha Strahn, and then turned to Little Amby, to perceive that the lawyer was surveying him sharply. The vigilant expression was gone at once, and Little Amby resumed the light tone in which he had maintained the conversation. There had been nothing overt or threatening, but Ross was recalled to himself, put on guard, as anyone may be who, lulled by an easy atmosphere, relaxes in the society of men of greater intelligence and guile and of vastly greater experience.

"Very interesting. I suppose you have this book by heart, Killigrew. Here's an interesting bit of natural history: Your grandfather says that the people in China tell the time of day by the eyes of their cats. But, no; he didn't have the nerve to write that with a stiff wrist; the footnote lays it to Huc's Travels. That's a book, isn't it, Grandett?"

"Huc's Travels," repeated Grandett, bowing.

"I wonder if that's a fact. Let's try it on Harrigan. . . . Harrigan! Go out to the barn and see if it's time for a cocktail, will you?"

"Pardon, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Go ahead with the cocktails, Harrigan. What will yours be, Miss Strahn? Something sweet and low? I suggest Martinis, gentlemen, as a friend of the house. Before you go you must look over the assortment of cats in the barn; the doctor has the finest cat chorus that you ever put your head to swear at. He has eighteen really marvelous cats, if you like cats—blue-eyed Siamese, long-legged Abyssinians, Angoras that are mostly tail, and Manxes with none at all. You like cats, I dare say, Miss Strahn?"

"I work for a living and need sleep, Mr. Hinkle; I've had to speak to too many cats from my window to become very fond of them. I like silent cats, like those."

Ross followed her glance and saw seven cats sitting on an ornately carved ledge across the room. Harrigan opened the door to the pantry, and the cats on the ledge swung their heads and stared at him with glowing topaz eyes; their appearance, posture and gesture were extraordinarily lifelike.

"Cats hate one another," said Grandett, offering a remark at last. "They wouldn't sit like that."

"You know about cats, Grandett?" said Little Amby. "The doctor will love to talk to you."

"No one knows about cats." The book dealer's voice was deep and melodious. "That's why they vex some people so much."

"Do you think they're intelligent, Mr. Grandett? Such stories are told about cats."

"I confess that I don't know what intelligence is, Miss Strahn," said the Boston book dealer. "There are accepted tests, but they don't mean anything. A man or brute is said to be intelligent when his acts are calculated to effect an end that seems desirable to us—as if he could have acted otherwise."

"You believe in destiny, Grandett? Control from above, and all that sort of thing?"

"I don't think it is important," said the book dealer ambiguously. He offered a gold cigarette case to Little Amby and busied himself in lighting the cigarettes.

"Well, Harrigan?"

"The doctor telephoned from Stamford and the chauffeur went for him in the big car. And now the chauffeur telephones that he is stopped on Mead Hill."

"With the doctor?"

"No, sir. On the way."

"I'm afraid you're in for the night, Miss Strahn. . . . Harrigan, show Miss Strahn the telephone. Perhaps you gentlemen would like to phone too."

Grandett seized an opportunity, while Little Amby was out of the room, to say to Ross and Bertha, "I suggest that you leave the sale of the books to me. It is likely that he wants but one, but let me try to sell him the three, or one for three thousand dollars. We'll share the proceeds of the sale, if agreeable; the book has no intrinsic value." He lifted a hand in a warning gesture as Little Amby reappeared.

The company, losing its first resentment, took on an easy and familiar atmosphere—the atmosphere of a club car on a through train or the smoking room of a liner. The noise of the storm aided the illusion of travel, as did the full and competent service.

Dinner was announced and was served by Harrigan in the handsomely appointed dining room; it was presided over by Little Amby—the doctor was a widower without family. The men vied in attentions to Bertha, who found that she was enjoying the occasion with its spice of adventure.

Doctor Oren arrived at ten o'clock, scattering snow and apologies. He was a stocky and middle-aged man with a pleasant and resonant voice and a repressed manner. He advanced slowly into the living room and greeted his guests in turn, eying them attentively and extending his arm only a little way in shaking hands—a cautious and guarded chap, at a venture, but pleasant enough. He sat among them on the sofa, where the firelight gleamed on his large and prematurely bald head as he turned it slowly to speak to one and another.

"Have we done all we could, Hinkle?"

"I've asked everybody to stay the rest of the week, doctor."

"You knew just what I wanted. I'd love to inconvenience myself for you people, in view of what I've let you in for, but it isn't possible; there are five guest rooms ready and waiting. There are three books, then?"

"Perhaps you'd prefer to talk business in the morning," suggested the book dealer of Boston. "You can think the situation over."

"My idea, Mr. Grandett. The day after tomorrow would be even better, and I'd have time to tell you how sorry I am. Tomorrow morning, since you mention it."

"Mr. Hinkle tells us that you have a noble collection of cats."

"A legacy from my dear wife, Mr. Killigrew," said Doctor Oren, his green eyes resting on Ross. "She was passionately fond of the queer creatures."

"An indication of a warm and generous nature," said the book dealer. "A great love of dogs is often found in overbearing and tyrannizing people, because dogs flatter them."

"You do not offer that as a rule, Mr. Grandett, I am sure," said the doctor, accepting the topic. "You would find it hard to draw your line. The ancient Egyptians deified the cat, while she was rather universally regarded in the Middle Ages as the associate and emissary of the devil. How would you place Shakspere, who mentions cats many times, but never with liking? And Mohammed must have been a domineering sort. I admit that your rule holds in the cases of Sir Walter Scott and Napoleon. Richelieu loved cats greatly; Cellini, Victor Hugo ——"

He had picked up Bertha's copy of Nine Lives and was turning the leaves as he discoursed.

"Tomorrow, then, for the books?" said Grandett sharply.

"Tomorrow," repeated Doctor Oren, putting the book down. An instant later, and as if he detected a reprimand, he glanced at the Boston book dealer.

"Let's hurry it," suggested Little Amby, rising. "If I'm to shovel my way to the station tomorrow I need a night's rest."

The company rose compliantly and went to its several chambers, which were all on the second floor. Ross had been assigned a room facing north and east. He got into bed, essayed to read, for the first time and with quickly flagging interest, the book of his learned grandfather, found himself falling asleep and switched off the reading light.

During the night he awoke suddenly, with a start, jerked up out of the depths of sleep. He did not know what had roused him; he had not been dreaming, and felt physically at ease, and yet he was wide awake. He shook his pillow and was snuggling down to sleep again when a doubt afflicted him; there must have been something.

Perhaps it had been only the ceasing of the storm and the brightening of the room with reflected moonlight, but he had been aroused as sharply as if by a hand on his shoulder; he was alone in the room and his door was locked.

He slipped out of bed and crossed the cold floor to the north window. He hadn't opened it; the wind had been blowing from that quarter. He looked out and down at the grounds; they were white and black under the full moon; the group of tall spruces, planted as a windbreak, was black, ledged with white. Nothing there; still, somber. He had slept badly in a strange bed—merely that.

Hello! Something was moving down there among the evergreens—a black figure, a man. He was coming rapidly toward the house from the direction of the invisible road. Ross lost him under the house wall.

Ross shivered in the icy zephyrs from the east window and crept back into bed. He did not know the manners and customs of the doctor's household. Unwilling to spread a possibly absurd alarm on the chance that the man whom he had seen was a marauder, Ross lay still and listened; he heard nothing but the singing of a cat, each note expressing an extremity of pain that he knew the beast did not feel, and ending in abysmal despair. One of the doctor's pets in the barn, lamenting over she knew not what, full of an acrid sense of uncomprehended wrong, likely to rise to a scream of fiendish fury. He snuggled his head into the pillow, hoping the brute would not get on his nerves, and dozed.

There was a knock on his door, a light and penetrating tapping of metal on wood.

"Yes?" he called, sitting up. He went to the door and unlocked it.

The Boston book dealer was there, in pajamas. "You don't mind these things, do you, Mr. Killigrew?" he said whisperingly.

Ross stepped out into the warm, dark hall, closing the door behind him. Grandett had thrust a revolver toward him gingerly and he had taken it.

"Thank you," said Grandett with a tremulous sigh of relief. "The doctor gave it to me to guard the entrance down there, but I have a fear of those things; I can't help it. It's like having a toad in my hand. Thank you for taking it."

"But what's the matter?"

"Not so loud. Somebody broke into the house. The doctor went ——"

"I saw him!"

"You saw whom?"

"A man came from the road. Just now. I was looking out the window. I didn't know but that ——"

Grandett left him standing in blackness and Ross heard the click of a light switch.

"Off. They're all off. They pulled out the fuses in the cellar. The doctor went up to get his men, and he told me to wait in the hall and to shoot if I had to; but I couldn't do it. I wouldn't be any use. The doctor says he has a big sum of money in the house."

"Where were you to wait?" asked Ross curtly. Like most able-bodied young men of his time, he had been in the Army and was as familiar with firearms as any frontiersman.

"It's not that I am afraid of any man," asserted Grandett, catching the contemptuous note, "but I have that feeling about revolvers. I'll go with you. Come with me."

They went lightly down the stairs to the foyer. "Here," breathed the timorous book dealer in Ross' ear. "They're in the dining room and the doors are locked. Got in a window. The doctor's bringing the men down to the other door. For goodness' sake, Killigrew"—his tone rose in his earnestness—"don't shoot unless you have to. I'll cover the door into the living room with the firedog."

And again Ross was alone; Grandett was an almost imperceptible smear on the darkness and then he was gone.

It was a nerve-tickling situation. Ross felt about for the panel of light switches and pressed them all, without result.

He was wide awake, but was not, of course, his normal waking self. A fireman, snapped out of sleep, will slide nimbly down the pole, and a soldier will seize his gas mask, but such actions have been predetermined. Ross, floating in darkness like a ghost, able to think but not to see, tractable as the gun in his hand, heard a key grating in the door to the dining room there under the landing of the stairs.

The door was open. A glare of light was in his face, spurted from a flash light; a thicker shadow was behind the hole in the dark.

"Halt!" rumbled Ross hoarsely.

There was a red twinkle behind the obscuring light and the foyer roared with all its walls. The light bearer had fired a gun; Ross was stupefied as by a heavy blow. Divining that he had been shot at, it seemed to him that he had felt the flaming breath.

"Halt, or ——"

The man fired again, and the pistol went off in Ross' hand. He had meant to fire if attacked, and the thought had carried over. The light was gone. He was crouched backward, with the pistol still presented.

"Killigrew! Killigrew!"

"Yes! What?" he bawled, trying to compete with the bellowing of the guns.

He lurched forward into the dining room. It was dark there, but there was light at a window, chinks and wavering planes of light. The planes skidded over a bellied portière.

(Continued on Page 79)

You can be cool, too!

The relief of coming in from sun-baked streets to the fresh breeze of your fan! To leave the day's work and the day's worries behind and really relax in a room that is fan-cooled and fresh. How well you feel. How grateful you are for that General Electric Fan.

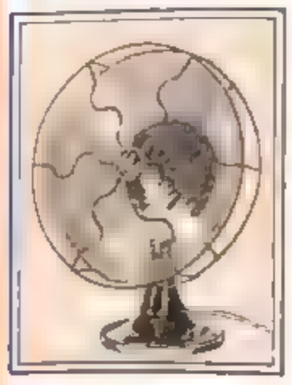
And, by the way, you will do well to be sure the fan you buy *is* a General Electric. Then its service will be flawless, its quality above question. And it will give you ten hours of coolness on just a nickel's worth of current. Prices of General Electric Fans range from $5 up.

If your dealer does not sell General Electric Fans, write for complete information to Section F-316, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

New this year—ten-inch models. Be sure to see them!

Buy where you see this sign

The sign of a G E Fan Dealer



GENERAL ELECTRIC

ONE OUT OF TEN—By Charley Paddock

WHEN I plowed across the finish line in the 200 meters at the Olympic Games last summer, so far behind Williams of Canada, Rangeley of Great Britain and Schuller of Germany that I could not have touched them with a ten-foot pole, I decided then and there that it was time for me to retire; particularly as the reason for my showing had nothing to do with the general malady which gripped most of our athletes.

Though we had never placed so strong a team—on paper—in the Olympics as the one of 1928, we also had never possessed one which performed so badly, and the writers gathered at Amsterdam to cover the games tried desperately to figure out legitimate alibis for our wholesale failure, which had only been brightened by the unexpected victory of Ray Barbuti in the 400 meters. Some blamed our showing on the sloppy weather conditions and the sloppier track; some said that we did not have the proper food to eat, and that we should not have lived on the boat when we arrived, but should have been quartered on the land; while some went so far as to claim that we did not keep proper training rules. None of these reasons could have adequately accounted for our defeat in the running events. I do not believe that training conditions were ever better, and certainly, of the last three Olympic trips, the '28 voyage was the best conducted; while the weather and the track were just as trying on the athletes of other nations as upon ourselves.

The United States had too much good material. That was the long and short of it, for in past Olympic Games tryouts we have had one or two good men in each sectional event, and these few stars have gone up to Boston for the finals. They have been carefully seeded in the heats so that they did not eliminate one another, and then, in the finals the four best have been selected to run in the Olympic Games. But this last time, instead of having one or two good men, there were six or seven in each local tryout who were too fast to leave at home, and they were all sent to Boston. In place of half a dozen stars, the Amateur Athletic Union Selection Committee and the American Olympic Committee officials found between twenty and thirty champions in the shorter races, while there was an overwhelming number of first-rate competitors in the distances. The first round of eliminations was as difficult as the finals used to be, and those who reached the finals were so exhausted that they were not only unable to do their best at Boston but they were far from top form in the Olympic Games.

Charley Paddock

Burned Out Before the Test

IN MOST sports the weight chart is an accurate gauge for proving the physical condition of a competitor. At the start of a training season the majority of athletes lose weight for the first ten days, melting off the fat and strengthening the muscles. Then they commence to build up. This continues until the athlete has reached his top form. If he has an unusually long, hard season, toward the end of it he will commence to lose weight again, and with it that vital spark of energy which differentiates between the victor and the vanquished. When the competitor has passed his peak there is no way in the world for him to regain his best form without a long period of rest. And the Olympic track team of last summer, almost to a man, lost weight after the Boston tryouts, while some had their health impaired. Frankie Wykoff, the youthful sensation of the 1928 sprinting season, is a splendid example of this. Young Wykoff, eighteen years of age, commenced light training in the fall of '27. He worked out three and four times a week, jogging and striding and indulging in setting-up exercises. By January he had graduated from the limbering-up work and was ready for his practice starts and an occasional 200 or 300 yard sprint at three-quarters speed. By the first of February he was engaging on the average of twice a week in practice and high-school meets, running both the 100 and 220 yard races. Even though this was prep-school competition, it was by no means easy, because Wykoff had a team mate named Russ Slocum who was good enough to give him real competition. In many of these early-season races Wykoff was beating evens in both sprints. That is to say, he was being clocked in better than ten and twenty-two seconds respectively. These meets continued for three months, getting more difficult as time went on, until his Glendale High School team was ready to take part in the district, Southern California and state interscholastic championships.

In these meets he had several worthwhile opponents, chief among whom was a youngster from Los Angeles High School named Frank Lombardi. This boy had days when he was a whirlwind, and in the state meet he was clocked in 9⅘ seconds from a yard behind scratch. Lombardi had jumped the gun and had been set a yard. He was away fast the next time and made up the yard, leading Frank Wykoff to the tape in world-record figures. The warm spring weather puts California high-school boys into condition rapidly and often develops them prematurely. Wykoff found himself past his best form in his race with Lombardi, while the latter had reached the highest point in his competitive career.

Coach Norman Hayhurst, Frank's friend and athletic adviser, ordered him to rest, and he quit entirely for the month of May, resuming training activities again for the Southern Pacific Association Olympic Tryouts. This meet came on June sixteenth in Los Angeles, and found Wykoff in perfect form, while Lombardi was not so good as he had been in the California State Championships. As for myself, I looked as if I was going backward for the first half of the distance, and lost to the flying Wykoff by a healthy margin. The time was 10⅖ seconds, equaling the Olympic mark, while the 20⅘ seconds scored by the Glendale youngster in the 200 meters tied the world's record. The boy was able to hold this remarkable form through the Boston tryouts, defeating the best sprinters our country could place on the field four times in one afternoon, scoring 10⅖ seconds for 100 meters on each occasion, which is very close to 9⅘ seconds for a hundred yards. To make this mark officially, was looked upon as a most remarkable achievement. Don Lippincott did so in a heat of the Olympic Games at Stockholm in 1912, while Harold Abrahams of Great Britain made it three times within a period of two days at the Paris Olympics in 1924. But Wykoff scored it four times in a single afternoon. It is little wonder that he was too burned out to show his best at the Amsterdam Games a few weeks later! I have used his case as just one of many. The reason I selected the youngest of our sprinters was to suggest that there is a grave possibility that we are overworking our high-school boys and not only injuring their college athletic careers but in some cases physically handicapping them for the rest of their lives.

However, what the American athletes lost on the track at Amsterdam they more than made up in the field events. There the spirit that is typical of the Yankees in competition was displayed again—that ability to come through under fire. Any one of the field-event victories will prove what I mean, for the high jumping of Bob King, the broad jumping of Eddie Hemm, the discus throwing of Bud Houser, and the pole vaulting of Sabin Carr were equally creditable. Allow me to illustrate one field event incident in detail:

Twenty years and more ago, a giant at Michigan University named Ralph Rose put the sixteen-pound shot fifty-one feet—a world's record. Rose weighed close to 300 pounds and he possessed great coördination and speed for so big a man. The track followers of that day said the record would stand until another as big and as fast as Rose should come along. Until the summer of 1928 no such athlete had appeared.

Just a Little More Push

BUT a few weeks before the Holland Olympics, out of Germany came a shot putter named Emil Hirschfeld, almost as big as Rose had been, and almost as fast. And the Germans believed that Hirschfeld would not only win the Olympic event but would break the record that Rose had set so many years before. Twenty thousand Germans came across the Netherlands, down to Amsterdam, to watch Hirschfeld put the shot. It happened that this was the first event on the program, and the first man to step into the ring was the German giant. As he took his place there in the center of that great arena with that vast panorama of faces turned toward him, those twenty thousand German voices were suddenly raised in one great yell that echoed and reëchoed throughout the stadium, and though most of us seated in the American section probably did not understand exactly what it was they were saying, we nevertheless sensed the spirit of the occasion and were thrilled by it. How much more must Hirschfeld have felt it as he stood there in that ring and realized that it was up to him to win for his country. He seemed to get every bit of fighting spirit into that throw, and the shot went flying out on his first attempt 51 feet 6⅝ inches. He was the new champion of the world.

The next to take his place in the ring was Herman Brix, of Washington University, who looked almost like a midget beside the giant Hirschfeld. As he stood there, possibly a thousand Americans in our little corner of that great amphitheater gave a yell for Brix, and he, too, seemed to realize that it was up to him to win back what Germany had just gained, and though he had never made such a throw even in practice, he faced his task undaunted, and with perfect coördination he got every ounce of driving power he possessed into his first trial and the shot went out 51 feet 8 inches, to break the mark that Hirschfeld had just established.

(Continued on Page 177)

FLOORS as Fashionable as a Paris Gown

Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 6061. Border is plain black linoleum.

Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 62

Armstrong's Moulded Inlaid Design No. 3185 laid with black border.

TRIM, smart—yes, custom-tailored floors. Each designed to dress up a fashionable room ensemble. Each a creation of master craftsmen.

Three of these style-setting floors are illustrated. Right now your local linoleum, department, and furniture stores are displaying scores of equally original, equally fashionable floor effects in the new-day Armstrong's Linoleum.

Next time you are shopping, see them. You'll find in them a quick and inexpensive answer to, "What shall I do about my floors?" Quick—for any Armstrong Floor you select can be laid right over your old floor in less than a day. No bother. No upset. Between breakfast and tea time your room is transformed. Inexpensive—for the first cost is the last. No more sanding, scraping, refinishing. No more creaks, cracks, and splinters. And here's another little whisper to your budget—*the price range fits any purse.*

There's more to this story of fashionable floors that dip deep into modern beauty, more to this story of dressing up your home with modern Armstrong's Linoleum. Hazel Dell Brown tells it to you in her latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Many different types of rooms are illustrated in all their natural colors. Then there's a "Decorator's Data Sheet" that offers you unusual service free. Ten cents to cover mailing brings you this bookful of home decorating help. (Canada, 20c.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 319 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

It's Smart to Restyle Old Floors

Smart—for in Armstrong's Linoleum you select the exact floor color and design to fit into any room ensemble. Smart—because in less than a day's time it's installed in your home. Your old floor is out of sight and out of mind.

Smart—for it's a good-housekeeping floor! Its surface is Accolac-Processed, made spot-proof, stain-proof. Light waxing and polishing keeps it shining. Where floors may need frequent washing, renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Yes, it's smart to restyle old floors—and to do away with old-fashioned floor cleaning drudgery!

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · JASPE · ARABESQ · and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

ON OUR STREET

By Earle R. Buell

THE brilliant people have all had their say about prohibition. And the horrible effects of this one law among the foreign element, the criminal classes, the submerged tenth, flaming youth and other special groups have been glowingly depicted. But nobody seems to have written much or said much or thought much about prohibition and the middle-class people, the commonplace families that line up one after another down any street you choose to name in any town, city, village or metropolis.

With the permission of the editor, I speak for these because I am one of them. I live in a seven-room house in the outskirts of Minneapolis. I have a wife and three children and a dog. When we have a car it is usually a flivver. The only reason I presume to write for the rest of the people up and down the street is that I worked for nearly fifteen years in a newspaper office and have some experience in expressing myself by means of a typewriter.

My children are thirteen, eight and two years old. None of them has ever seen a saloon. I don't believe they have ever seen anyone intoxicated. Twice in the four years we have lived at the end of the street, drunken drivers have had to turn around in front of our house, and they caused some excitement, but the children were in bed. I have never seen one of my neighbors come home under the influence of intoxicants. Some years ago a couple four blocks away shocked the school children of the neighborhood by staging a fight in their front yard, but there was nothing to indicate that the fight was due to drink.

Junior, who is eight, asked me not long ago what booze was. I told him it was a kind of drink that caused people, if they took too much, to do things they wouldn't do when they were in their right minds.

Margery, who is thirteen, is in high school. She goes to a movie occasionally with a high-school boy who lives in the neighborhood. They are both far more sensible about going out together than I was when I was their age. Margery has never been asked to take a drink.

Other People's Boys and Girls

I HAVE always liked the taste of bourbon whisky. I drank very little of it, but when I did take a drink I preferred to take it clear instead of diluted or followed by a chaser. Because of this liking for the taste, which I have found is unusual among whisky drinkers, I have always been very careful about drinking.

In the newspaper business, before prohibition, I found it difficult sometimes to refuse a drink. Newspapermen were supposed by many people to go in for drinking on a broad scale. When I found I was not the only newspaperman who felt it necessary to decline a drink, I formulated several tactful bits of fiction to gloss over my refusal and followed this example. Now I tell the boys to save mine for the rest and there is never any argument.

One reason I did not go in for drinking was that in most newspaper offices there was one man, at least, who had difficulty holding his job because he was undependable when he got a few drinks. I felt that I wasn't brilliant enough to drink and hold my job, and so I stayed sober. Sometimes even then I didn't hold my job. Another reason I didn't drink much was because I thought it would worry my father and my mother. They didn't think a newspaperman could amount to much anyway, and it seemed a good idea to save them from anxiety on the subject of drinking.

When prohibition came along, the newspapermen in Minneapolis and the other people I knew didn't seem to mind much. They were not drunks. They had enjoyed sitting around the "Synagogue" or McCormick's or Lally's and having a few drinks, but it wasn't any great hardship for them when these places closed.

I felt that nothing very valuable had been taken away from them and I don't remember that anybody I knew felt much different about it. It gave us the "good old days" to talk about when we got together, but most of us were married by that time and we had our wives and families that we were interested in.

In the next few years I ran across several of the old gang—men who dated from before my time mostly—who were able to hold jobs again after having lost out pretty much on account of drinking. Most of them, I think, are still working, but one or two have lost their grip again.

Nowadays there are several of my old friends who are strongly opposed to prohibition. But I don't know one of them that objects to it because of any inconvenience to himself. They are all worried about the terrible things that prohibition has done to the youth of the land or the murderous gangs it has created. Men whom I never knew to be worried about the coming generation before have developed a sudden interest in the boys and girls. And yet I don't know one of them who is having any great trouble in his own family. They are stirred up about somebody else's boys and girls.

In fact, one of the great benefits of prohibition that seems to be generally overlooked is this wave of moral feeling that has swept over some of the old-timers who, when they were boys themselves, didn't seem to think it was a terrible thing to take a glass of beer or down a little whisky with a quick gulp of water.

I suppose you might say that I am pretty much of a family man. But I don't believe I am any more interested in or considerate of my family than most of the other men and women I know. My wife and I go to the meetings of the parent-teacher associations at the grade school and at the high school, and there are few meetings I have seen in the past few years of my newspapering that are better attended than these. I see men there who I know will take a drink—some who have their regular order in with the bootlegger perhaps. But I don't see them drunk. I believe I could count on the fingers of my two hands the number of people I have seen drunk anywhere in the past year.

Within the past six or eight months I have gone to one real whoop-te-doo party, and there were several of the boys there who didn't drive their cars home that night. But it was a special occasion. It was a banquet of some of the boys in a line of business that I do some work for. There was to be a program of entertainment before the refreshments, and the party started about eleven o'clock.

Just about the time the program started, somebody pulled back a curtain and revealed to view a long table with a lot of big, foaming pitchers of spiked beer on it.

A roar went up from the crowd and the party was a regular hoo-raw from that time on. All decorum was abandoned and before the first round of drinks you would have thought everybody in the place was drunk. It started just like that.

The spiked beer wasn't very good. It tasted sickish. I killed most of the evening with my first glass in my hand. And I wasn't the only one. Half the men sitting around me declined a second glass. Several didn't bother to drink anything at all. The usual few drank and drank and became noisy and obstreperous, so as to be a general nuisance. Some of these, they tell me, passed out before the festivities were over, and two, at least, had to be taken home.

But even these noisy ones weren't all drunk. One of the noisiest was picked on a committee to decide the results in a contest. I was on the committee with him. When the committee got together he was as quiet and sensible as the rest of us, and there were others on the committee that hadn't taken anything to drink.

More Noisy Than Naughty

I THOUGHT, after the evening was over, that it couldn't have been typical of the modern rowdy parties you hear so much about, for certainly 50 per cent of the supposed drunkenness was phony, just like that of the committeeman. But they told me afterward that the party had gone a little too far, that the group had been warned by the hotel not to pull anything like that again.

If I were going to give an estimate of that party I would say that it was about like a stein of near beer—about half froth and the rest harmless drink, with perhaps half of one per cent of real kick. The boys had a good, exuberant time, with lots of noise and the feeling of being very devilish, but no very heavy hang-overs in the morning.

My office used to be across the street from the town's principal bootlegger. This was after I left the newspaper business. Now and then somebody would send across for a bottle of something. This would be taken into a restaurant and poured into ginger-ale glasses, which were then filled with ginger ale to make highballs. A pint bottle was enough for half a dozen people, but the highballs weren't very good. It was hardly worth bothering with the liquor. Still the crowd got a good deal more kick out of it than there was in the bottle.

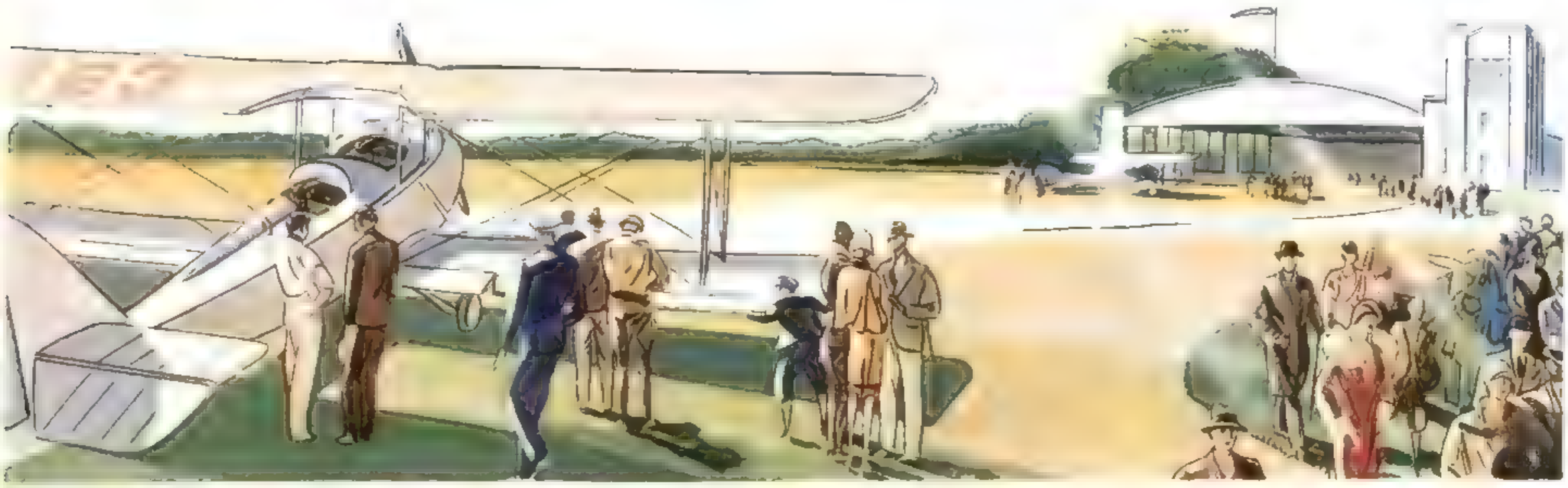
In certain places we have been in the last few years we have been offered home-brew. I've never been much of a beer drinker, but once in a while I will take a glass. It has been a long time since I've had any home-brew that had as good a taste as a good, cold bottle of near beer, and some of the home-brew hasn't impressed me with having much more alcoholic content.

I've been telling mostly about the special occasions. These are the principal instances in which I run across what you would call drinking. Frankly, our own crowd doesn't go in for it. We string mostly with young writers and relatives and neighbors who live as we do and have about the same ideas. They are the fringe of the newspaper crowd, with the friends and acquaintances of each. They are all one-car people or those who fall back on the taxicab when they want to go anywhere. In other words, they make no social pretensions.

We party back and forth with a few tables of bridge or some of the odd games that have cropped up lately. Occasionally it is a toboggan party, and now and then somebody reads a play or the high spots in a new book. Often enough we just sit around and talk. If we play bridge we don't bother with stakes. Maybe there will be a couple of prizes and maybe not. There aren't many dinner parties, for the extent of the domestic help is usually a laundress or someone to come in and stay with

(Continued on Page 44)

"Now Wait a Minute, Officer—What Makes Ya Think It Ain't My Dog?"



In addition to the outstanding advantages of ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder performance, the new Viking offers distinguished style and luxurious riding qualities.

Its distinctive smartness has been achieved through tailored lines and beautiful proportions. Low-swung and graceful, with sweeping full-crown fenders, attractive hood, and handsome body contours, the Viking is at once fleet in appearance and dignified in character.

Then there is the matter of environment. The niceties of Viking interior decoration make you feel as much at home as you would in your own living room. The upholstery materials are rich in quality and pleasing in shade and pattern. Panelings and mouldings are of fine walnut finish. Hardware and all interior appointments have been selected with the utmost care.

And the Viking provides restful comfort to match its style and luxury. It is a roomy, commodious car of generous size and ample wheelbase. Its interiors afford plenty of head room and leg room. The deep-cushioned, form-fitting seats are inclined at just the proper angle for armchair comfort. They are wide enough to accommodate three full-sized passengers without crowding.

The balanced weight, long wheelbase, and low center of gravity of the Viking chassis result in marvelous roadability. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, synchronized with specially-designed springs, smooth out all road irregularities.

Contributing still further to this restful riding comfort are the smoothness, quietness, and perfection of performance of the ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine. The Viking engine brings the well-established V-eight principle with new and desirable advantages. It develops 81 horsepower in an even, effortless flow. It delivers greater speed than the average motorist requires, with an ease that permits complete relaxation at all times. And its response to the throttle is remarkable, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds.

The Viking engine is exceptionally simple, rigid, compact, and accessible. The horizontal valve mechanism is entirely new in design and is more accessible than in the conventional automobile engine. Fuel distribution through a down-draft manifolding system contributes materially to the brilliance of Viking performance. Both lubrication and cooling are remarkably efficient. Thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters are standard equipment.

Now, in the new Viking, the American family can have a motor car that combines the beauty of tailored lines, the comfort of luxurious riding ease, and the superiority of ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder performance—all at medium price.

Don't fail to see and examine the new Viking soon—in the showroom of your Oldsmobile-Viking dealer. When you are familiar with all its details—when you have enjoyed its brilliant V-eight performance—when you have matched it against other cars in its field—you will pronounce it a great car, and the outstanding automobile value to be had at medium price.

$1595

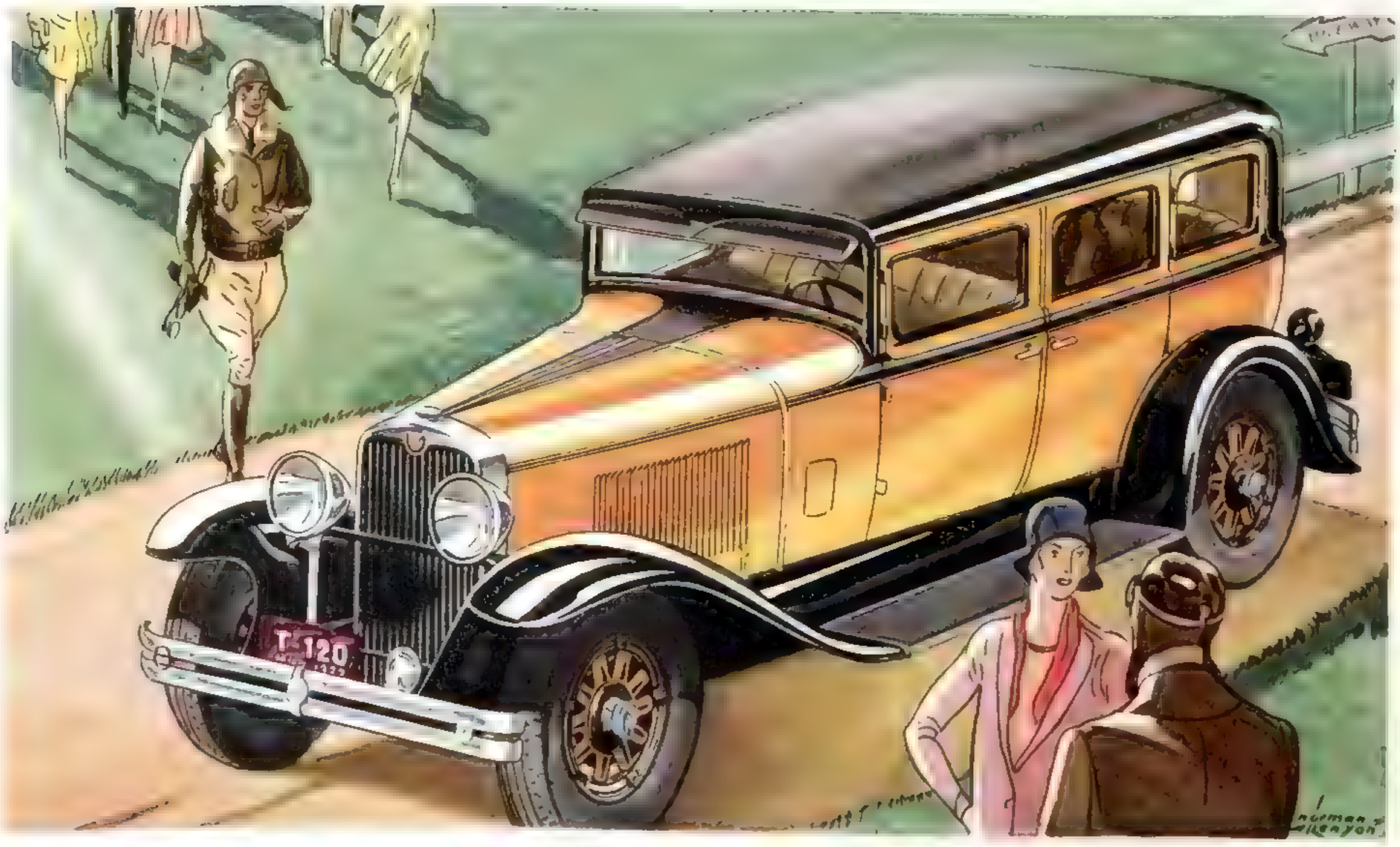
f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich., Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. Viking delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Distinguished Style · · Restful Comfort and the Luxury of 90° V-Eight Performance

at Medium Price



VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 41)

the children for the evening. The point is that we have a good time without any cocktails. We don't even miss them.

One reason for that is, probably, that we are all people who can loosen up without anything to drink. If they were held in studios with plenty of liquid refreshment these parties would probably be called bohemian. I remember we scandalized one fellow who didn't know us. He was the new husband of one of our gang. We conducted an initiation for him and acted what has classically been referred to as "the fool."

Afterward he told his new wife that people ought not to act like that unless they were about half shot. Maybe he was right, but why go to all the trouble and expense of contributing to some bootleg gang for the privilege of making fools of ourselves when it can be done so easily without that?

All this has been more or less objective. I haven't given much of an idea of what these people think of prohibition, and perhaps I ought to do that. We don't bother about it much, to tell the truth. We are in sympathy with it and for the most part we don't consider it worth a lot of conversation. Now and then we gossip about the terrible things we have heard.

Before Margery got into high school we used to hear a lot about the way the boys and girls acted who were in it. And then, through a new addition to our crowd, we found out that most of the stories we heard were a lot of hooey and we had to admit that the high-school boys and girls we knew were not like the ones we'd heard about.

We heard, for instance, that there was a good deal of dope peddling among the students. But that was spoiled for us when a speaker told a club some of us belong to that there wasn't anything in it. And he ought to know, for he is in the narcotic-law-enforcement office. We have heard the same thing about bootlegging, but a bootlegger told me that he didn't believe in that kind of business.

"What would the business out of a high school amount to anyway?" he asked me, and I couldn't tell him.

About the only discussion we have of prohibition now is on the subject of why prohibition has to be blamed for all the evils of the liquor business. As far as we can see, the business is about the same as it has always been as far as the people in it are concerned. They are the kind of people we wouldn't care to have in our crowd, although they may have their points. There seems to be more money in it, and that has brought in a gang of men that will stop at nothing to get the money.

A Tempest in a Barrel

I feel, myself, that it is better to have it an outlaw business than to try to make it respectable. The job of enforcement is a soft one compared with the job of trying to make the liquor business respectable. There doesn't seem to be any reason for that. You would think it would be like most any business if it were lawful, but the fact is that the saloon keeper and the brewer have always been barred from high society, and they never stood any too well even in such humble circles as we go around in here.

If there wasn't something wrong with the liquor business, there wouldn't be any reason in the world why a saloon keeper or a brewer or a distiller shouldn't be elected President of the United States.

I have an idea that if our crowd was to be asked to vote tomorrow on the wet or dry question, we would vote dry. I know the question entered into the last election with us. Even those of us who voted for Smith would have preferred to have him come out for a red-hot enforcement of prohibition until the thing could be put to a vote.

And here is an interesting point: None of us has any more use for the prohibition fanatic than the chronically thirsty. We don't know anything about the Anti-Saloon League. If it is having any influence on our votes it is the slickest organization in the world, for we are entirely unconscious of the fact.

Personally I believe there wouldn't be a nickel's worth of difference in the way we feel on the subject if the league went out of business tomorrow. Probably we would feel more strongly in favor of prohibition in a little while if there was any attempt to bring back beer and wine, for it is my idea, at least, that the brewers cut the throat of their own business, and they would be likely to do it again. And I don't see how there can be beer without brewers.

Our crowd has a lot of trouble understanding the ones that insist on fighting prohibition. If the bootleggers keep on long enough Chicago will be the driest city in the country, for the people who live there aren't going to stand for the raw things that are pulled there all the rest of their lives. We know some Chicago people, and they aren't so different from the rest of us.

The Sure Antidote for Poison Liquor

It is not surprising that there are gang killings in an outlaw business. Outlaws must settle their own differences. They did it in the old West and they are doing it now in the dope traffic and the bootleg traffic. If the prohibition amendment were rescinded tomorrow things would be worse before they were better, and they probably wouldn't be better for a long time. In fact, I can't see that they would ever be much improved. I don't know anybody that would stop drinking if the Volstead Law were revoked.

As far as poison liquor is concerned, there is a cure for that. Even the prohibition law doesn't compel anybody to drink it. If there are reasons for keeping away from the best liquor that can be made, there must be more reasons for avoiding the kind you can get now.

The story is that more people are drinking now than before prohibition. I don't know anybody that is drinking now that didn't drink before prohibition, and of the drinkers I know there aren't any that are drinking as much as they did before prohibition. For one thing, they can't afford it.

Some people I know are drinking a great deal less than they ever did before. I don't contend that that is a condition in the country as a whole. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't. But it is the condition among the people I know.

I have heard of people drinking just because it is forbidden. I've never met any. Mostly they drink because they're thirsty or because they think it's smart. And those were the reasons for drinking that existed in the old days, as far as I can remember.

One thing I do know, and that is that drinking is more dramatic than it used to be. Half a dozen people can make more fuss over a pint of whisky now than they would have made over a demijohn before. That is my idea of why there seems to be so much drinking now.

Another reason for the drinking that is going on is the fact that there is so much talk about it. You can make most anybody thirsty if you begin talking about something to drink, just as you can make him hungry by talking about food.

As for the fashionableness of drinking, that seems to be a stage that is passing. In the days when only smart people could get something to drink, there may have been some excuse for the showing off done by fashionable people. But nowadays, when anybody with seven dollars can get something that tastes a little like liquor, there doesn't seem to be any particular virtue in it for well-bred people.

As far as I'm concerned I don't consider it a sin to take a drink. But I consider it about as dangerous a habit as driving through a traffic sign. We have here in Minneapolis the stop signs that mark arterial highways. When you come to one of them without a car in sight in either direction, it seems a little silly to come to a full stop. And yet I like to observe the law that put them there, even when there seems to be no necessity of it. It's a pretty good habit to form. Once you form it, there isn't much chance that you will forget some day and go banging out into a machine that is tearing down the avenue.

I suppose I might drive through them and talk about my personal liberty and say that this was a free country and that the roads were public and that nobody had any business making me observe a law because a few fools can't handle their cars.

Frankly, I can't take this thing any more seriously than I do a traffic law that is passed for the safety and convenience of everybody, drivers and pedestrians alike. The traffic laws make criminal things that aren't criminal in themselves, they abridge personal liberty like sixty, they are not needed for the majority of drivers who are careful but for the minority that have no self-control in driving.

Roughly, these are the things we think about prohibition—we who are in sympathy with it. There aren't, perhaps, many new ideas here, and maybe they aren't very clear or logical. But one thing you will notice, and that is the absence of any talk about the demon rum or any puritanical desire to prevent other people from having innocent fun.

We don't believe the right to drink is any more important than the right to fire a gun in the city. A man might shoot a rifle fifty times in a city block without hitting anybody, but it isn't anything that ought to be encouraged. If drinking never did any more harm than to make a man's children ashamed of him once in a while we would consider that it was hardly worth the hurt to the spirit of one little baby girl.

Our Idea of Enforcement

As for the bugaboo of compulsion, it doesn't seem to me anything to get excited about. We are under compulsion of one kind or another in virtually everything we do.

The whole traffic code is compulsion and none of it would be necessary if motorists and pedestrians were courteous, careful and gifted with common sense. But they aren't, and that's that.

On the subject of enforcement our crowd is under a pretty definite impression that we are being kidded. If the back of the liquor traffic can't be broken in three months any time the Government really wants to do it, we miss our guess. There would be left the home breweries and the home wineries and some home distilleries that would go on for a while until the amateurs got sick of bothering with them. They would make a lot of stuff that no professional maker of these drinks would dip his nose into—stuff that he would call slop—but it wouldn't be particularly poisonous or particularly intoxicating, for that matter.

Our idea of what has prevented enforcement so far is that there has been such a loud squeal from some of the thirsty ones or somebody that both major parties began to get the idea that there was a great surge of wet votes coming up from somewhere. When the surge didn't materialize at the last election in spite of all the noise, a very different face was put upon the enforcement situation.

A great burden has been lifted from the shoulders of the politicians, for they don't have to worry about the wet vote any more. If a master campaigner with a picturesque personality, backed by more money than a Democrat ever had before in a presidential election, spotted a few million votes from Democratic states that have been dry for decades, and raising the banner of new hope for the oppressed agricultural areas couldn't produce any more of a wet inundation than he did, then the prohibition question doesn't seem to be anything for either party to worry about.

When to Say No—and How

A few earnest words from the government departments at Washington, such as were whispered in a few cases at Chicago, would be sufficient to reveal the light of duty to some local officials who have been off the reservation.

Less drinking by people who really don't care a hoot about it or who actually detest the stuff would raise hob with the market if the rest of us really wanted to be of some help. And prohibition would cease to be anything but another traffic law—the liquor-traffic law.

That less-drinking business seems to be the main difficulty, though. What people need nowadays is not a new recipe for home-brew but a recipe for refusing the home-brew without insulting the home-brewer. Those who advocate refusing with a brief address on the subject of the Eighteenth Amendment are the sort that have given the drys a bad name. It is not necessary to be boorish about it.

What the amendment has done is to make it the privilege of anyone to refuse a drink without abusing the hospitality of the host. In that, at least, it is a friend of personal liberty. If you prefer not to drink it is your privilege to say so. If you want to give the impression that you are fighting a brave fight against odds, you may remark that you are "on the wagon," just as we used to do in the old days. If you want sympathy use the formula: "Doctor's orders." If you want to be honest and humorous at the same time say: "My wife won't let me."

"I never do," conveys a rather positive firmness, but has a touch of implied criticism that most drinkers are quick to resent. Nevertheless, it can be used with a smile and in the proper tone without offense. It has the merit of discouraging the pestiferous cries of "Oh, come on. This won't hurt you. It's right off the boat. Don't be an egg."

Under no circumstances should you burst out with anything like this:

"Drink? Do you think I'm crazy? There isn't an ounce of decent stuff in the country any more, and if there was, you couldn't get it without giving your right arm to some yegg that has a side line of robbery and murder, not to mention arson and rapine. I was never crazy enough about a shot of hooch to want to drive a car home with a lot of that stuff under my belt. If I want to commit suicide I'll take a double dose of laughing gas and die happy."

Never say things like that. It is very bad form.

TODAY'S *PICTURE* OF YOUR BUSINESS

Kardex shows red . . . and *Hearn's delinquent time payments* are reduced 50%

HEARN'S, New York City's 102-year-old department store, has—according to a recent nation-wide survey—only half as many deferred payment delinquencies as the average store throughout the United States.

For three years, a Kardex system has assisted the credit and accounting departments of Hearn's in keeping millions of dollars flowing smoothly through the organization.

For the executives at Hearn's, Kardex brings information into the spotlight through a VISIBLE margin, where facts can't be hidden and can't be misfiled. A simple system of movable signals allows ten or more facts to be placed on a single line.

Today's picture of your STOCK

For the New York Buick Company, Kardex flashes its warning when supplies run low. As a result, Buick's busiest branch is seldom short more than 3 parts out of the 10,823 parts it carries.

With the assistance of its visible record, this efficient organization also expects to cut inventory $200,000, speed up turnover 33⅓%, eliminate obsolete stocks, and give instant service to Buick owners.

Today's picture of your SALES

Thousands of alert sales executives are using Kardex to find out which customers are buying, how much they are buying, what line they are buying, and how much they *ought* to be buying.

Kardex makes installment selling a much simpler accounting matter. In credit rating, also, it tells the story of any account in a flash, for it eliminates pawing through a set of cards, or wrestling with ledgers.

A Slight Investment

Any business in America can make more money with Kardex visible records. Whatever your control problem—be it sales, stock, credit, personnel, or production—Kardex can be the most profitable employee on your payroll. Many firms have started a system on a $5 investment.

No Charge for Analysis

No matter how smoothly and profitably your business may be operating, a Remington Rand specialist can suggest additional new money-making ideas that have proved their salt in organizations similar to yours.

This analyst's recommendations will be unbiased, for he represents a consolidation of the foremost office equipment manufacturers of the day and hence can advise you impartially. A telephone call to a near-by direct-selling branch of Remington Rand Business Service will bring him to you, or you may write to the main office at Buffalo, N. Y.

REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE

KARDEX

VISIBLE RECORDS

Remington · Library Bureau · Dalton · Powers
Safe-Cabinet · Kalamazoo · Baker-Vawter

ACCT. No	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 14 15 16 17 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						
221-11	Mrs Peter Godfrey	520 East 43rd St N.Y.C.	CM	1	2	3	4

THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE:

■ Payments due the tenth of the month. ■ Payment overdue—four notices sent. ■ Placed in hands of attorney.

TINGRA'S GHOST STORY

(Continued from Page 11)

Charaka, whom he barely knew, and he did not entertain for a moment the delusion that the charm had anything to do with his untimely demise. But Govindah thought so. If Charaka had to die, he certainly selected a good time to do it. Excellent advertising!

The procession, due to some traffic delay, stopped for a moment directly opposite Tingra's door. And then a horrible thing happened. Charaka rose from his bier and came directly toward Tingra. The latter almost passed out from surprise and terror; but fortunately, before he had done anything so rash, he noticed that Charaka's dead body still lay decently composed on the bier, and that the funeral procession had resumed its march down the narrow street.

Tingra drew a deep breath and recovered himself. But now he was so accustomed to all sorts of thought forms that he thought no more of them than of so many flies. Obviously this simulacrum of the deceased Charaka was only another manifestation of the sort. It glided to the shop and squatted by his side. Tingra examined it attentively and could see no detail of difference, either in feature or solidity, from the original Charaka, who had by now just about reached the burning ghat. He supposed this ought to be interesting from an experimental point of view, but his only emotion was of impatience. Clairvoyance of thought forms was all very well, but this was overdoing it. Tingra began to regret that he had encouraged his faculty, even for scientific purposes. Small devils and scorpions and snakes and stinging insects were all very well, especially since they only moved about the clay images; but this thing was life-size and seemed to have attached itself to Tingra himself. Tingra moved about a bit to determine this point. The thing clung close at his elbow.

By an effort of the will Tingra resisted a tendency to panic and summoned all his coldly critical faculties. He also dispatched a servant to summon Gangooly. The servant took his orders as a matter of course, without a glance at the pseudo-Charaka. This was a relief. Nor could Gangooly, when he arrived, see anything either. But he was immensely bucked up and delighted at this splendid phenomenon, and he caused Tingra to describe it minutely, and he took down notes, and everything was splendidly scientific up to the point when Benoy Nath, Tingra's son, entered the shop on his way home from school. Then for the first time the simulacrum did something besides squat. It rose to its full height, glided to Benoy and touched him on the forehead. Benoy appeared to be unaware of the specter, but at the touch he shivered.

Tingra leaped to his feet with a cry of alarm. To his vehement questioning Benoy, wonderingly, confessed that for an instant an icy chill had passed through him but it was gone now—a nothing.

A moment ago Tingra had been an amusedly appraising scientist who did not even believe all that he saw and was certainly very much afraid that people like his friend Gangooly might find him being credulous. Now he suddenly became a man torn with so frantic an anxiety that he was quite shameless about it. Before Gangooly's amused face and eyes he commanded the youngster to bathe and to proceed at once to the temple, where he was to do certain ceremonies which Tingra specified in detail—and to make certain sacrifices, the money for which Tingra supplied him. Benoy was frankly bewildered. He saw no reason why he should bathe or go to the temple at this time of day, nor did he recollect that his father had ever before manifested any interest in his religious activities. However, being a shrewd youth and a son of his father, he took the money and made his salaam and departed.

Tingra looked after him with eyes of anxiety, then realized those of Gangooly upon him, and addressed himself to that cynical and agnostic young man. He told frankly of what he had seen.

"So at once you rush back to your age-old superstitions," commented Gangooly scornfully.

"Not at all," denied Tingra stoutly. "You do not understand. But was it not evident that by some method of telepathy we do not yet comprehend, this thought-form idea impinged upon the consciousness of the boy? That is seen by his reactions. Therefore a counter suggestion was desirable. How better could it be given than through those customary ceremonials that have through much repetition accumulated the most connotations?"

Gangooly was polite about this explanation, but it was obvious he did not believe it. Tingra exerted himself to elaborate his argument in the most dispassionate manner possible. Were it not for his necessity of leaving Gangooly in a proper frame of mind toward himself, Tingra would undoubtedly have followed his son to supervise in person the procedure he had commanded. As it was, he stayed where he was, and the discussion continued for some hours in the realm of futile abstractions beloved of *babus*.

The thought form so markedly resembling the late Charaka had disappeared.

IV

THAT night young Benoy, first born of Tingra the image maker, fell ill. Tingra, summoned hastily to the women's apartments, was appalled to recognize the symptoms of the same disease that had destroyed Charaka. To his frantic questionings Benoy roused from the half delirium of his fever sufficiently to confess that he had not gone to the temple as commanded. And raising his eyes in his consternation over this news, Tingra saw the form of Charaka opposite him, the other side of Benoy's bed.

That moment marked Tingra's instant revulsion from his beautiful disbeliefs, and his plunge back neck over heels into the deepest pools of the superstitions he had so lately scorned. He had pronounced spells for others with his tongue in his cheek, now eagerly, hastily he cast spells for himself, but with the despair of misgiving in his heart. He shut himself in his workshop, where he rummaged his books and pronounced every incantation that seemed even remotely appropriate to the situation, including one of exorcism. The latter was advertised by its author as a remarkably potent bit of thaumaturgy warranted to drive away any sort of demon, incubus, jinni, ghost or barghest whatever. Whether the pseudo-Charaka fell under none of these categories, whether the spell was over recommended, or whether Tingra's haste and anxiety caused him to foozle is uncertain; but the fact remains that it had no more dissolving effect than so much water. And on the morning following, Benoy died.

Gangooly, who was really fond of his friend, made an effort to save Tingra's sanity. He pointed out, reasonably, that after all the ailment that had carried off both Charaka and the boy was at the time more or less epidemic; that resistance was not strengthened by the acute indigestion consequent on Benoy's gastronomic orgy with the money given him for the purchase of temple sacrifices. But his discourse had no effect on Tingra. The latter went out of business altogether and devoted himself to an intensive study of magic practices, both white and black, in a search for an incantation which would drive away the apparition which, it was gathered, he believed still to attend his every movement. So engrossed in this effort did he finally become that he could talk and think of nothing else, and was so impatient of interference that he became alienated from all human intercourse. Probably in a Western community he would have been shut up, but here his condition was merely regretted and discussed, and made the text for much moral discourse on the danger of dabbling with occult things, or the mystery of divine interposition, or the smothering terrible effect of superstition, or what not, depending on the bias of the one who gossiped.

And inside the year Tingra's other child died, and then his wife; though, as thousands of others in the community also died of the same outburst of plague, this could not be considered so remarkable, especially in view of the sanitary conditions. But Tingra did not think of the thousands. He saw only the catastrophe in his own household. It extinguished the last spark of resistance in his soul. Strangely enough the apparition of Charaka had now left him; but Tingra saw in his disappearance no hope or relief, only that the thing had completed its vengeance.

"Which," observed Gangooly to his little group of serious thinkers, "is a remarkably interesting example of the power of thought: for as the mind produced the hallucination, so did the mind produce its disappearance when the logic of the situation called for such a disappearance. The mind is always logical in its processes, even when it builds that logic on such wholly false premises that the conclusions amount to insanity."

V

TINGRA lived horribly alone. He still saw thought forms; but now they seemed to have little or no direct effect on him. They were largely the sort of things he had been accustomed to discern about his clay images, when he had made clay images: snakes and scorpions and flying things and small imps, and the like. They did not affect him in any way, and gradually he became so accustomed to them that he ignored them, as one ignores tear forms floating across the eyeball. But one morning when he awoke he suddenly found that these things had somehow obtained access to him. They swarmed at him, and fastened on him, and bit and stung him. The pain was intense, excruciating, intolerable. Tingra leaped to his feet, tore frantically at his tormentors, ran about trying to escape them. In vain; they only fastened on him the more determinedly.

And then suddenly he made a discovery that brought him to a halt in spite of his agony. For there on the bed from which his torment had driven him was himself!

At precisely this dismaying moment, Tingra's servant entered the room. With a rush of grateful emotion at this solid and human intrusion into the experience of fantastic torture, Tingra threw himself forward, babbling. The servant paid him no attention whatever, but advanced with exclamations of horror to the other Tingra lying on the couch. For a moment he examined the image attentively, then raised his voice in the conventional wail of mourning.

"The master is dead! The master is dead!" he cried.

The other members of the household and several neighbors came running in. They too ignored Tingra—who angrily expostulated that he was not at all dead, but very much alive and present—and gathered about the image on the couch. Tingra became very angry at their stupidity, but he could make no impression. Finally in a rage he flung himself out of the house and into the street.

The moment he crossed the threshold the biting and stinging swarm that had all the time been tearing at his flesh left him. He could look back and see them buzzing about like flies. This was a comfort at least. He could now, relieved of the physical torture, think things over and take stock of the situation.

Eventually he had to come to the conclusion that he must indeed be dead. He could look into the house and see them preparing his body for burning, and he could hear them discussing him in the past tense, sometimes most unflatteringly; and his heirs were already snooping about speculatively. He attempted after a time to reenter the house, but the stinging and biting things were ready for him, and he beat a hasty retreat. Evidently their sphere of operations was confined to the place of their creation, which was a good thing to know.

Tingra hung about irresolutely. He did not know what to do. He did not feel in the least dead, nor was this after life at all what had been described in any teachings he had ever heard. He was obviously in no "astral plane," nor any other plane except the one he had always inhabited. Nor, as he had been led to expect, did he anywhere see anyone in his own condition. No parents, relatives or loving friends with outstretched arms welcomed him to the "other shore." He was exactly as he had always been, except that nobody seemed to see him, and he found himself unable to attract anyone's attention. But in compensation he had never felt better in his life, the heat of the midday sun did not bother him; and as the day wore on he discovered that he experienced neither hunger nor fatigue.

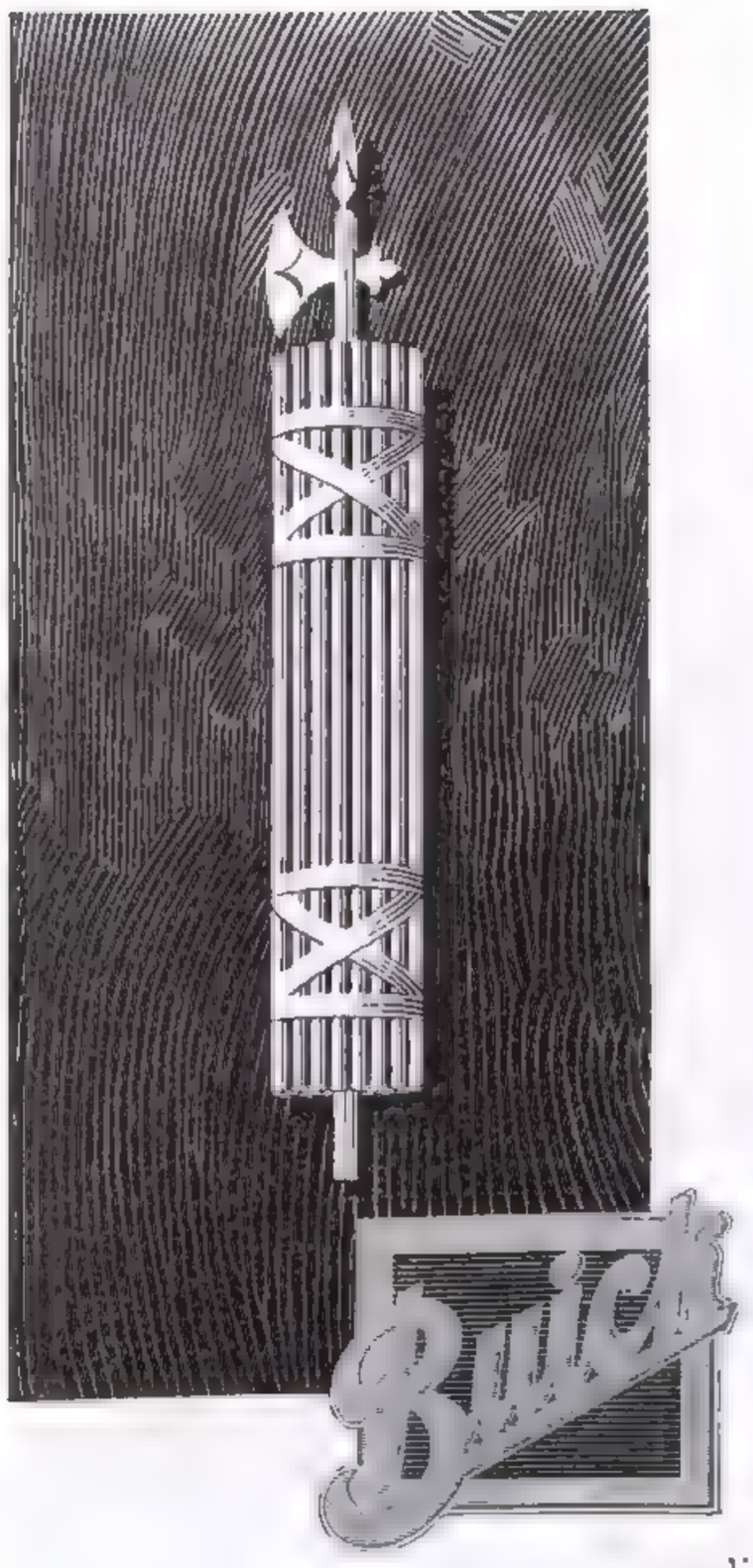
Having in the course of the afternoon adjusted himself to the idea of his new condition, Tingra began to wander about the city. He found he could go where he pleased. Closed doors and barred windows were no impediment to him. He had no sensation of insubstantiality such as a proper ghost should have, but nevertheless he was able to enter any inclosure at will. His invisibility to others enabled him to visit places dangerous to one in the flesh, to listen to talk that would have been instantly hushed at the approach of a living witness, to assist at scenes of the most intimately private nature. All the secrets of a great city were his: The conspiracies of the highly placed, crimes, vices, pleasures, splendors, miseries, treacheries. It was extraordinarily interesting. Tingra hardly knew where to begin, what next to examine. He was like a small boy with a superabundance of Christmas presents, picking up one only to drop it for another, unable to decide what first to enjoy. Being dead was not so bad after all.

In the course of his purposeless, almost aimless explorations he entered the house of an ex-client for whom he had in his time fashioned many expensive and magnificent charms. Immediately he was assailed by another swarm of the torturing creatures that had driven him out of his own home. These, too, followed him only to the threshold. Much interested, Tingra went at once to the residence of another client, where again he underwent the same experience. Tingra made up his mind to avoid the domiciles of those with whom he had had professional dealings. Obviously this thought-form business was as bad as the measles.

VI

TINGRA thoroughly enjoyed himself for quite a long while, snooping about into places which did not concern him, satisfying his curiosity as to many things at which he had always wondered. But after a time he became very tired of it. He could not take part in any of the activities of which he was an observer, nor could he make any use whatever of the knowledge of people and motives and hidden deeds which came to him so easily. There was no one with whom even to talk it over or to share the humor or the thrill of the situations. And situations in themselves soon ceased to interest him. In the early gold-rush days of San Francisco rats were so numerous that a fox terrier was brought all the way around the Horn to help get rid of them. An early traveler describes this canine, lying in the sun, head between paws, his blasé eyes blinking sleepily at the rats scampering past within a few feet. So with Tingra. He

(Continued on Page 48)



BUICK . . . A COMMUNITY OF CRAFTSMEN WHO PROVE THAT IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

The Buick Motor Company would never have been able to achieve Buick and Marquette standards of quality were it not for the magnificent teamwork of the Buick organization.

Buick is Buick for the same reason that America is America. It is born of a union of men and resources. And it proves the truth of the statement that in union there is strength.

The spirit of coöperation governs Buick and Marquette manufacture. The power and wisdom of many minds are fused in the power and wisdom of one mind. The organization takes precedence over the individual.

This spirit is native to Buick to a greater degree perhaps than to any other motor car builder; because Buick was conceived in unity at the dawn of the industry, and its organization has remained singularly intact.

More than 4400 craftsmen have been with Buick for 5 years or longer—1353 for 10 years—360 for 15 years—and 140 for almost the entire quarter-century that Buick has been building automobiles.

Thus, there has grown up at Buick a community of craftsmen—a true alliance of specialists in motor car manufacture—each group superbly fitted for its task—and each loyally merging its own genius in the collective genius, for the benefit of all.

These craftsmen, working in perfect unison, have produced Buick and Marquette automobiles. They have set *and kept* their standard high. They have built better and better, year after year, until today they have products so superlatively fine that the new Marquette has already won widespread acclaim as the preferred investment in its field, while Buick wins more than twice as many buyers as any other automobile priced above $1200.

The builders of Buick and Marquette motor cars function as a harmonious organization. They work as a community of craftsmen, for they have proved that in union there is strength.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 46)

did not know what to do, nor where to go; and he would not have gone half a mile to see the maharajah's palace blown to smithereens.

He sat until he became so bored he could not sit any longer, and then he wandered about until he became so sick of walking that he sat again. The nights were interminable, for in his condition sleep seemed neither necessary nor possible. And gradually the first boredom expanded or defined into a feeling of loneliness. Tingra was utterly, completely, alone. It was a loneliness composed not only of lack of human companionship. After a time Tingra came to feel that he would barter his freedom could he find in the world a dog, a cat, a bird with which to make friends. Later, as his loneliness became shot through with the panics of despair, he thought he would be satisfied if any living creature would even become aware of his existence. The horror of this completely solitary state grew upon him. He tried desperately to interest himself in various sequences of the events going on about him. He could not care how anything came out. Why should he? He had become a tourist in life instead of an inhabitant. Nobody is more listlessly bored than a tourist long enough from home.

One day Tingra happened to approach the house of one of those against whom he had issued one of his charms just as the man came out. He noticed four things: That the swarm of maleficent thought forms—if such they were—still buzzed about the man; that apparently they bit and tore at him; that nevertheless the man seemed to be unaware of them; but that his face was strained, that he seemed anxious, jerky with tensions, on the verge of a nervous breakdown. And to Tingra came an illumination. He perceived that merely because the man failed to feel the stings and lacerations in the flesh was no proof that they were not actually inflicted on his spirit, just as Tingra himself had been torn at in his own house immediately after he had died. And all at once he was very sorry for what he had brought about; and wished that there were some way by which he could undo it.

"I should think you might!" said a voice.

Tingra nearly jumped out of his skin. Beside him he saw his grandfather, who had taught him the technic of his profession. The old gentleman, whose name was Jayadeva, had been rather a grumpy and uncompromising individual in life, and he did not seem to have changed much. But Tingra was so overjoyed over his reprieve from solitude that he would have welcomed a fire-snorting hippogriff.

However, Jayadeva made little of Tingra's joyous rhapsodies. In life he had been addicted to the chewing of betel and grim disapprovals. He was chewing betel now; and his continuous silence was both grim and disapproving. After a time Tingra ran down with a final protest of gratitude, whereupon the old gentleman spat carefully.

"Need not thank me," he grumbled. "Cause and effect. Look here," he continued irritatedly, "you have made a nice mess of things, haven't you? You and your modern ideas! Knew so much more than anybody else! Thought your elders old fogies, fossils. Teach your grandfather to suck eggs! Yah! Younger generations! Yah!"

This did not seem to be at all the attitude of loving helpfulness toward the newcomer Tingra had always understood characteristic of spirits on the other side. He ventured to say so, with a sorrowful reference to the good old days when he had learned the A B C of necromancy at his grandfather's knees. He tried to soften the old man by reminding him of that exciting day when his first childish spells had actually summoned, without any help at all from his tutor, a small but indubitably genuine afreet, and how triumphant they both had been over the feat.

"Yes, and look what you went and did with it," pointed out Jayadeva, unmoved. "You ought to be spanked. Well, you certainly are being spanked," he grinned.

"But you did come to me, at last," Tingra pointed out, still grateful.

"Had to," retorted Jayadeva. "You felt sorry for that fellow, didn't you? First decent idea you've had in years. Had to answer that summons." He arose from the squatting position he had assumed, so evidently in preparation for departure that Tingra seized his garments.

"You aren't going?" he cried in a panic.

"Why not?" demanded Jayadeva.

"And I'll be alone—again?"

Jayadeva surveyed him from head to foot. "Why not?" he repeated, then relented a little. "What else do you expect? Haven't you been utterly selfish all your life? Have you ever given one thought to anyone but yourself? Well, you've got yourself, haven't you? Selfishness builds a wall. It cuts you off from people."

"Is there no way out?" cried Tingra in despair.

Jayadeva paused in his deliberate preparations to vanish. "First sensible remark you've made," said he. "Of course there is. Same way you came in. Think it over."

He vanished, leaving Tingra once more alone.

VII

TINGRA thought it over very carefully, but Jayadeva's remark remained cryptic. It was all very well to say you got out the same way you got in, but how was that? If it had not been for an accident, Tingra would probably have remained puzzled.

Tingra could not get out of his mind the strained tortured face of the neurasthenic unwittingly enduring the stings and bites of the thought forms Tingra himself had created. He was genuinely sorry for that man, for he had a vivid recollection of how savagely those things attacked; and by now he had suffered so much in his own person that he was able in some slight degree to see the other man's point of view. Therefore, while he was still pondering his grandfather's utterances, his feet unconsciously bore him to this man's house.

Tingra drew near him. At once the swarm deserted their victim and pounced upon Tingra. He brushed at them frantically and was about to flee away from their sphere of influence when his eyes happened to fall on Ranjit. The lines of Ranjit's face had fallen into that perfect peace that follows relief from torturing pain, and in his eyes shone the faint dawn of hope. Obviously, though he had been unaware of the cause of his misery, he was immediately sensible of the fact when that cause was withdrawn. The tension of his muscles relaxed, he drew himself up to his full height, stretched his arms, breathed deeply, and looked about him as though for the first time he saw outside things.

Though the evil swarm was biting at him cruelly, Tingra made up his mind to stick it out for a while—for as long as he could in order to reprieve Ranjit as much as possible. With this resolution he gritted his teeth and drew in his spirit to that dogged fortitude known to people who have been in hospitals or who have in remote wilderness pushed beyond the limit of physical power. Time and again he seemed to himself to have stood it as long as he possibly could, but by dint of resolving to postpone his escape for only one little minute more, and then at the end of that minute hanging on for still another, he managed to extend his endurance over quite a period. At last, gasping, reeling, he was forced to withdraw. As usual the swarm seemed able to follow him but a short distance, then left him and returned to Ranjit.

But Tingra, panting and weak in the beginning of recuperation, was considerably revived when he was able to look clearly, because it seemed to him that not only did these little monsters return to their attack on Ranjit sluggishly, as though satiated and dulled, but actually their numbers appeared to have lessened!

Tingra did not know whether he imagined this, or whether, if it was indeed so, he had anything to do with it; but he made up his mind to find out. This required considerable resolution in his part. It was as though one were deliberately to thrust his hand into a living flame. Tingra's philosophy of life had been to avoid even the disagreeable, so he had little moral fiber. Nevertheless, shutting his eyes, clenching his fists, holding his breath, he deliberately submitted himself once more to the searing, rending torment. And when again, spent and exhausted, he staggered away, and cleared his eyes of anguish and looked, there could be no doubt. The swarm's vigor was again appreciably diminished; the swarm's numbers were reasonably decreased. And Ranjit walked as one in whom faint new hope is born.

But would this last? Would the swarm renew its numbers and its violence? Tingra haunted Ranjit anxiously. The improvement seemed to be permanent.

Almost joyously Tingra for yet the third time drew near Ranjit. For the third time the evil creatures left their victim. But now Tingra found that he could much more easily endure their attacks. For one thing he was uplifted and fortified by the dawning of a new idea. Then, too, the things seemed actually to have lost much of their virulence. They were no worse than so many bees or scorpions. Bad enough; but nothing in comparison with the flesh-rending torture of some days before.

And with growing delight Tingra saw them vanish one by one until none remained. Ranjit was free, and Tingra, exhausted, staggered away to throw himself face downward in the sun.

VIII

HE LOOKED up at the sound of a chuckle to discover his grandfather sitting beside him chewing betel.

"Thought I'd come keep you company for a little while," he remarked. "Made a discovery, didn't you? Pretty bright boy, eh?" He chuckled again, but in spite of his words his attitude seemed more kindly.

"Is that what you meant when you talked of the way out?" asked Tingra, who had been reflecting.

"What do you think?" retorted Jayadeva.

Tingra shuddered. "Is there no other way?" he cried.

"None," replied his grandfather. "Whatever of evil you put into the world you must remove from the world before you can leave it."

"And I must submit myself over and over again, to be thus torn and tortured? Over and over again! I cannot—I cannot face it!"

"You need not face it," Jayadeva pointed out. "It is a matter wholly of your own choice. They cannot tear and torture you unless you yourself submit to them. You can, if you wish to do so, continue to live as you have been living in entire peace and comfort."

"I have been wicked; I have lived an evil life!" cried Tingra in despair. "Why cannot I expiate in hell?"

"You are in hell," said Jayadeva calmly. "You don't have to have an especial place for it, you know," he added.

He arose as though to go. Tingra caught at his garments.

"I don't see how I can face it. There are so many of them! And will it always be as bad? Doesn't it get easier ——"

"Worse—some of them," said Jayadeva cheerfully. "All you did to Ranjit was to wreck his peace of mind. How about Charaka, whom you killed? How about ——"

"Worse!" Tingra caught at the word. "I could not! I could not!" He writhed already in anticipatory agony.

"You are not compelled to," repeated Jayadeva.

"And if I do?" begged Tingra piteously. "If I do? Then I shall go to paradise?"

"You will have found the way out from this place," Jayadeva told him. "That is all I can say. Paradise? You don't have to have an especial place for that either." He paused and his stature seemed to increase, and into his bearing came an aloof and lofty pity. "You have received, you will receive what you yourself earn. No more. No less."

"Is there no mercy, no compassion?" cried Tingra, clasping his fists to his head.

"Mercy and compassion in abundance—when you have earned it," said Jayadeva.

"Where is the forgiveness of the All-Compassionate of which we are told?"

"Forgiveness in overflowing measure—for him who can forgive himself."

"It is cruel, cruel, iron cruel!" cried Tingra.

"It is life," said Jayadeva.

He was gone.

IX

IN TIME, after much shrinking and agony of the spirit, Tingra summoned the resolution to take up his labor. One by one he searched out those places and those people burdened with the sub-human elemental beings his spells had created or attracted. The torture was sometimes greater than even his imagination and his previous experience had been able to foresee. For a time it became more and more difficult for him to summon the resolution to resubmit himself to its influence. It would have been so easy, so simple, merely to keep away. But always he managed to pull himself out of his exhaustion and his dread sufficiently to resume. He was sustained by hope, by the bright and shining idea of escape; and latterly he had been increasingly urged by a deep and sympathetic pity for the sufferings of those who were plagued by the creatures of his incantations. Often these were innocent bystanders, so to speak, such as the decent people who had moved into his own house, filled with evil things he had invoked. It was a long, disheartening, terrible task. There seemed to be no end to it; for long after Tingra had cleansed away all the evil he recollected, he found himself magnetically drawn to conditions he had utterly forgotten. In all this time he received no encouragement save that which he could summon in his own spirit. He was still utterly alone. Jayadeva made him no more visits, though often in his exhaustion Tingra called on him despairingly, and inveighed in the bitterness and resentment of neglect.

And then one afternoon while he sat in the sun striving for a measure of recuperation after the finish of a particularly tormenting ordeal, suddenly there flooded his whole being such beatific and grateful peace as he had never experienced before. He relaxed to it gratefully and looked up to find Jayadeva once more at his side.

The old gentleman took Tingra by the hand. "Come," said he in a kindly voice. "It is finished."

Tingra arose with an ecstatic eagerness. "Now I shall see my people!" he cried. "Now may I dwell in bliss!"

Jayadeva looked doubtful. "You will see your people," he agreed, "but as for bliss—well, that depends on you."

"Have I not earned paradise?" asked Tingra.

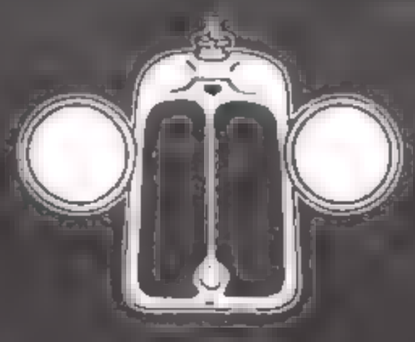
Jayadeva stopped short and again his expression became quizzically sardonic. "Takes a lot to hold you down, doesn't it?" he commented dryly. "How have you earned paradise, as you call it; though for my part I don't know what that is? By removing from the world the evil you put into it? Do you know what that has earned you?"

"What?" asked Tingra, somewhat abashed.

"A fresh start," said Jayadeva. "You can now begin at the beginning again."

"Go back to earth?" cried Tingra in dismay.

"I don't know as to that," replied his grandfather indifferently. "That's a matter of arrangement. You don't have to have an especial place for it, you know," he repeated his old thought. "Only," his manner became earnest, "next time do try to keep out of a mess. That's the trouble with all you fellows who think you know it all. Younger generation! Yah!"



It Will Pay You to Wait

We greatly regret that thousands, whose first choice was for an Auburn car, have had to have their deposits returned because they could not wait for delivery. We anticipated and prepared for a vastly increased consumer demand when we announced these new Auburn models. It was the fact that Auburn was oversold in 1928 that justified us in anticipating a greatly increased sales volume for 1929 and increasing our production 100% for this year by the transfer of the production of the Auburn cars to our new Connersville plants. We want to ask all whose first choice is for Auburn cars to be a little patient. We believe Auburn cars are worth waiting for. Production is steadily increasing consistent with good business tactics and without impairing quality. It is significant that each month from January to May this year our production has exceeded the output of the entire year of 1924. And in May alone, production was 50% greater than for the twelve months of 1924. This is our pledge, that the character of Auburn cars will continue to excel in both kind and degree.

E. L. CORD

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

6-80 Sedan $1095, 6-80 Sport Sedan $1095, 6-80 Cabriolet $1095, 6-80 Victoria $1095, 8-90 Sedan $1495, 8-90 Sport Sedan $1595, 8-90 Speedster $1495, 8-90 Phaeton Sedan $1695, 8-90 Cabriolet $1495, 8-90 Victoria $1495, 8-90 7 Passenger Sedan $1595, 120 Sedan $1595, 120 Sport Sedan $1795, 120 Speedster $1895, 120 Phaeton Sedan $2095, 120 Cabriolet $1895, 120 Victoria $1895. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. Equipment other than standard extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of Aviation is vital to American progress.

WHEN IT'S GOT
THE STUFF . . . A
NICKEL'S ENOUGH
Rocky
Ford
5¢
Rocky Ford
Rocky Ford
Rocky Ford
IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."
If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th Street, New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.
To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.
© P. LORILLARD CO. EST. 1760

SECOND LADY

(Continued from Page 9)

death, occupying the same position in the United States as the Prince of Wales in the United Kingdom. To uphold the dignity of our office, the Hobarts must precede the Pauncefotes.

We were the more confident of this because the three other ambassadors in Washington—the French, the German and the Italian—had already called upon us, thus acknowledging our stand. Should we yield to the Pauncefotes, it would mean we yielded precedence to everyone of ambassadorial rank. This we quietly refused to do.

Hence at the British embassy the kettle boiled in vain for the cup of tea we declined to drink, and the English butler waited at the door for the visiting card we declined to deliver.

The result was a social deadlock. Gossip-loving Washington held its breath, waiting for the clash to come. But the thing that distinguished this white-gloved war was that no clash ever came. All parties gracefully evaded the issue and kept their dignity. The Hobarts took a stand of watchful waiting, more amused than annoyed. This forced the Pauncefotes into the offensive, but their only active maneuver was to withdraw acceptance from any function at which we might be present. Finally Washington hostesses, fearful lest the storm might break in one of their own dining rooms, ceased to invite us together.

But in the narrow circle that was official Washington then it was inevitable we should meet. It happened at a musicale at the Austrian embassy on the Baroness Hengelmüller's birthday. The stage was set with twin gold sofas, one on either side of the piano, reserved for the two official couples cast in the star parts. By a strange chance, the four of us entered together, and as we were presented to one another the spectators at this comedy of manners made the silence loud with expectancy. Later I told my husband I felt like end man in a minstrel show. But the hoped-for climax did not come. With Chesterfieldian courtesy, Sir Julian conducted me to one gold sofa on his side of the stage, while the Vice President conducted Lady Pauncefote to the sofa on the opposite wing.

"The outside of your house is charming, madam," Sir Julian said to me.

"Oh, but you should see the inside, Lord Pauncefote," I beamed.

An American Victory

When supper was announced Lord Pauncefote preceded the Vice President to the dining room, but he had to take me on his arm to do it! Again the crisis was averted.

So our little social warfare for British or American supremacy continued, with much witty comment from the press. Fertile humorists gave it relish in cartoons and on the stage, and the country talked of it, tongue in cheek. In fact, the only people in America who did not discuss it were the Hobarts. The only remark I ever made on the subject was to President McKinley, in response to a joking question.

Then I said: "I believe the ticket on which you were elected, Mr. President, read McKinley and Hobart, not McKinley and Pauncefote, did it not?"

Thenceforward, when he met my husband he would link arms with him and say: "Here comes the ticket!"

The winter passed with neither side granting an inch. At last, in May, Lady Pauncefote tried to force an issue by inviting us to a spring garden party to meet the delegates to the Postal Congress. I had my secretary acknowledge it with this reply:

> The Vice President and Mrs. Hobart have received Lady Pauncefote's courteous invitation to meet the Postal Delegates on Thursday, May 20.

To send either acceptance or regrets would have granted her the victory.

She parried with a personal note the morning of the party, asking me to bring my little son, whom she thought "it would amuse." Happily, I was out of town; on my return I answered with this letter:

> 21 LAFAYETTE SQUARE.
>
> *Dear Lady Pauncefote:* Your very kind note of invitation for my little son did not reach me before my departure for my New Jersey home, or you should have received this note of thanks earlier. The Vice President and I both appreciate the attention, and I assure you nothing would have given us greater pleasure than to have been with you last Thursday; but we felt that the invitation was only sent in an official way and, as we have received no visiting cards, that we could not be expected to attend the reception. Your very kind note, however, has made us feel that perhaps there has been some mistake about the cards. If so, no one could regret more than we that we have been deprived of so much pleasure.
>
> Again with thanks for your kindness to our boy, believe me, dear Lady Pauncefote,
>
> Very sincerely yours,
>
> May 26, 1897. JENNIE T. HOBART.

The moot question still hung fire when the Pauncefotes left for the summer in England. There royal authorities, baffled by the deadlock, took matters into their own hands and advised their ambassador to yield honors to the Vice President.

Following Precedent

Thus it happened that early in the fall the ambassadorial carriage drew up to our door. Lord and Lady Pauncefote had come to pay their respects. Shortly after, Lord Pauncefote sent General Kasson to the President with this message: Now that he had paid the official call on the Vice President, kindly advise him as to his social status.

This was the President's reply:

> Make my regards to Sir Julian and tell him there has never been any question in my mind. The Vice President comes after me.

On all sides we were deluged with congratulations for our manner of handling the matter. John Hay wrote from London:

> I congratulate you on the peaceful outcome of your battle for precedence. I have always heartily approved the position you assumed and think it was imposed by a proper sense of dignity of the great office you hold. . . .

Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, wrote us:

> *My dear Mr. Hobart:* I must just write a line to tell you the great admiration and respect I felt for the way you have met this trying crisis. We are all under a debt to you.
>
> Faithfully yours,
>
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

So the cloud blew completely over. Not a feathery trace remained. The Hobarts and the Pauncefotes became the best of friends.

No one in Washington was more pleased by the outcome of the controversy than our coachman, whose social status it definitely elevated, not to second rank but to first. It happened that the President's coachman was black, while ours belonged to the Caucasian race. Hence he led the grand march at the coachmen's ball and thereafter carefully saw to it that, in the absence of the executive carriage, ours always had first place in line.

Only once again did the question of social precedence arise. This was during the Fairbanks régime. At a dinner given by a senator's wife in honor of Jules Jusserand, ambassador from France, the hostess called Mrs. Fairbanks aside and said:

"Surely you and the Vice President will not mind if I give precedence to Monsieur and Madame Jusserand?"

Without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Fairbanks replied, "But that matter was settled once and for always by Vice President and Mrs. Hobart, was it not?"

The hostess slipped to the dining room and changed the place cards in the Vice President's favor.

The same delicate question of place cards which for the past few weeks has been the most agitated topic in Washington is no parallel to the Pauncefote episode. If the woman in the case had been the Vice President's wife, there would have been no dispute. That was settled in the McKinley Administration. The fact that she was his sister distinctly altered the case. Personally I deeply regret that the State Department, the legitimate arbiter, did not settle it once and for all, instead of passing it on to the diplomatic corps, whose decision other official wives indignantly refuse to accept.

But the President intrusted to my husband the settlement of matters far more grave than social precedence. Perhaps the most difficult task he ever assigned him was to ask our dear friend, General Alger, to resign from the cabinet.

General Alger, a veteran of the Civil War and Secretary of War under McKinley, had been widely—and unjustly—criticized by the public for the conduct of our war with Spain. It was true that much had happened to rouse the shame and indignation of the nation, but the War Department was not wholly to blame; rather, it was our own unpreparedness. The Government had not at hand sufficient raw material to provide adequate food, shelter and equipment for our troops. They were badly clothed and poorly fed. As the war progressed and conditions grew worse, public opinion, heightened by fear, rose to fever heat, demanding someone on whose shoulders to lay the blame. The Secretary of War was chosen as the more or less innocent victim. At length the unsavory cry "embalmed beef!" raised such a hue and turmoil that the Administration had no choice save to ask General Alger to resign.

The President first assigned this task to John Hay, who had been recalled from the embassy in London to serve as Secretary of State. But Mr. Hay refused. He then referred this distasteful duty to the Vice President, whose loyalty and friendship for his chief left him no choice save to carry out orders.

Much-Used Tact

My husband found the task doubly painful. In the first place, he was very ill, suffering from the malady that a few months later caused his death. In the second place, General Alger was one of his dearest friends. Yet in the performance of the task he used such understanding and finesse that the New York Sun, commenting on it, called him "a man of crystal insight and velvet tact."

The matter settled, the President sent a wire inquiring about Mr. Hobart's health. I received it at our seaside home and answered, signing my husband's name:

> My crystal insight is as clear as ever, but the nap on my velvet tact is somewhat worn.

The ominous shadow of war darkened the Administration for months before hostilities opened. The country chafed at the cruel measures which the Spanish authorities were inflicting on the Cuban insurgents at our very gates. At last, with the sinking of the Maine, the entire nation was moved like one man with a sense of injury that demanded reparation. The cry "Remember the Maine!" swept the country like a prairie fire. Yet even now President McKinley refused to declare war.

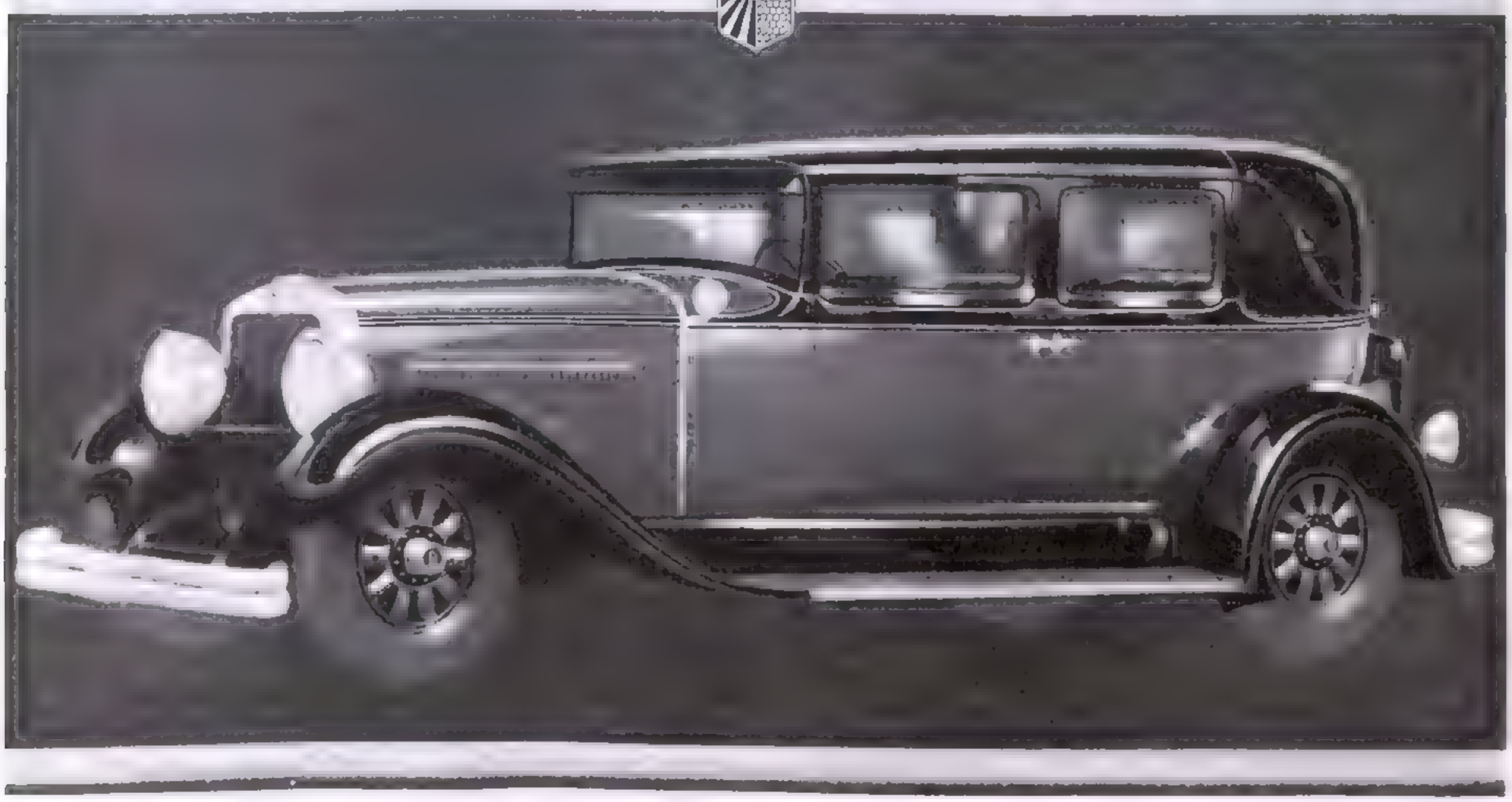
He knew the country was not equipped to fight even a minor power. He had been a soldier—major in the Civil War—and he knew the horrors of battle. Even when called by both houses of Congress to take summary action, he did not respond.

Mr. Hobart was worried to desperation by the wave of rebellious criticism rising against his beloved friend, the Chief Executive. The Senate had its sleeves rolled up

(Continued on Page 52)

Proof of Nash Engineering Leadership

is found in "400" Performance



IN creating the Nash "400", Nash engineering has given affirmative evidence of its masterly skill and superior craftsmanship.

The more cars you have driven, the more likely you are to find in the "400" the one you have been looking for and hoping for all your life.

For Nash engineering now offers you Twin-Ignition performance, vastly superior in every way to the usual single-ignition performance.

Nash engineering gives you smoother motor action, with the new 7-bearing, hollow-crankpin crankshaft—a big main bearing on either side of each connecting rod instead of only 3 or 4 bearings to support the 6 rods.

Nash engineering has developed the outboard mounting, which increases the effectiveness and ease of the hydraulic shock absorbers with which each "400" model is equipped.

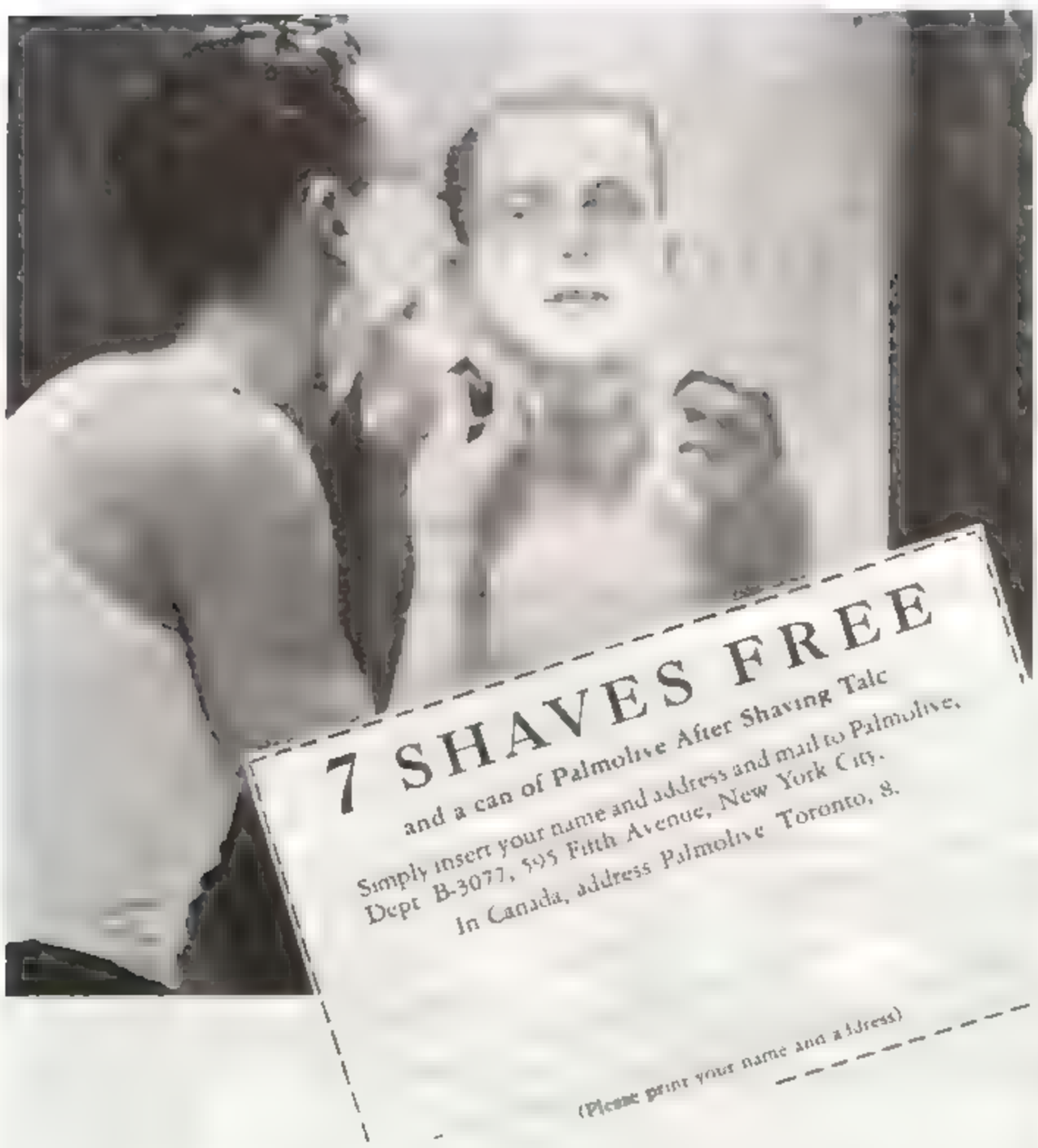
Nash engineering has created for the "400" the "world's easiest steering". It has installed in every Special and Advanced model, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication —press a pedal, your car is oiled.

We ask nothing more than an investigation of "400" engineering and performance features. See any Nash dealer for a demonstration—we'll leave it entirely to you!

NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

624


7 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept B-3077, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
In Canada, address Palmolive Toronto, 8.
(Please print your name and address)

This Coupon is our ad

Words, we know, will never win you. So we stand or fall on 7-days' trial. Yet this simple test has made Palmolive Shaving Cream a leader quickly

GENTLEMEN: All any advertising can accomplish is to secure a trial of the product. After that the article itself must do its own selling.

So great is our confidence in Palmolive Shaving Cream that we do not ask you to buy; rather, to try it at our expense. For we find that 86% of men who try it, buy it. And its great success is based on the fact that it sells itself every time you use it.

Thus we print our coupon conspicuously, for your convenience. When you mail it to us, half our job is done. Will you send it now?

5 remarkable features

Palmolive Shaving Cream was created to suit dissatisfied shavers. 1,000 men pointed out the things they'd sought. Our great laboratories experimented. Finally the 130th formula brought success. For in one remarkable shaving cream these 5 important features are combined

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now a trial, please

Whether or not you are suited, try Palmolive Shaving Cream. For seven days know its supreme luxury. You stand to win—at least you take no risk. So mail the coupon, please.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

(Continued from Page 50)

for battle. A crisis was narrowly averted when one morning the Vice President, only by clever parliamentary tactics, kept them from declaring war over the President's head.

The morning session over, he went directly to the White House and invited President McKinley to drive with him. As briefly as possible he laid the situation before his chief.

Then he said: "Mr. President, I can no longer hold back the Senate. They will act without you if you do not act at once."

McKinley turned toward him a startled face. "Do you mean the Senate will declare war on its own motion?"

"I do. I can restrain them no longer."

"Say no more!" said Mr. McKinley.

The rest of the drive was made in silence.

Almost immediately the President's war message was received by Congress. After a session that lasted all night, Mr. Hobart reached home from the Senate chamber at four in the morning, too tired to sleep. At dawn we heard outside our windows the tramp, tramp of soldiers' feet, the beat of horses' hoofs and a band. The Sixth Regiment of cavalry, fully equipped, was leaving Fort Myer for war.

Relations between President McKinley and the Senate continued more and more strained. In an effort to establish more harmonious feeling, Mr. Hobart invited the senators to meet the President socially at our home. It was a situation that required the touch of a master host. Under one less genial and gifted the affair might have proved a fiasco, but happily it was a great success. The senators were seated at various small tables and the gracious host escorted the President from table to table to meet each one individually.

Exponents of Simplified Spelling

On leaving, one of the senators said, "Mr. Vice President, give us another evening like this and we will do anything you wish."

As my Washington memories pass before me like glass slides in a magic lantern, I see bright colors as well as somber ones. How pleasant was our social life! Even formal state dinners were not the dull ordeal they imply.

I remember one at the home of John Sherman, when I turned to my host and said:

"Do you realize what an interesting group you have assembled here?"

Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Grant, son of the famous general, and Mrs. Sheridan, widow of General Sheridan. There was Lodge, attracting much notice as the "senator from Massachusetts." There were Secretary Gage and Secretary Long. Across the table was Myron T. Herrick, a Cleveland banker and intimate friend of President McKinley. At a later dinner on my right sat Elihu Root, who had succeeded General Alger as Secretary of War. Mr. Root was famous for his cryptic humor.

Once, a few years later, I asked him, "Mr. Root, what do you think of the simplified spelling Roosevelt and Brander Matthews are trying to thrust upon us?"

His reply was characteristic: "I always return state papers to the White House labeled: 'All O. K., but the spelling.'"

"Well, Mr. Root," I said, "why don't you suggest that they leave out the surplus *o*'s and *t*'s in their own names?"

"I never thought of that," he laughingly replied. "I'll suggest it to them."

The Gay Social Whirl

Social life had a personal touch in those days. The official family whose life I shared was a small, informal group gathered round the President in friendly intimacy. Washington itself was a big Southern village with a neighborly atmosphere. Thus the social program, though heavy, was not the staggering thing it seems to those who only read of it. For Mr. Hobart and me it opened with Thanksgiving dinner at the White House and continued in a festive round until March fourth, when Congress adjourned.

As I look over my social calendar I find that in the season of 1898–99 I attended some eighty-nine dinners, more than forty teas, countless evening receptions and musicales, and paid literally thousands of formal calls.

Calling in those days was a ritual which no lady dared ignore. Those at whose doors I must leave my card included the wives of the senators—the Vice President's official family—of the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, the Army and Navy, and those members of the House that came from New Jersey. To make the rounds in one season I had to make from fifteen to twenty calls a day at least four days a week.

For these my carriage was brought to the door at three, drawn by two handsome bays which Mr. Hobart had named McKinley and Hanna. Once the President, driving with me, asked me which horse bore his name.

"Unfortunately, Mr. President," I said, "the lame one is McKinley."

My most strenuous day was Wednesday, my official afternoon, when an average of twelve hundred people, most of them complete strangers to me, called—some in friendly interest, others in idle curiosity. I always asked six ladies, my contemporaries, to receive with me, and six pretty young girls to mingle with the guests and give their most charming smiles to those who seemed strange and forlorn. Julia Grant, the granddaughter of the general and now

(Continued on Page 54)

Blossom Time in the Finger Lakes District of New York

A scale section of the surface of an average car magnified 50 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish

Restore the original lustre ... it's only hidden by TRAFFIC FILM

GLANCE along the curb in any town or city street. Watch the cars pass on the highways. Most of them are covered with Traffic Film—that hard, dull coating which soap and water cannot remove.

Traffic Film is not just a layer of dust on the finish. It is an accumulation of oily, sticky particles of dirt which are constantly settling on your car—in the city streets, on the country roads and even in your own garage. These particles are baked together by the sun and the heat, forming a dull, hard film which hides the lustre of the finish and makes the whole car look old.

How to Get Rid of Traffic Film

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, developed No. 7 Duco Polish to combat Traffic Film. It is a scientific cleaner as well as a polish.

It quickly penetrates and softens Traffic Film—"puts the skids under" dirt particles and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing.

No. 7 Duco Polish restores the original color and lustre of the finish, and leaves a dry, glossy surface which sheds dust. Use it regularly and your car will retain its beauty season after season. If you have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acids or harmful abrasives. It is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers, many of whom put sample cans in all their new cars. Look for the sample in your auto tool kit.

Three Other du Pont Products To Make Your Car More Beautiful

No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH will waterproof the top and restore its original lustre. It is also an excellent dressing for spare tires and tire covers.

No. 7 NICKEL POLISH will clean and brighten the radiator and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home.

No. 7 TOUCH-UP BLACK is made for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders. It produces a new, durable finish with beautiful lustre.

Send for This Sample Beauty Kit

Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost and we'll send you the following

1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 DUCO POLISH (enough for one polishing)
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 NICKEL POLISH (enough for the radiator
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH (enough for a spare tire)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc
Desk S-4, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Use No. 7 DUCO POLISH ... made by the makers of DUCO

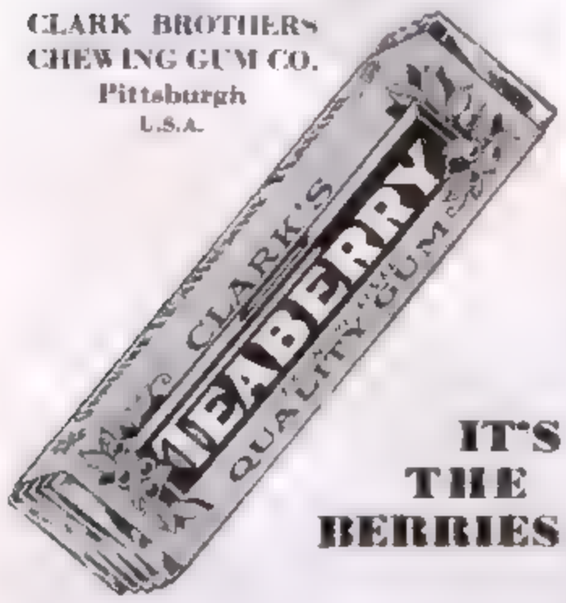
TANTALIZING TEABERRIES

"Let's park; it's a wonderful night—
A corking good place, out of sight!"
"O.K." she replied,
And she blushed as she sighed:
★"*TEABERRY a kiss would incite.*"

★[[$25 was paid to Gladys H Savauge Seaforth, Ontario, Canada, for this winning last line.]]

WIN $25 You can get from any CLARK'S Chewing Gum Dealer FREE "Tantalizing Teaberry" blanks, each containing a "TANTALIZING TEABERRY" with the last line missing. Fill in that missing line! Mail us the blank. We will pay $25 for each last line that we publish. If a winning last line is duplicated, each person submitting the duplicated line will be paid $25. All entries must be mailed on or before the date indicated on the blank. Get your "Tantalizing Teaberry" blank today! Try CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM for "last-line" inspiration.

CLARK BROTHERS CHEWING GUM CO.
Pittsburgh
U.S.A.



IT'S THE BERRIES

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM
. . . *a different flavor*

(Continued from Page 52)

the Princess Cantacuzène, was usually one of this number. She was a strikingly handsome girl, a belle on both sides of the Atlantic. Sometimes I asked my young debutante friends from New York and New Jersey to assist me. Once one of them came to me with this tale: She had tried to start conversation with a lonely woman in the corner by saying, "Perhaps we have met before. I understand we are both from New Jersey."

"Maybe," said the stranger, "but all coons look alike to me."

The Second Lady's costumes received more comment from the press than it seemed to me they merited. Once I asked the reporters:

"Won't you please give me a new dress? I am so tired of the 'gray silk with rare old lace'"

After this they changed the description to, "It was made of silk that would stand alone"—the quintessence of fashion in those days.

The thing that made it possible to hold to this social pace was the early hours we kept. Washington was sensible in those days. When we were guests of honor and able to leave first, we were always home by 10:30. When we had to wait for the President to give the signal for departure, we were usually home by eleven. Dinner was served promptly at eight o'clock, and to be late was a social crime.

Once, when General Corbin arrived at the White House ten minutes after the hour, explaining that his watch was slow, the President said:

"Lincoln once had an adjutant general who gave this same excuse. 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'either you must get a new watch or I must get a new adjutant general.'"

Dinners lasted an hour and a quarter, and Mark Hanna, always impatient, used to sit, watch in hand, timing the service when it lagged. Once, at the old Arlington Hotel, when he could restrain himself no longer, he burst forth:

"The trouble with this old place is there aren't enough waiters here!"

"The trouble is, we're all waiters," I added.

"That's very clever," said Lord Beresford, who was sitting on my other side, "but rather hard on Mr. Hanna."

As for the ladies of my day, decorum was the golden rule. Once after a dinner my little son came running to me and exclaimed in a shocked stage whisper: "Mother, the Countess Lichtervelde and Mrs. Senator B are smoking in the drawing-room."

A Foreign-Relations Committee

I never passed a cigarette to a woman in my home. I never heard of a cocktail until the next administration.

At my dinners I placed two glasses at each cover, one for claret and one for champagne. The waiter asked, "Which do you prefer?" and served the guest accordingly. Gentlemen who wished it were given Scotch, but few of the ladies even took wine. The wife of a Southern senator, however, used to carry her own Scotch with her in a cut-glass vinaigrette.

The only time I ever saw a man intoxicated was when a group of senators tried to play a joke on Mr. Wu, minister from China. Thinking to test the liquid capacity of the Oriental race, Wu was invited to drink to friendly international relations by each senator present. Wu appeared to comply, but with Oriental cunning turned the joke on the senators. It was he who escorted an unsteady Occidental to his carriage.

Returning from this friendly service, he smiled at the group with: "Any more?"

Later he told me about this party.

"I'm afraid the senators tried to saturate me," he said, a twinkle in his slant eyes.

How Wu got the best of the senators spread all over Washington, for Washington thrived on gossip, as it has always done. There was plenty of it in my day. Rumor had it that the wife of a foreign diplomat was a kleptomaniac. Her malady found expression in a passion for the lace doilies under the finger bowls. At every dinner at which she was guest her hostess was short one doily. Sharp-eyed observers detected her method. As she rose from the table she carelessly dropped her handkerchief over the doily and a moment later the prize was thrust nonchalantly into her bosom.

I gave no credence to this rumor until she was guest at my home. Then I was interested to discover I had only eleven doilies.

A few weeks later twenty-one doilies were found on the altar of a church. Each one matched the set of some lady in Washington. They were returned to their rightful owners, who were left to draw their own conclusions.

Changing the Plans of Royalty

But though official society seemed decorous enough, no age is without its critics. The very day of Mr. Hobart's election to the Vice Presidency, I received a letter from the wife of the Washington minister whose church I planned to attend, welcoming me to the Capital and warning me against "the wicked gayeties of the last administration," particularly the lamentable custom of Sunday entertainments. Though this warning was well intentioned, it was superfluous. It had never been my custom to entertain on Sunday. The fact that as official hostess I still held to this principle, caused a furor of comment I had never anticipated.

It came about this way: The high point in the social season came when Albert, present King of the Belgians, visited Washington as crown prince, a slender young man of twenty-three with an imposing blond pompadour and a shy, retiring manner.

Countess Lichtervelde, wife of the Belgian minister, and official hostess to the prince, laid the royal program before me. It was arranged His Royal Highness should dine at the White House Friday, be her own dinner guest Saturday, and mine on Sunday evening. But I protested at this.

"The Vice President and I do not entertain on Sunday, but I will be pleased to have him dine with us Monday."

"The prince is leaving Washington Monday," she exclaimed, horrified at my temerity. "I am afraid he cannot change his plans."

"Will you ask him and let me know?"

Directly I received word that His Royal Highness would alter his schedule in my honor. The incident, I learned later, made a tremendous impression on the prince. I am told he still remembers me as the American woman who dared to dictate to the crown. But if he resented my actions he concealed it gallantly. I never had a more charming guest. He even paid me the gracious compliment of standing in line with me at the reception that followed my dinner. Before him every lady dropped her most graceful curtsy, but none so graceful as that of the Countess Lichtervelde, his own countrywoman. She could curtsy in and out of a room like a swallow lowering its flight. Learned at European courts, her art was the envy of Washington.

The dinner itself was for twenty-two. It included our foreign ambassadors, the heads of the official family and a few society people. I invited Daisy Leiter to be the prince's dinner companion. She was the great beauty of her day and the most-sought-after belle in the capital. Later she became the Countess of Suffolk. Although official etiquette forbade me to seat them together, he scarcely took his eyes from her.

As we took our places at table the Marine Band on the third floor played the Belgian national hymn, echoed on the stair landing by the Hungarian string band which came from New York. During the meal they played the national air of every ambassador present, in succession according to rank. Each acknowledged this compliment by raising his glass to me.

Prince Albert was a clever young man and amazingly well informed.

"I suppose you pass your summers at Newport," he said to me.

"Only rarely. More often we go to Lake Champlain."

"That is near Vermont, is it not?"

When I complimented him on his geography, he said, "Oh, but we all have to know those things."

We parted excellent friends.

Now, this dinner had far-reaching consequences of which I had never dreamed. The press all over the country commented variously on my refusal to entertain even royalty on Sunday, and I was deluged with letters from churches and religious societies commending me on my stand.

The Sunday Breakfast Association of Philadelphia wrote me triumphantly:

> May God bless the American woman who stands up for American institutions and the American Sabbath, the greatest of them all. For if the time ever comes when the Sabbath is desecrated in America as it is in foreign countries, this government of the people, by the people and for the people will crumble and fall.

Telegrams and dozens more letters came in this same vein.

One of our happiest more informal functions was the terrapin dinner that Secretary Gage and I gave each other. He had a weakness for terrapin and complained that he never had had enough, even though it was the only course passed twice at state dinners.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could have a dinner of nothing but terrapin and bread?" he said once as he hungrily eyed the platter for a third serving.

"Why not have one?" I suggested.

"If you'll furnish the terrapin I'll furnish the bread," he agreed.

"Very well, you're invited!"

A Dinner of Terrapin and Bread

My colored chef, whose fame had spread through official circles, combed the markets of the city for the finest diamond-back terrapin and prepared it in a sauce the recipe for which should live in history. But up to the moment my guests arrived there was no sign of the bread, and I feared the miracle of the loaves and the fishes had been only half fulfilled.

As we filed into the dining room, however, there, stretching the length of the table, was an enormous loaf of Vienna bread, tied with red, white and blue ribbon. It had been delivered on a ten-foot plank from a Washington bakery with Secretary Gage's compliments and a note of instructions to my butler.

This dinner came the night before Congress adjourned in March, 1899. By actual count it was the eighty-ninth on my social calendar that season. Shortly after, I left Washington never to return as part of the administration. My husband died the following November and for the next fifteen months the United States was without a Vice President.

The summer before Mr. Hobart's death we received a short visit from Theodore Roosevelt, then the hero of San Juan Hill and governor of New York. Knowing that my husband would never return to office, I said:

"Mr. Roosevelt, I hear you are being groomed by the Republicans as my husband's successor in the coming election."

"No, by George!" he exclaimed, thumping the table until it swayed. "I've had a good time as governor and I want to be governor again."

The next time Mr. Roosevelt's path crossed mine was in Buffalo, September, 1901, in the house where Mr. McKinley lay dead, victim of the bullet of a half-crazed anarchist. At news of the assassination I had rushed here from Lake Mohonk, knowing Mrs. McKinley would need me.

Here by a strange twist of fate the man who wanted to be governor again was taking the oath of office as President of the United States. It was the turn of the century and a new era had begun.

THE NEW SHOW WORLD

SCREEN . . . STAGE . . . MUSIC . . . HOLLYWOOD . . . BROADWAY . . . all branches of the amusement world—all their art, all their talent, all their technique, all their resources welded by Paramount into the greatest entertainment the world has ever known—the talking, singing, sound motion picture! ¶ In one art, *all* the arts of entertainment are yours—in one medium, all the famous personages of the screen, stage and music world are brought to you—in one name, Paramount—you find the acknowledged leader of the New Show World. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"* ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

PARAMOUNT PICTURES
of the New Show World

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"

"DR. FU MANCHU"

"BURLESQUE"

"GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL"

"ILLUSION"

"THE GREENE MURDER CASE"

All-talking, singing with the greatest stars of screen and stage

Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Maurice Chevalier, The Marx Brothers, Moran & Mack, George Bancroft, Jeanne Eagels, Hal Skelly, Walter Huston, Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen, Charles Rogers, Clive Brook, William Powell, Ruth Chatterton, Evelyn Brent, Gertrude Lawrence.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

SIX BODY STYLES $965 TO $1035 F.O.B. BUICK FACTORY

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

IMMEDIATELY upon its introduction, the Marquette met with the spontaneous approval of motorists everywhere. With nation-wide enthusiasm, this eventful new six was welcomed as the long-looked-for car of Buick craftsmanship and dependability at a price within the reach of millions. ✻ Buick engineering genius, with a background of twenty-five years' manufacturing leadership, has produced in the Marquette a car as striking for its distinctive good taste as for the ease with which it leads its field in performance. The Marquette is fast—it's smooth—its response is instant and effortless. It is delightfully balanced and poised. It is satisfyingly capable and comfortable. ✻ And into this new automobile have been put the downright dependability, the sturdy substance, the intrinsic stamina that have made Buick-built cars the standard of comparison throughout the motoring world . . . an added measure of inherent worth that assures miles and miles of uninterrupted service. ✻ See the Marquette and you will be impressed by the smartness and distinction of its Bodies by Fisher. Drive the Marquette and you will at once grant it leadership in its price class.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

✻ ✻ When better automobiles are built, *Buick* will build them ✻ ✻

THE WHIP OF PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 5)

for the giving of less for more has collapsed. This is not theory. It is the practical experience of business over a period of more than thirty years.

In this situation some economists have recognized the contradiction in trying to explain American prosperity in terms of the ancient and traditional business ideal, which required that demand should run always ahead of supply. Although we have actually reversed this in practice, however, many more of our educators and quite a number of our business men have found the reversal of the theory a bit too revolutionary. Our economic thinking, in other words, has failed to keep pace with our industrial and commercial practice.

Professional confirmation of this statement is to be found in the introduction to the widely quoted volume, Industry's Coming of Age, by Rexford Guy Tugwell, the Columbia economist. "The teaching of economics in school and college went on," he says, "as it always had, almost completely ignoring the study of production, and continuing to concentrate largely on the conceptual statements of a theory inherited from the contributors to an old tradition. Value and distribution furnish problems still, but our study of them is conditioned by their formulation in the England of the mid-nineteenth century."

Theory Behind Practice

"When a profession becomes so stiffly traditionalized," he says again, "as the economics of the past few decades, nothing less than a revolution is required to shake its faith and teaching. It is unfortunate, too, that economics has been most backward in its educational efforts. Most school texts, strange as it may seem to anyone who realizes that the industrial structure is being rebuilt under our eyes, have changed but little in thirty years. In the midst of revolution there has been a little island of peace. But we are paying for it even now; a generation has gone out of the educational system almost wholly ignorant of economic affairs."

Programs for horizontal curtailment of output are the consequence, in my opinion, of this failure to bring our thinking up to date. They represent a clinging to an economic ideal which would not work in modern America. We tried it by force in the 90's, and it failed, not because of legal prohibitions but for the reason that every effort to restrict merely enlarged the opportunity for competitive expansion. With the old method forbidden by law and abandoned by business men, more recent attempts to bring supply below demand by agreement have failed even more dismally, as will be shown, and for the same competitive reasons.

Therefore, it seems to me that if we are to keep overproduction from becoming a burden we should begin by recognizing that the trust builders whose works have endured had a vision, however subconscious, of an entirely new economic order. As a whole and in separate units this order thrives by continuous expansion, which in turn is made possible only by excess capacity. The new ideal is, therefore, to keep supply just enough ahead of demand so that we shall have no shortages. The condition to be shunned and guarded against is the limitation of goods, which was the ideal of the old order, since it leads to the limitation of its own markets through the operation of the price policy expressed in the phrase: "All the traffic will bear."

No matter what may have been in their minds, this is the cycle that was started by the men responsible for the large combinations of capital in industry in the 90's. That some men seized on the instrument of expansion then as a means of curtailment is a matter of record and is not to be wondered at, since the system was untried. But it is strange that the same demand should crop up today, after the new order has been proved. It is significant also that it has occurred, as in the 90's, coincident with a wave of mergers and consolidations.

In passing, it should be noted that we have at least progressed to the point where these movements are recognized as distinct and irreconcilable. Business men do not set out today to gobble up their competitors in order to establish a corner. It would be difficult to find one in the multitude of mergers and consolidations put together during the past few years which was actuated by a desire to curtail production. Even where a reduction of output has been the first step, as in some of the coal combinations, the ultimate object has been to increase it in so far as that unit of the industry is concerned, by modernization of equipment, improvement of quality and reduction of costs.

That some men think we have gone beyond the limits of this process can be explained only by a conviction that our present prosperity is in the nature of a boom, and that eventually we shall return to the old economic order. What happened in 1920, in my opinion, disposes rather effectively of this argument. In that year business found a shortage ready-made by the war—the ideal sellers' market of the old order. Since anything could be sold at any price, values were inflated all along the line from raw material to distribution. The necessity for keeping down costs disappeared, and accordingly they went up. Production increased by leaps and bounds, and then suddenly there was more of everything than the market would take—at the existing prices.

The period of stagnation preceding the $20,000,000,000 deflation which had to be made before buying was resumed is popularly referred to as the "buyers' strike." It might be described more accurately as a lockout of buyers. Admittedly it was not physical saturation of the market which brought buying to a halt. It was the fact that the great mass of our 42,000,000 wage and salary earners could not afford to buy anything but the necessities of life at shortage prices. Industry as a whole set out to get more for less and succeeded only in killing its market.

The machinist or the carpenter or the chief clerk spending twenty-five cents for sugar put into that essential food product a substantial sum, multiplied by his fellows, which would have been available otherwise for new caps for the children, for example. He put into gasoline for his car—at prices 50 per cent above present levels in many communities—small excess sums which in the aggregate might have bought new furniture for the living room. Food, shelter, transportation and recreation got so much that there was nothing left for other industries.

The amazing fact about the new order is that this business of one industry profiting at the expense of others did not even help the man who was known, justly or unjustly, as the profiteer. When the collapse came, the sums over and above the fair price level had all been dissipated in higher costs. Thereby we learned anew, or should have learned, that it doesn't pay to charge more than an article is worth.

Shortage Breeds Saturation

We learned also that in the existing American economic order shortage, and not surplus, is the breeder of saturation points. The quantity of merchandise that glutted the markets of late 1920 was actually far below what we sold easily at fair prices in 1927—in which year, incidentally, the total value of manufactured articles exceeded by a few millions for the first time the $62,000,000,000 record made at the war peak of 1919.

It is shortage also—the curtailment sought by the throttling of competition in the 90's and by group action today—that creates and maintains another modern business bogy. This is the assumption that we are nearing or have reached the maximum of per-capita buying power, or—to turn it around—that what the average citizen can buy this year is an infallible index of his 1930 purchasing power. Two obvious forces are constantly in operation to keep the consumer's dollar from becoming a constant. One is the increase in wages and the other the reduction of prices. Both are dependent on surplus the excess productive capacity that keeps men eternally after new and larger markets.

No man is able to wear more than one pair of shoes at a time, it is true. But the worker who had to make a single pair do for all occasions in 1900 is now able to buy three or four pairs in the course of a year, and to discard them when they become shabby or uncomfortable. This is good business for the shoe manufacturer, even though his net profit from four pairs of shoes is very little more than that from one pair thirty years ago. He can break even in dull times where in years gone by he went bankrupt. His risks, in other words, are distributed, while the possibility of cost reduction is multiplied fourfold.

Better Goods at Lower Costs

This mutuality of interest as between maker and user, buyer and seller, was unknown before the development of the American economic system. It has forced into the discard many other ancient conceptions besides the theory that demand must run ahead of supply for business to be prosperous. I should like, for example, to see the results of a study of the venerable law of diminishing returns in relation to the expansion of the automotive industry. It was demonstrable under the old order that there were no exceptions to this law. But like many others of its time, it was based on constants which our system has turned into variables—chiefly in the field of costs.

The manufacturer of one pair of shoes could improve them only by increasing his costs. But the manufacturer of four pairs—the quantity producer—actually gets his improvements by cost reductions. Seeking short cuts, he finds methods showing great savings in time and labor, but calling for better materials. One of the large motor-car manufacturers had that experience with his head lamps. The old ones had required fifteen operations, including heating of the material at different stages to prevent it from tearing in the shaping machines. A new process was worked out to reduce the number of operations to eight, all cold drawn. The gauge of steel formerly used would not stand up under this treatment, and in order to apply the process it was necessary to use heavier and better steel. The end product was a stronger and better lamp at considerably lower cost.

The motor-car industry probably has a greater excess capacity than any other, yet it does not have overproduction. That term is used in some industries as though it represented the effect of a natural law, against the workings of which we are powerless as separate businesses. But the automotive industry recognizes the control of production as a function of individual management. Production programs are laid down on the basis of sales. The manufacturer knows each morning how many cars have been sold the preceding day. A program may look forward tentatively from thirty to ninety days, but it is stepped up or down in accordance with actual sales records.

The scrapping of obsolete products and equipment and the development of new ones have always been the general policy of the automotive industry. Previously it was periodic, but taking the industry as a whole the practice is now on a continuous basis. As a manufacturer of parts in the Midland

FREE

Mail coupon below for free booklet telling all about Carbonic Gas. Be better informed.

Keep Moist *inside* in hot weather

...Carbonated Bottled Drinks *supply attractive liquids for healthful evaporation*

Carbonic Gas *helps too*

Evaporation through the pores is the body's *heat regulator*. The *hotter* it is the more moisture is required in the body for evaporation. That's why doctors always tell you to *drink more liquids* in the summer.

Carbonated Bottled Drinks are ideal, for they are *more* than merely thirst quenching, delicious liquids. They supply nutrition and *Carbonic Gas*.

Carbonic Gas is a digestive aid, a natural stimulator of the circulatory organs and the stomach, and is *germicidal* in effect.

Babies get it first in Mother's Milk, and it's just as good for old folks as for young or middle aged.

Get a case and keep it in the home. Tempt your family thus to *drink more liquids for cooling evaporation* and healthful elimination through the pores.

Memorize This Sign

"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the *highest grade carbonic gas*, made by the largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment in the world. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country already are employing it, and most of them display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate the fact.

Acquaint your children with this "Liquid" Emblem and have them look for it whenever they buy cold drinks or fountain sodas.

Mail coupon for booklet now, to be better informed on Carbonated Drinks.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO
34 Distributing Points

RED DIAMOND GAS

Liquid

The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 6-29, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Steel Products Company, I have been called on by units of this industry to utilize dull times for the construction of additional plant capacity. I have known motor-car builders to meet a falling off in demand by doubling capacity, thus bringing reduced costs, lower prices and widened markets.

A great deal has been said about overproduction in the iron and steel industries, but when the ineffective and high-cost equipment is taken into account, the industry probably has no overproduction. This was impressively demonstrated during the first quarter of the current year. In March alone, production of steel ingots was at the annual rate of 60,000,000 tons against a production of a little less than 50,000,000 tons in 1928. Output for the month was at 103 per cent of capacity.

Here very clearly the iron and steel industry is shown to have been justified in building up some margin of production facilities. Otherwise the first quarter and March market situation would have been a wild scramble for material with soaring prices, and the development of unhealthy symptoms. As it was, while prices held firm, they did not soar and the situation settled back without shock.

"From the moment when the war ended in November, 1918," said the New York Times in commenting on the quarterly report of the Steel Corporation reflecting this condition, "the question overhanging the steel trade has been the 40 or 50 per cent addition to plant, installed to meet the unlimited war orders which had now entirely ceased. How many decades would elapse before all this capacity could be at work again was a question that no one undertook to answer. Yet here, a little more than ten years after the Armistice, production is shown to exceed 100 per cent of the maximum wartime capacity and the corporation's earnings, with steel prices 30 per cent below even the prices prescribed by the War Industries Board, have matched the monthly and quarterly results of 1918."

Expansion by improvement, it should be noted, has been responsible for this showing. A few years ago there were 411 blast furnaces in the country available for use. Nearly 100 of these have been thrown into disuse and the number available now is about 325. The furnaces dismantled have been small, inefficient ones, and they have been replaced by large, modern furnaces with greater capacities and lower unit costs. Specific references are made to this process in the annual reports of the Steel Corporation for 1926 and 1928.

The machine-tool industry, likewise, came out of the war period with everybody convinced that there was a great oversupply and excess capacity. But the competition resulting from this condition compelled machine-tool producers to modernize their merchandising. Instead of merely selling machine tools they set out to sell lower manufacturing costs through the use of modernized equipment. This led to the wave of increased efficiency and productivity throughout many other industries, with the result that labor-saving and cost-cutting equipment grew in demand. During the past year boom conditions have prevailed in this industry with respect to everything except prices, which have been held down by the excess producing capacity.

Out of Touch With the Market

The fact is that when we have too much of anything except wind, rain and sunshine, it is because the units of the industry affected, operating independently, have made more than they can sell. To put this in another way, they have lost touch with their markets. As in the 90's, one set of producers has become so busy watching another set that they have forgotten about the changing needs of the customer. In some instances they have forgotten him altogether, and it is not surprising if he should respond more readily to the merchant or the industry that keeps pace with his needs.

When overproduction develops as a result of a series of independent actions of this character, I do not see how we can hope to remedy it by the method now being widely proposed group action by all or the majority of the units in a given industry. It is certain that production may be decreased by this method for a time, but this is not a guaranty that consumption will remain at the existing level. If curtailment in the factory is to be accompanied by an equal reduction in sales effort, the market may be expected to dwindle as much as the output, so that the percentage of overproduction will be greater than ever. If there is no cut in sales organizations, there must be an increase in prices, which will set up sales resistance and, even with more work by the salesman, reduce the consumption. In other words, competition may be expected to become more intense as the units coöperating in curtailment find it more difficult to hold their respective shares of the failing market.

From Maker to Wearer

Restriction by coöperation fails even before it reaches this stage, however, because it is rarely or never possible to bring 100 per cent of an industry into such a program, or to prevent invasion from the outside after the reduced production creates the opportunity for this competition. The perfect illustration of this weakness is to be found in the collapse of the so-called Stevenson restriction act to limit the output of rubber. When it was put into effect by the British at the instance of native rubber barons in the Middle East on November 1, 1922, the British plantations had a capacity of 350,000 tons a year as against 65,000 tons in the Dutch plantations of the East Indies. Since half the Dutch output was from small native plantings, the British believed they could hold their position of domination even though the Dutch refused to join in limiting the output.

By 1927, however, the steadily increasing Dutch output had reached 225,000 tons, while that of Malaya had fallen off to 236,000. Restriction had cut the potential British production by 114,000 tons, but it had encouraged an increase of 160,000 tons by the Dutch native planters. The excess production was greater than ever; the best customer—American tire makers—had been antagonized and millions of dollars in new competition had been drawn into the industry in other parts of the world. Therefore the restriction program was abandoned last year, and rubber planters have gone back to the method of individual control.

Excess capacity is essential to the national prosperity as well as to the individual manufacturer for the further reason that under hand-to-mouth buying we are substituting machinery—of distribution as well as of production—for the warehouse that was so necessary under the seasonal system. Inventories have been reduced all along the line from raw material to the retailer because extraordinary progress has been made in every industry in reducing the elapsed time between production and the consumer.

In the men's clothing industry, for example, I am informed that the average elapsed time has been cut by the leaders from the traditional four to six months to sixty days, and one successful producer averages fourteen days and can reach his trade in eight days when necessary. Leaders in other industries where the bulk of the selling is still done on a seasonal basis have discovered that by establishing a more direct contact with the distributor they can not only eliminate peaks and valleys but also the overproduction which results from guesswork as to what the public wants.

Recently it has become possible to detect the trend of reduced inventories and faster selling on business in its entirety in the records of the Bureau of Railway Economics. In 1923 a national inventory of goods in transit was taken by a writer drawing his statistics from the bureau. He estimated the average value of merchandise in railway cars on any given day at $1,500,000,000. Since then the railways have been speeded up and the time between production and consumption has been so reduced that it is now estimated—even with a larger annual volume of business—that the value of goods in transit at any given time has been cut by at least $250,000,000.

In the textile industry it is now rather widely recognized that in spite of the revolutionary changes which have taken place in our habits of dress and manner of living, management is responsible for actual overproduction. It had been watching its competition instead of its customer, cutting prices to the point where articles of universal use were sold at times away below the cost of production. Several years ago some of the leaders began to correct this condition within their own plants. Programs of modernization were launched, beginning with style and distribution surveys. These led to the swing most frequently referred to now under the somewhat misleading and unfortunate term of "trading up," which implies that the customer is being induced to pay more for less. But what has actually happened is that an increasingly large proportion of the industry is giving the customer what he wants, until he has come to the conclusion that relatively he is paying less for more.

This program is admittedly still in its beginning and has been adopted by only part of the industry, but the national progress made already has become visible. According to the summary of manufacturing statistics recently issued by the Department of Commerce, the value of textiles and their products fell off from $9,126,154,902 in 1925 to $8,964,143,064 in 1927, a loss of $162,011,838. Isolated from other statistics, that figure has been used to show that overproduction is driving the industry to disaster. But when it is studied in connection with certain other accomplishments, an entirely different picture is obtained. The same period that witnessed this shrinkage in total value of products was marked by an increase of $261,754,405 in the value added by manufacture.

Up to this point, in other words, the industry as a whole improved its position by nearly $100,000,000 in the course of two years. This enabled it to increase the average number of its employes from 1,628,283 to 1,692,473—a gain of 64,190—and to increase total wage payments by $105,354,014. To that extent the textile industry increased its contribution to the national income and the buying power of workers. When the gain in the value added by manufacture is offset by the increased wage payments, however, there is still another item. For in the same period the industry brought about a saving of $423,766,243 in the cost of materials, fuel and power, which is probably the true measure of its increased efficiency and of the betterment of its position.

Too Finely Balanced

No matter what the angle of approach, this is the one direction in which we may travel under the system now in operation. As between an order for $40,000 worth of business showing a 20 per cent profit and one for $80,000 showing 10 per cent, it strikes me as good management to take the larger one even when it involves expenditures for additional capacity. The greater the volume, in other words, the greater the opportunity for the development of economies in production. Moreover, this means the employment of more men and therefore has a direct relation to the well-being of the community. We installed a special line of semiautomatic equipment at the Midland Steel Products Company some years ago at an expense of several hundred thousand dollars to enable us to meet the demands of the automotive industry for better motor-car frames at lower prices. With other modernizations and economies, it enabled us to get so much business that within a few months the line was in operation twenty-four hours a day, six days a week.

Theoretically, this situation was ideal—a sort of mechanical millennium. But we soon found that in order to maintain our delivery schedules it was necessary to employ a special Sunday force to go over the line and make sure that it would operate at maximum efficiency for another week. Occasionally, when it became necessary to replace parts, this crew of experts, drawing pay in accordance with their skill and knowledge, worked up to twenty-four hours continuously. Business continued to increase, and we found means of stepping up the speed of the machinery, but that called for regular expert supervision.

At length we reached a point at which a breakdown would have been disastrous, since all the business placed on this line was on an exacting delivery schedule. We had no excess capacity. Production and consumption were in perfect balance. So we made a computation and discovered that we were spending more to maintain this balance than it would cost us to pay interest and depreciation on another similar line even if a wheel never turned. With the new line installed, of course, it became possible to go after more business. The excess capacity also enabled us to devote more time to experiment for the improvement of existing products and the development of new ones.

Excess Capacity Essential

Recently there has been much discussion of the five-day week as a means of limiting production. This is what would be described by Henry Ford—who was the first to adopt the five-day week—as getting the cart before the horse. His own stated purpose was to give men time to consume more. The purpose, in a number of five-day-week experiments to be made this summer, doubtless takes that factor into consideration, but according to the information I have been able to obtain, it is chiefly to hold producing organizations together during a time of lessened industrial activity. In other words, it is curtailment by individual management in such a manner as to retain excess capacity.

In the past it has been more or less general practice in the steel industry to limit the number of working days in dull periods in order to give employment to the maximum number of men. We have had men working for short summer periods on three and four day schedules at the Otis Steel Company, although the plant was in continuous operation. Under this plan men who worked three days earned three days' pay. The challenge now being made to management is to provide the equivalent of six days' pay for five days of work. Obviously, no progress whatever may be made in this direction if the five-day week is to be regarded as a means of curtailing production. When, as and if it should be achieved, it will be by the same process that has enabled us to pay more for a day of eight hours than we paid for one of twelve hours—by an increase of per-capita production.

On several occasions it has been pointed out by Doctor Durand that factors which he classifies as human rather than material have been playing an increasingly important part in the expansion of our prosperity. Up to a certain point, in other words, our well-being was attributable almost wholly to our vast natural resources of coal, oil, ore and agricultural lands. Our progress above that point has been in the changed attitude developed among workers and employers toward the use we make of these resources, the net effect of which has been to multiply their advantages.

Excess capacity is essential to the continuance of this process, even though occasional temporary overproduction may be an unavoidable effect of it. The important thing is to make sure that we do not mistake this effect for cause. Invention is worthless without application, and advance may be made only by practical experiment. An industry which has so evenly balanced itself that its capacity gets too close to the consumption is obviously unable to make these experiments or, having visualized improvements by some other method, to put them into effect.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS AHEAD!

VACATION DAYS ARE FLASHLIGHT NIGHTS

Don't leave without your Eveready!

WHEREVER you go, whatever you do on your vacation this summer, take a good flashlight with you to drive a big, safe *lane of light* through the dark. Get your Eveready now and be prepared to shut out gloom, to show up danger with a powerful, piercing beam whenever you venture into the night.

Keep an Eveready Flashlight near you when you sleep. Carry one along when you are about after sundown. And when you go boating this summer, be extra-certain there are a couple of good flashlights aboard. They are invaluable when there's engine-trouble, when you take on fuel at night, when you dock in the dark, if you go in for an evening swim.

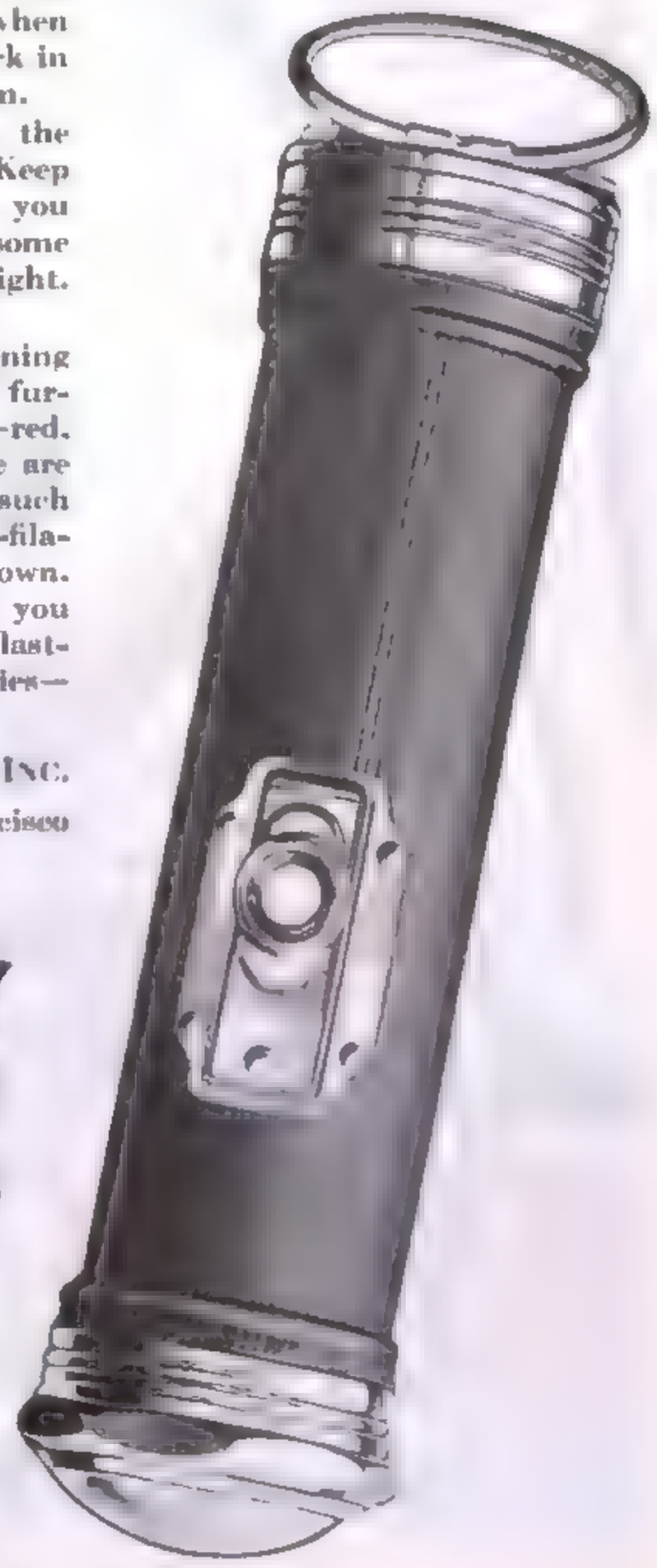
Have an Eveready Flashlight among the things in your grip when you travel. Keep one in the side pocket of your car when you tour. Nothing clears up a dark, troublesome situation like a handful of handy daylight. Get the flashlight habit.

In addition to satiny black and glistening nickel, Eveready Flashlights are now furnished in special pearl-luster finishes—red, green, blue, old rose, baby blue. There are also exclusive new mechanical features, such as a shock-absorber to protect the lamp-filament. Last but not least, prices are down. Hold out for a genuine Eveready when you buy a flashlight. And keep it full of long-lasting light-power with the best of batteries—Eveready Batteries.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

New York UCC San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

A new pocket Eveready 49c

A *real* flashlight. Has a switch and a replaceable battery. Furnished in Scotch-grained red, blue, green, or black at 49c, complete.

No. 2605—All the genuine Eveready features, plus new shock-absorber, and only $1.15 complete. A very popular model. Sturdy. Useful. Low-priced. In red, green, blue, or black.

No. 2604 in black, without ring-hanger or shock-absorber, 95c.

BEACH COSTUME BY LENIEF

CAR . . . BY HUPMOBILE

Handsome is and Handsome *does!*

Gaze upon a HUPMOBILE Century Six or a Century Eight for the first time. Handsome? Your eyes will not deny that. But HUPMOBILE'S real beauty goes deeper. You must look for it in its motor, in its chassis, in its coachcraft.

For here is the beauty that thrills the engineer. The mathematical beauty of precision and accuracy. Of trustworthy and indefatigable craftsmanship.

You will find it expressed in parts made as finely as watch-works. In bearings, diamond-bored to jewel-like exactness. In pistons fitted by hand to cylinders. In non-chattering valves so snugly contoured that not even the years can loosen their tongues. In metal, shaped and tailored as carefully as a dinner jacket. In materials so staunch and true that no rigors of service can dismay them.

These are the finest "beauty-spots" in HUPMOBILE. A handsome car, in performance as well as in looks. But if you would know how truly handsome—just drive one!

HUPMOBILE'S new program of expansion has effected sweeping price reductions in the entire Hupmobile line. See your dealer.

HUPMOBILE CENTURY SIX ,,AND EIGHT

1812! ... *the challenge to American Freedom! From Maine to Carolina, disaster threatened! But... riding the seas between the new world and the old, there stood before the breeze a fleet of gallant ships... ships built for peaceful trading, now armed for combat... ships whose cargo, once cotton and timber, was now powder and shot! Yankee Merchantmen became Men o' War overnight. Merchantmen mounted guns . . . they did an EXTRA SERVICE and won a war!*

Yankee Merchantmen Won a War

by giving an Extra Service

... doing an *Extra* Service! ... always a winning quality! ... notably so with motor oil!

It is by doing an *Extra* Service that Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is winning its way into the crankcase of the careful motorist's engine!

Opaline does *more* than lubricate the engine. It does *more* than cushion bearings and protect moving parts. Opaline does an *Extra* Service between pistons and cylinder walls. *Opaline seals pistons and prevents power from blowing by!*

Your *mileage* indicates what degree of wear there is in the engine—*what space has been worn between pistons and cylinder walls.* In a new car the space is small and lighter oil will seal it. After 2,000 miles, 12,000 miles, and over, the space continues to wear larger and only *heavier* grades of motor oil will seal it.

Your *mileage* indicates which grade of oil you need, and Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil comes in that grade *to seal your pistons and prevent power blow-by!*

That is the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*! That is the *Extra* Service you get from the right grade of Opaline. Having the right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as having the right *quality.*

It is the responsibility of your Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get both. Tell him the mileage reading on your speedometer—and get the grade of Opaline that *fits the degree of wear* in your engine—and gives you the *Extra* Service of precise lubrication!

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk.

† † †

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Meets every demand of present-day engines and seals power at every degree of wear.

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power!*

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK ATLANTA BOSTON CHICAGO
DETROIT HOUSTON KANSAS CITY OMAHA

Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

© 1929 S. R. C.

THE CALL OF THE BURNING MASCOT

(Continued from Page 4)

"You are well hidden behind the hedge," he went on, "and you are holding the string attached to the piece of wood which supports the trap. The bait is good soft bread crumbs and a few pieces of raw meat which the cook has given you. The sparrows hop up nearer and nearer. At last they are underneath. Your fingers are itching to pull the string, but still you pause. You shiver with excitement. With slow, ponderous hops a fat starling approaches the rim of the sieve. You let the sparrows play. You let them even hop away with the bait. You want the starling. Nick of New York is my starling!"

A police commissionaire in indoor uniform entered hastily, carrying a scrawled telephone message which he handed to Dickins.

"Excuse me, sir," he begged the subcommissioner, saluting. "This has just come over the line, urgent, for the inspector."

The latter glanced it through and sprang to his feet.

"Report later if I may, sir," he exclaimed. "There's a job on I've been watching for up Roehampton Lane."

Larwood nodded assent and his subordinate made a hasty exit.

The rain was falling gently when Dickins, in the plainly painted black car of familiar design, shot out of the park and, with his badge freely displayed, dashed along toward Hammersmith. The traffic was held up for him on the bridge, and he slackened speed only when he reached the far end of Roehampton Lane. Eagerly, and with the same purpose in view, Dickins and his policeman chauffeur both leaned forward, gazing at the bleak-looking residence standing a little way back from the road. There were few lights in the windows, and, considering the early hour in the evening, the two men seemed surrounded by an impressive silence. Little wisps of fog drifted by. The rain dripped from the leaves of the trees and shrubs. Just as the car was brought to a standstill a muffled report came from behind one of the screened windows of the house.

"They're at it, sir!" the chauffeur exclaimed eagerly. "Shall I drive right up? The gates are wide open."

Dickins sprang lightly from the car and beckoned his companion to follow him.

"We'd have gone up if the gates had been closed," he muttered. "Seems to me as though they'd left them open for their get-away. We're too late for the scrap in any case. Listen!"

There was another report, and then silence. Dickins looked around searchingly.

"They have a car hidden somewhere here," he whispered. "Get your gun out, Burdett, and crawl after me."

Dickins' surmise was correct. They had scarcely gone half a dozen yards when they came upon a small coupé drawn up by the side of the avenue in the shadow of a great elm tree, its bonnet facing toward the gate. There were no lights shining, and even the outline of the vehicle was indistinguishable until they had almost blundered into it. Dickins opened the door carefully. The interior was empty. He flashed an electric torch upon the name plate and smiled to himself.

"I'm looking after the occupant of this car," he told his companion. "You get up to the house in case you're wanted. If you meet anyone coming down keep out of sight if you can."

The man started off, running on the narrow grass edge underneath the trees and shrubs. Dickins stood with his eyes fixed upon the house. Suddenly the front door was opened, letting out a blaze of light, and, for a single second the slight figure which leaped into the darkness was intensely visible, like a shadow picture thrown onto a screen. Then there was darkness again, the more complete because of the faster-falling rain. Dickins crouched back behind the car, into the obscurity of the dripping trees, and waited. His head was a little thrust forward, his nostrils dilated with the effort of listening. Presently came the sound which he was expecting—the sound of flying footsteps drawing nearer and nearer. The waiting man made no movement; only his limbs became a little more tense.

The figure came panting to the side of the car, tore open the door, and flung into the space at the back of the driver's seat the attaché case she had been carrying. She flashed on the lights and pressed the starting button. Dickins' entrance from the other side had been so noiseless that she was unaware of his presence until she heard him subside into the place by her side. A half-stifled scream escaped her.

"Who are you?" she demanded breathlessly. "How dare you get into my car?"

He caught a glimpse of her face, white and terrified, under her closely fitting black *béret*, the large eyes flaming, the lips parted and quivering. The engine was started, but her right hand had left the gear handle. He leaned over and caught her wrist. Quick though he was, he was only just in time. The tiny but ugly-looking weapon upon which her fingers had already closed was lying on the mat between them. He kicked it toward himself and, picking it up, slipped it into his pocket.

"Rather a desperate young woman, aren't you?" he remarked.

"I carry a pistol to defend myself against such people as you," she said coldly. "What are you doing here, forcing your way into my car?"

He caught her sideways glance, her face dimly lit by the small electric bulb on the dashboard—a glance of almost venomous hatred. Up at the house, lights were now showing from every window.

"There has been a burglary—perhaps worse," he said, moving his head backward. "I came down to inquire into it."

"You're a policeman then?" she scoffed.

"Precisely. And seeing you arrive from the house in considerable haste, and carrying that bag which you have just thrown behind your seat, it becomes my duty to ask you a few questions."

"A safer job than going on up to the house," she retorted, with the same look of scorn shining in her eyes. "There might have been men to be dealt with there."

"Exactly," he agreed. "I always choose the safer places when I can. Supposing we start?"

"Am I under arrest?" she demanded.

"Unofficially," he assented.

"Where do I drive to?"

"Over Hammersmith Bridge. I will direct you afterward."

She pushed in her gear and they swung out of the gate. She drove with one hand, the other dangling by her side, and Dickins seldom took his eyes off that hand. Occasionally he glanced at her face, brooding now, and perplexed with thoughts. She felt herself under icy but ceaseless observation, and she hated it. Her eyes were like javelins.

"You'd handcuff me, I suppose," she mocked, "if it were not that you need me to drive the car?"

"I could drive the car myself perfectly well," he assured her, "and I shall handcuff you the moment I think it necessary."

She relapsed once more into furious silence. Nine o'clock was striking as she pulled up on Hammersmith Bridge. She glanced at him questioningly.

"My strict duty," he remarked, "is without a doubt to tell you to drive to the Hammersmith Police Station. I am inclined to modify that, however. You can go straight ahead and drive to Number —— Pembroke Crescent, if you know where that is."

"And then?"

"That will be my business," he answered in a slightly harder tone. "Drive on at once, if you please."

She obeyed, and they proceeded without speech of any sort to the door of Dickins' house. There she relinquished the wheel and looked about her with apparent listlessness. All the time, though, he could envisage the thoughts which were passing through her brain. He leaned out of the window and called to a policeman on the opposite pavement. The man promptly obeyed the summons.

"Johnson," he directed, stretching out his hand for her attaché case, "put that down on my step, will you? Afterward, come back and guard the car whilst the young lady and I are inside. Don't allow anyone to interfere with it in any way."

"Very good, sir," the man replied respectfully.

Dickins turned to the girl. His fingers closed upon her wrist.

"Having spared you the handcuffs," he said, "you will forgive me if I take the ordinary precautions. You will descend with me now. I shall just hold your wrist like this. Good! Now we mount the steps together. Excellent! . . . Constable, don't lose sight of the car."

He opened the green front door with his latchkey, the attaché case in one hand, and, guiding his companion with the other, crossed the hall and ushered her into his pleasant little sitting room. She looked around her and shrugged her shoulders.

"If this is to be my place of detention," she said, "I suppose you don't mind my making myself comfortable?"

"Not in the least," he assured her. "Pray take my easy-chair. Perhaps you would like to smoke?"

"My own cigarettes," she answered curtly, producing her case and lighter. "A quaint sort of prison, this, isn't it?"

He looked across at her keenly and thoughtfully. A new suspicion was beginning to frame itself in his mind. He turned the valise upside down upon the table, went through its harmless contents rapidly, slit up the lining with his clasp knife and tore it open. She watched him with derision in her eyes.

"I can't think what you're suspecting me of all this time," the young woman observed. "I ran away from that terrible house because I was frightened when the burglars came. You can't blame me for that, can you?"

He stood on the hearthrug by her side and looked down at her. She was leaning back in his chair, swinging her long silk-clad legs ceaselessly, glancing up at him now with laughter in her eyes, and a good-humored twitching at the corners of her lips. All her anger seemed to have gone—or was he merely being fooled?

"You look as though you still wanted something," she murmured. "Yes?"

"I want the seven Rosenthal diamonds and the three emeralds that your friends went after tonight," he confided. "I know that they're somewhere in your possession. Will you hand them over quietly? I mean to have them."

Her bluff was good enough, but there was a light in his eyes which chilled her.

"You are talking like a fool," she declared. "I never heard of the Rosenthal jewels, and if you dare to lay a hand upon me, you shall die for it. I promise you that. Do you hear?"

He made no immediate reply but moved a few feet away and rang the bell.

"I haven't the faintest desire to interfere with you or your secret hiding places," he told her coldly. "That is not my affair. As it happens, my housekeeper was a female searcher at Bow Street for years, and she will do all that is necessary. She is a civil woman, but, believe me, she will find all that there is to be found."

The girl sprang to her feet. Now, indeed, she was seriously alarmed.

"No one shall touch me!" she insisted. "It is an indignity, this! I can explain myself and my presence in that house. My name is Martha Dring. I am a well-known artist and designer. I have a flat and a studio in Chelsea, and many friends, who will make you suffer for this. A police searcher, indeed! You are mad!"

He remained silent, tapping a cigarette upon the mantelpiece and lighting it casually.

"Do you hear me?" she called out. "I will not allow your housekeeper to touch me! How dare you think of such a thing?"

"Hand over the jewels then," he suggested.

She looked at him murderously, then turned swiftly toward the woman who stood upon the threshold. The latter was neatly dressed in black, and her air was one of respectful attention, but she was nearly six feet in height, with a hard face and a stalwart body.

"Mrs. Boyce," Dickins explained calmly, "this young lady has concealed about her person seven large diamonds and three emeralds. You will kindly search her for them."

The woman advanced into the room. The girl held out her arms to him piteously.

"Ten minutes—just give me ten minutes!" she begged. "Send her away. Let me talk to you. I can explain everything. I couldn't bear her hands upon me."

She inclined her head toward the street, and not for the first time Dickins had that curious conviction that she was listening. For what? He strode to the window and pushed back the curtain. The car was outside and the policeman was still standing there on duty. Otherwise the neighborhood seemed deserted. He turned round.

"If you prefer it you can hand over the jewels to me," he reminded her.

"I haven't got them!" she shrieked. "I'll kill her if she touches me!"

He pointed to the clock.

"It seems to me," he confided, "that you are a very clever young woman, playing for time. I confess I don't know why. You see the hour. I give you ten minutes. At twenty minutes to ten I shall return. It will be your fault if the affair is not concluded. I shall give you no other warning."

She stood as though paralyzed. Dickins turned away, closed the door behind him and stepped out into the street. All the time he was haunted by a peculiar sense of disquietude, for which, indeed, there seemed no reason.

The faithful constable was still standing stolidly by the motor car. The square and the street itself were both deserted. There was nothing to be heard except the rumble of traffic from the distant main thoroughfare.

"Everything O. K., Johnson?" he asked, looking searchingly around.

"Everything, sir," the man replied. "Begging your pardon, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

"Have you noticed that little red, dragon-shaped light in the front of the bonnet—looks like a kind of mascot? I've seen the same sort of thing before, but this is different. It lights from the switchboard—one turn green, two red."

Dickins felt a shiver of apprehension as he examined the burning mascot. He was an unintelligent-looking man, this constable, but he had discovered the one thing which Dickins himself had missed. All the way from Roehampton they had come with the red light aflame. . . . Dickins asked only one more question:

"After we had entered the house, Johnson, did you notice anyone about who might have been following us?"

"Well, in a kind of way, I did, sir," the man confessed. "I wondered afterward whether I ought to have mentioned it. There was a man on a motor bicycle, turned into the square as you did, got off as you

(Continued on Page 66

In Hudson's finishing shops, great batteries of lacquer spray guns play their part in making choice of color possible at no extra cost

Like a "ferris wheel," the fender conveyor keeps bringing down the variously colored fenders to their appointed chassis—always exactly the right color at exactly the right time.

Here the wheels meet the chassis. They are individually lacquered for this exact chassis. This marvel of synchronization is repeated 1900 times a day in the Hudson factory—and always the right wheel for the right chassis.

Choice of

Challenging the interest of all who love beauty and *individual distinction*

The Chicago Tribune says:

Hudson-Essex, in its new factory program, is marketing 176 color combinations and 225 different types of cars, and is manufacturing them in mass production with the same [illegible] and resultant economy that ordinarily marks the production of cars which are precisely alike in color and design the factory announces. Under the present movement the company is delivering 1,900 cars a day and assembles the 40,000 parts which go to make them up from an area five [illegible] across with remarkable precision. An achievement of turning out a highly diversified material in a variety of colors and types to the number of 1,900 a day in a plant built to handle 900 cars a day is considered one of the marvels of modern motor building.

The New York Times says:

The significance of all this is not that the Hudson company is offering such a wide variety of color combinations at extra cost but it has but been a plan for selling more automobiles. That's the company's business. The fact of interest to a progressive industry, and to those who want the benefits of modern industrialism without the drab sameness that used to seem an essential part of it, is that the company has done something definite to alleviate the tendency toward standardization in a world of mass production.

At no extra cost—a Choice of Colors on any model, from a variety so wide you have almost individual distinction. A new industrial achievement!

At no extra cost—the comfort and stability of 4 Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. At no extra cost—the assurance and smooth, positive action of new-type double-action 4-wheel Brakes.

At no extra cost—the smart, fine-car appearance of radiator shutters and their efficient control of motor heat in all weather.

At no extra cost—air-cleaner, windshield wiper, starter on dash, electric gauge for fuel and oil on dash, safety lock, and all bright parts chromium plated for lasting newness and beauty.

All are valuable features—all features you want. They are essential to a complete, fine, modern car. In Essex the Challenger, you get these "extras" at NOT ONE CENT OF EXTRA COST. Add them up yourself, and you will see above $100 in extra value in those items alone.

And when you have weighed all the other advantages of Essex the Challenger in Performance, Fine Appearance, and Economy, remember these "extras" also when you compare it with any car within several hundred dollars of its price.

ESSEX

COLOR at no extra cost

$695

AND UP AT FACTORY

THE CHALLENGER

(Continued from Page 63)

stopped, had one look at the car, and away he went. Perhaps — "

Dickins broke into the man's deliberate speech. Time counted now. His words rattled out like pistol shots.

"Leave the car and run to the nearest telephone station," he ordered. "Speak in my name to Scotland Yard, giving code word 'Zebra,' S. Y. Z. Department. Order Main's emergency men in a police wagon, with their automatics charged, round here in ten minutes. Stay away yourself. It isn't your job, and there may be trouble."

Dickins, tensely alert, ran up the steps, entered the house and knocked at the door of the parlor.

"Twelve minutes," he called out. "I'm coming in."

There was a confused tangle of feminine voices, the girl's shrill, vociferous protest.

"Sixty seconds more then," he conceded. "After that I'm coming."

He stood with his watch in his hand, and, at the expiration of the time, disregarding her angry cries, he entered the room. It seemed to him somehow, in the light of what might happen at any moment, an utterly insignificant thing that the girl was standing with a torn chemise and black chiffon knickers a few feet away from his landlady's extended arm. Yet he remembered for long afterward the fury in her eyes and the shivering of her passionate body.

"I've got the three emeralds all right," Mrs. Boyce announced, "but I can't find no more than six of the diamonds. An obstinate young hussy she is too!"

He stuffed the stones into his pocket. The girl was sobbing now as she feverishly drew on her frock.

"If ever I get the chance," she moaned, "some day I shall kill that woman and you."

Mrs. Boyce disappeared, with the satisfied air of a woman whose task has been well accomplished. In the silence of the room the two faced each other. The girl's eyes were filled with hate.

"Well, you've got your jewels," she muttered, with her hands at her throat.

"I was bound to have them," he answered.

"And now?" she demanded.

"You can go."

"I can what?"

"You can go. I don't want you."

"You aren't charging me?"

He shook his head. "I ought to, I suppose, but I don't want to. Listen!"

He paused for a moment. A motor horn hooted below, but the car passed on. Some pedestrians crossed the square, but the sound of their footsteps grew fainter.

"You're a fool, Martha Dring," he admonished. "You're a clever artist. I've seen your work. It's good. Stick at it and cut this underworld out. I know why you came in. Excitement! You're all craving for it—your sort. Find it elsewhere. If we wanted you, you'd be in prison now. Prison's damnable, you know. You'd never be any good afterward. Get back to your job. Wash yourself clean of this business."

Once more they listened. Then she leaned toward him, and neither Dickins nor any other living man could have told what thoughts were passing behind her flaming eyes, her quivering lips, or whence the swift rising and falling of her bosom.

"Listen," she begged. "I suppose I'm still squeamish. I hate you, but I am going to save your life. Out of the house, this moment! From behind, if you can. Never mind how I know. Don't stop to ask me questions. Costigan's gang are on their way here. You know that they're killers. Leave the stones and they may leave you alone. . . . Listen!"

This time they both rushed to the window. Three abreast, they were coming down each side of the square on motor bicycles, and three abreast, along the narrow street.

Dickins waved his hand from the threshold as he sprang backwards.

"I'll remember next time I drive behind a red mascot," he promised.

Ten minutes later, when the police van thundered into the square, not a trace was left of the coupé car with the red mascot or of the nine motor bicycles which only a few minutes before had been leaning against the railings of the square. There remained, instead, a portentous silence. The front door of Dickins' house was wide open. In the kitchen they found Mrs. Boyce, unconscious, with a cord around her throat, and the one remaining diamond of the Rosenthal burglary concealed in her garter.

At a little before midday on the following morning, Major Eustace Grant, D.S.O., well known in certain West End circles, an occasional patron of the arts and a reputed millionaire, sat in an easy-chair in the library of his luxurious suite in Berkeley Square, languidly glancing through some book-jacket designs from the portfolio of the girl who sat opposite to him. In the distance, visible through the open door of the bedroom, a valet was moving noiselessly about. Closer at hand, a waiter was arranging a tray and a cocktail shaker. Grant studied the last of the designs through his horn-rimmed eyeglass with somewhat disparaging nonchalance.

"Good stuff, yours, of course, Miss Dring," he acknowledged. "Modern—quite the futurist touch, and all that—but if I permitted myself to find a fault with it I should say that your last efforts have been a little too florid in design, too arabesque, if you follow me, a forsaking of the beauty of line—the quality in your work which first attracted me—for the vulgarity I use the word in its academic sense—of curve."

"Perhaps you're right," the young woman admitted listlessly.

"Nevertheless," her patron concluded, "I will add the last two to my collection."

The waiter, who had finished his task, departed. The valet had closed the connecting door between the two rooms. Grant laid down the designs. He looked severely across at his visitor.

"It was the schedule which was at fault, not I," she declared. "I was in my car three minutes after I had received the jewels, but Dickins was there before me. He must have had someone waiting who had telephoned up to Scotland Yard."

Her companion frowned.

"The schedule would have worked out to a second," he insisted, "if Sam had not mistaken the combination—a thing which I have never known happen to him before. Describe exactly what took place in Dickins' rooms."

"He had a female searcher there," she confided, "and whilst the beast of a woman searched me he went outside and discovered the red mascot lamp. He came back at once, collected the jewels, with the exception of the one diamond which the woman had slipped under her own clothes, and went off."

There was a brief pause. Major Eustace Grant was occupied in studying his carefully manicured finger nails.

"And then?"

"Costigan's men came in. How they got there so quickly I can't imagine, but they did it. They made not a sound, and they filled the place like rats. They started me off. I told Costigan that the woman had kept one of the diamonds. I'm sorry now that I did it, but she was such a beast. I suppose they got the alarm just as he was searching for it."

"Our first failure"—Eustace Grant sighed—"and it disconcerts me. It must never happen again. I do not blame you or Sam particularly, Miss Dring, but to me anyone who is associated with a failure has committed a crime."

She shrugged her shoulders as she picked up her portfolio.

"After all, I was only the get-away," she reminded him, "and I was on time."

"By the bye," he asked, as she turned toward the door, "why didn't Dickins take you in?"

"I have no idea," she assured him.

"I wonder," he speculated.

The subcommissioner asked Dickins the same thing, at about the same time, in his office at Scotland Yard.

"Why didn't you bring the girl in?" he demanded.

There was a peculiar light in the detective's eyes as he leaned forward.

"Because I fancied that she would be of far more use to us free."

Colonel Larwood stroked his chin.

"It was a fine coup to get hold of the jewels," he admitted. "It will give us a leg up just when we need it. All the same, an arrest would have been useful. We might have got a squeal out of her."

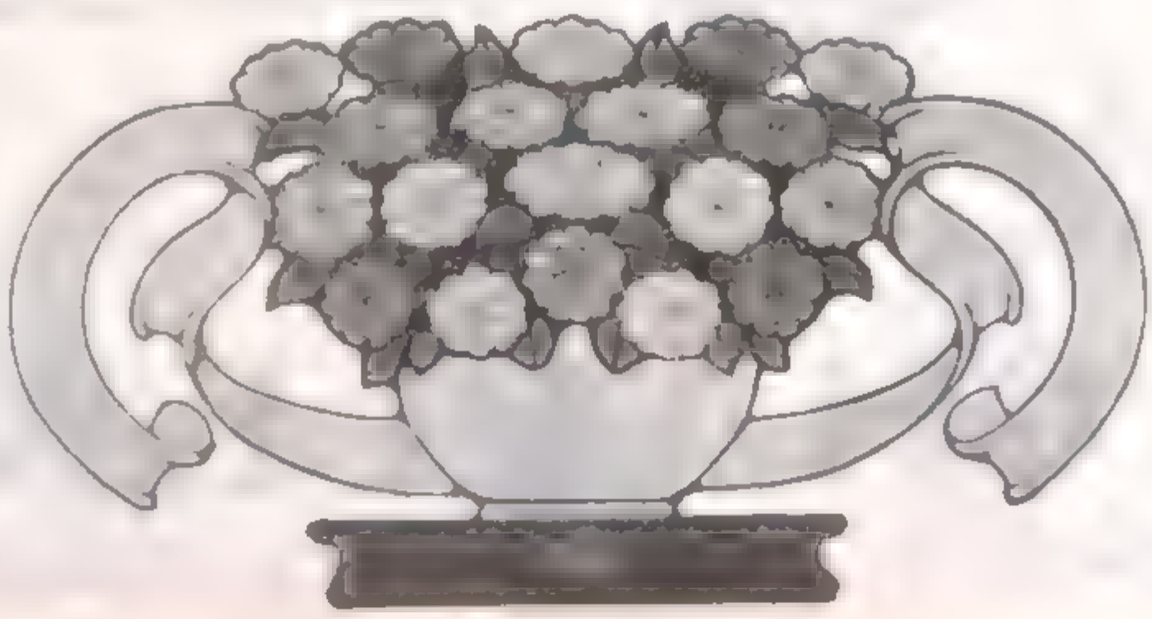
"She would never have squealed," Dickins declared confidently. "We don't want her, chief. Not yet, at any rate. Besides, I'm sure she's not really one of the gang. She's only one of these amateurs who've gone crazy about crime just now. Leave the girl free, sir. She may work into our scheme."

"What is your scheme," Larwood inquired, "and who are the men you want? Have you any idea whom you are looking for?"

"Just an idea," Dickins admitted. "I am going to begin, sir, by handing you in my resignation."

"What the devil use is that?" his chief demanded irritably.

"Can't you see, sir, they've got us too well staked?" the detective pointed out. "For five nights I've been on duty, watching for them to bring off that Rosenthal affair, and nothing happened. The sixth night I came round for that chat with you, and the job was done. True, they didn't make a success of it, but it was only a matter of seconds. The fact of it is, their intelligence department is better than ours. They're clever too. That young woman merely switched on her signal lamp before my very eyes. One of Costigan's men was waiting on Hammersmith Bridge with his motor bicycle and followed us right to the door. All he had to do was to telephone, and the gang very nearly scooped us. Let me work from outside, sir. We'll have a code, and whenever I want help I can send for it."



"It's unusual," the subcommissioner reflected

"So are the circumstances," was the quick retort. "We'll never get these men the ordinary way. They're much more likely to get us. I haven't a shadow of evidence, but I believe I know who they are. I want to get closer to them. I can't as Detective Inspector Dickins. I may in a new personality. At any rate, that's what I want to try."

"You're taking on a great risk, Dickins."

"So I am now, with the odds all against me. In a matter of thirty seconds, that motor-bicycle crowd would have got me last night. Take that job for an example, and see how easily they worked it. They entered the house just as they liked, although we were watching it, helped themselves to the jewels, frightened old Rosenthal and his wife to death by firing a few shots, and got clear away without leaving the ghost of a clew behind them. We've got to change our methods. I have my plan worked out, and, with the Yard unofficially behind me, I think I have a chance. What I want to do is to get some of them bragging, pit them against one another and make them talk. I think I know how to do it. They're going to dig their graves with their own tongues."

The subcommissioner affected to deliberate, but his mind was already made up.

"Well, Dickins," he decided, "I suppose you must have your way. I shall have to get the chief's consent as a matter of form, but I think I can promise you that. Tell me exactly what it is that you want from us?"

"First of all, a grant of money. I am going to put my house and furniture up for sale, enter a nursing home, and find some rooms in London where no one will think of looking for me."

"No difficulty about the money. What else?"

"My resignation through ill-health announced in the press."

"Agreed"

"A complete force of fighting men, with guns, ready at any hour, and under the strictest discipline. That five minutes' delay last night cost us the coup."

"You shall have Martin's special flying squad made over to you. Martin boasts that he can beat any fire brigade in London on his start."

"Last, and most important, don't hurry me, sir," the detective concluded. "I believe in cultivating ambitions, chief. I have one now. There may be big things doing, and I may know about them, but I want to keep my mouth shut. I'll have things fixed so that if anything happens to me you'll get every scrap of information I've collected, but I want my sparrows and my starling at one throw. Give me time, and I'll get them."

"I'll do my best," the subcommissioner assented, a little dubiously. "You must remember we've got the press abusive, the Home Secretary rampant and the chief blasphemous. The recovery of the Rosenthal jewels may calm them down for a time. It won't be long before they're fuming again, though."

"Stick it out, sir," the detective begged as he rose to his feet. "I promise you that it shan't be for a day longer than I can help. The trap shall be baited and the string in my hand in less than a week. Unless they get me first, chief, I promise I'll bring them in before you're wearing your first bunch of violets."

In his very luxurious masculine bedroom, with his valet hovering in the background, Major Eustace Grant paused for a moment in the tying of his white cravat. He looked steadily into the glass. The same thought which had haunted him throughout the afternoon was back again.

"I wonder," he reflected, "why the devil that detective fellow didn't take Martha Dring?"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

Thousands of Frigidaires

are going into stores and restaurants

HERE ARE 7 REASONS WHY!

1 Frigidaire can be installed in present counters and refrigerators. No need to buy complete new equipment.

2 *It saves money* by ending ice bills and the work of re-icing.

3 *It saves money* by stopping spoilage and trimming losses.

4 *It saves money* because it permits quantity buying at lower prices.

5 *It increases trade* because wider varieties of perishable foods can be kept in stock.

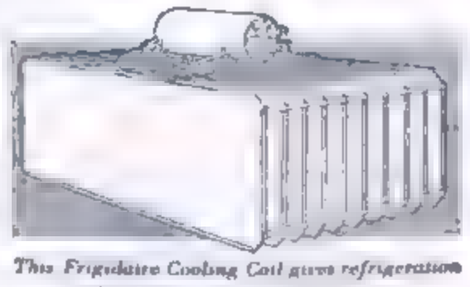
6 *It increases trade* because it makes possible more attractive displays.

7 *It increases trade* because Frigidaire helps to build a reputation for quality that attracts new customers and keeps old customers coming back.

Do you use refrigeration in your business? If you do, Frigidaire will help you make more money.

With Frigidaire, you have no ice to buy, no re-icing to supervise, nothing to require time, attention, or labor. James O'Malley, of O'Malley's Market in Chicago, reports a saving of $5 a day in labor costs after installing Frigidaire. L. C. Foster, of Lexington, Kentucky, reports a saving of $600 a year in ice bills. Food merchants from all parts of the country tell of similar savings.

And this is only one way that Frigidaire cuts costs. Take quantity buying, for instance. The Alfred Brigham Company, Boston, Mass., writes: "There has been a saving of $1000 a year in being able to buy heavier stocks, and a saving of 50c a day, or $175 annually, in the elimination of spoilage."



This Frigidaire Cooling Coil gives refrigeration equal to 75 tons of melting ice per year.

In homes, in retail stores, in all kinds of establishments, Frigidaire is serving more people than all other electric refrigerators combined. Talk to any of these users. Find out what *they* think of Frigidaire.

Mail the coupon for our new, free books

These books tell you everything you want to know about Frigidaire; how it can be applied to *your* business; how it cuts costs and increases profits; how easily it can be bought at low price on the General Motors monthly payment plan. Check the coupon, showing the books you want, and mail it today.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, Dept. B-1045, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me free copies of the Frigidaire books checked below, telling how Frigidaire may be applied to my business.

☐ Florists ☐ Restaurants and Cafeterias ☐ Water Coolers
☐ Groceries, Markets and Delicatessens ☐ Ice Cream Cabinets

Name . . .

Address . . . . . .

In Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1666 Sterling Towers, Toronto.

Russell L. Baukney
—looks well in #1620

NASH Pattern No. 1620 is deservedly one of our most popular fabrics. An oxford effect in slate-gray worsted, unrelieved by any stripe or design, it makes up exceedingly well.

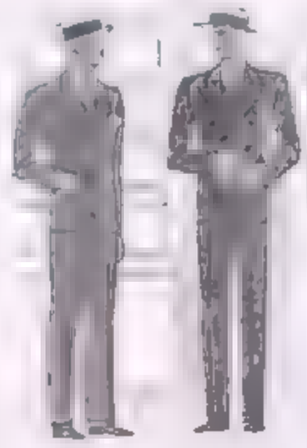
Indeed, our order-books show that 361 men expressed a preference for this pattern during the month of May.

This doesn't mean, of course, that one's choice is limited to plain fabrics.

Among the 307 Nash patterns are tweeds, worsteds, and cassimeres in wide variety.

One of the 1800 Nash resident representatives is located near you. Get in touch with him—he will bring this splendid assortment of fine suitings for *your* inspection. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. 1620 is a Vigoureaux Suiting. Durable and distinctive, it is recommended as a welcome change from the standard blue serge business suit. Smart, too, for informal evening wear. Makes up best in a single-breasted model—either two or three buttons.



Mr. Russell L. Baukney is President of a large Transportation Company on Long Island, New York, handling some 11,000 travelers a day.

In and out of his office constantly, Mr. Baukney needs clothes that will withstand an unusual amount of wear, without losing the fluent drape and fine fit that mark splendid cloth and expert tailoring.

In No. 1620, he has found it.

Mr. Baukney is one of thousands of executives listed on our books as regular patrons of Nash.

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

© 1929, The A. N. Co

MR. HANNA

(Continued from Page 23)

Then, in 1900, he showed the frankest reluctance when Mr. McKinley was eager to include an interoceanic canal among the showpieces of the Republican platform. His objection was double. Mr. Bryan, he told one friend, was likely to grab at the plan as another gesture of imperialism. And he said to Myron Herrick, "It is bad business playing poker with other people's chips." The phrase echoed a long way, as did many of Mr. Hanna's rough figures of speech. You must remember that his babyhood and young boyhood had been passed beside the ruinous canal at New Lisbon, the ditch into which so much money had been thrown. Age was not making Mr. Hanna cautious, but his President would be blamed if the canal through Nicaragua or the one through Panama, favored by Mr. Herrick, proved a failure. He did not like to see the canal mentioned in the campaign's progress.

He begged and ordered speakers to go easy on the topic. Neither the lordly contribution of the Panama Company's American attorney to the campaign fund nor the pleasure of stealing a Democratic plank for his own party's platform made the canal dear to Mr. Hanna in 1900. He thought it bad politics, and said so, and his subsequent performance has thus been described by professorial historians as flagrant opportunism. But in the technic of politics, he was fully right in 1900. The canal was dangerous, although the scheme was not much attacked by the anti-imperialists, and the hazy condition of the whole scheme made it more ticklish still. It haunted him, though—this monstrous gashing of mountains and blending of seas. McKinley was not six weeks dead when an engineer chatting with some friends about the difficulties of the route through Nicaragua, in the corridor of the Holland House, found a page offering him a card; Senator Hanna wanted to know if he might join a conversation that had drifted across the hallway to him where he sat with his cigar. It is not unlikely, after all, that Mr. Daniel James Mason's denunciation of the Nicaraguan scheme, fifteen minutes long, did as much as anything to harden the senator in favor of Panama. "You are," he said, "a damned sight more enlightening about this business than anybody I've listened to on it."

But he had heard a great deal about the business, whether it was enlightening or not. In the flux of easy satire since 1920 it has become strangely necessary to regard an American man of business as a jackass. To assert the contrary for a number of dead men of business, some of whom had no favor among the sanctimonious, is a horrifying exploit, here undertaken with a certain nervousness. Quite independent of Myron Herrick, Nelson Cromwell and Colonel Bunau-Varilla, a quantity of political business men in New York and Chicago moved in favor of the Panama Canal because—try not to think this strange—they believed it would be a good thing for the United States to build and to control a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. They were not only independent of the French Panama company but they were independent of each other. A few of them, such as John McCall of the New York Life Insurance Company, George Perkins and Thomas Fortune Ryan, directly approached Mr. Hanna. Others approached Mr. Roosevelt. The feasibility of this canal and its advantages over a canal through Nicaragua were discussed at luncheon and dinner by men whose pockets would not swell by a dime's width if the canal was built. It interested them; they liked to talk about it. John McCook drew Edward Harriman into a chat on the subject, in 1901, and found that the dark collector of Western railroads was not at all averse to a Panama canal. Far from damaging his California properties, he said, a canal would help them. "People would get so sick of looking at water on the way out," he explained, "that they'd come home by rail." To this selected audience, then, it was exciting to hear privately, in March of 1902, that Mr. Hanna might oppose the measure languidly debated in Congress, empowering the President to arrange the construction of a canal by way of Nicaragua. But when Mr. Hanna appeared in the Senate on the fifth of June and spoke for Panama, his act bewildered half of the journalists and most of his friends.

He came into the Senate, followed by his secretary, whose hands were full of pamphlets, and commenced his conversational support of Senator Spooner's amendment of the Hepburn bill before a scanty gallery. Ten minutes passed; telephones had jingled and people hurried to the Capitol. Soon the rules were broken. Ladies and diplomats, reporters, agents of the powers, all jammed the gallery's aisles. This plain old person in a dull gray suit was doing something and a great drama heaped itself in the warm chamber while he drawled along, explaining this investment to the Senate without an eloquent phrase. He talked, glancing at two shreds of note paper scrawled with figures, as if some client had asked his advice about a sale of bonds. It seems the driest speech, and yet it thrilled. Up among the witnesses the Russian envoy began to murmur, "*Mais il est formidable!*" and this, they say, is true. Mark Hanna was formidable: He stood talking about costs and labor and convenience, the foreman of an age. Machinery spoke; the blue prints of engineers and the coal in bunkers found a voice here. A monstrous, docile power made itself heard. This was a job that the nation could take on, if it wanted to do it. This was work. He stood drawling and another mood overcame many people hearing him. He had spoken for an hour. It was seen that his ailing legs were stiffened under him and his face grew yellow, damp with effort. A woman gulped, so that senators heard her, "Oh, do make him sit down!" and Senator Frye twitched in his chair. But he talked on. His report was not yielded; he would be heard through. His knees sagged at the last, and when he dropped into his chair a gasp of true relief whirled through the Senate before the applause began.

Gossip and rancor exploded in the hotels that night. This had to be explained away by Mark Hanna's enemies. They must find a dirty trick in it somewhere and, literally, by midnight, men were assuring one another that Mr. Hanna was wrecking any hope of a canal by causing a deadlock between the Senate and the House. He was doing this, of course, on behalf of the railroads. If that story was not suitable, another served: He had been bribed by the attorney of the French Panama company to cause the United States to buy its worthless properties. In fact, everybody had been bribed, it was discovered, that week. The President, the Secretary of State, the Cabinet, Mr. Hanna, Mr. Spooner, the President's eldest daughter and Gen. Leonard Wood were sharing sums of thirty and forty million among them. "It is the most expensive lying since the Civil War," said Mr. Hay. "But where is the money supposed to be coming from?"

Meanwhile, at the Arlington, Mr. Hanna was tirelessly receiving callers. His control of his project was not complete. He could count certainly on the strong and utter opposition of Thomas Platt and Matthew Quay in his own party, and the perpetual protector of the Nicaraguan scheme was the agreeable Senator Morgan of Alabama, one of the most popular Democrats. As he had startled the public on June fifth, he now stunned experts by his private management of the affair. Congressmen and their friends were summoned to his rooms. The lobby took its orders. He promised nothing. No favors were to be doled out in exchange for obedience. "He has his campaign face on," said Senator Frye. On June thirteenth, a Western journalist canvassed the House of Representatives and knew in advance that Nicaragua was done for. Mr. Hanna had won; it would be a Panama canal.

But he was paying for his conquest. Mrs. Hanna fretted and one of her friends found her quietly weeping on the afternoon of June fourteenth. He was killing himself, she said. He just would not realize that he was an old man now, and nobody could make him behave, not even Ruth. And the strain was extraordinary. He himself tried to slacken it, dashing along the Potomac in a fast launch one night, and stamping into John Hay's library one Sunday morning, saying that he was two-thirds crazy, he was so tired. Mr. Hay was entertaining Daniel Hoyt Marvin with some literary gossip and Mr. Hanna listened to the talk awhile. It gave him something to think of and recalled something that he had meant to investigate.

"What about this poet Walt Whitman?"

"He's still dead," said Mr. Hay.

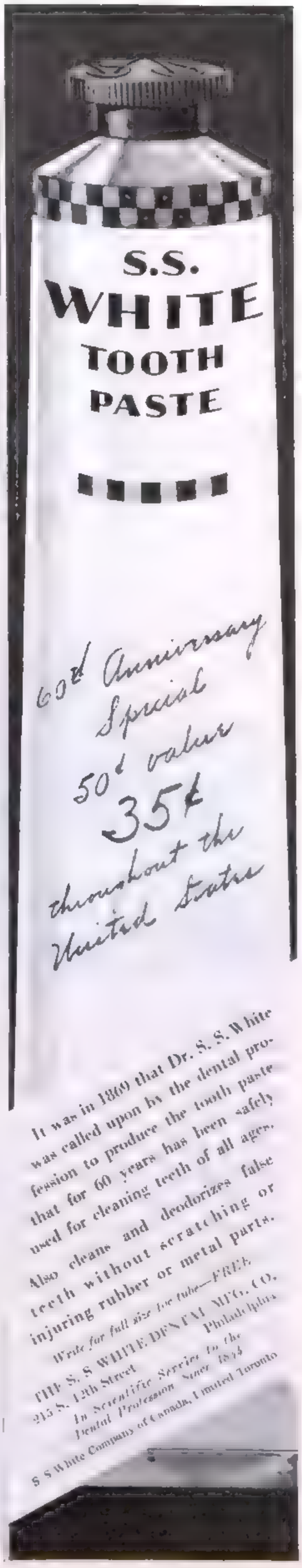
Mr. Hanna knew that. But someone had told him that a Postmaster General once fired Walt Whitman for writing a book. Mr. Hay handed him Leaves of Grass and the senator examined it for half an hour silently, as if it were a report of bankruptcy proceedings. He put it aside with a snort.

"The Postmaster General must have been a fool," he said.

He rode back with Mr. Marvin to the Arlington and took this stranger into his confidence on the subject of automobiles. His wife was the only person in the family who believed that automobiles would ever amount to a thing. His brothers and his son were skeptical. But he saw the automobile revolutionizing commerce. "It was just like reading," says Mr. Marvin, "one of those articles you see twenty times a year about what the automobile has done, but with everything put in the future tense. His only error was that he counted on a long war between the steam motor and the gasoline motor. He said that someone would put a motor on the market at prices suitable to small farmers and change the whole nature of life in the country. I did not believe a word of it, of course. This was my only encounter with Mr. Hanna, and I thought he was going into softening of the brain."

On June nineteenth he had his triumph. The Senate voted. Mr. Hanna stood in the Marble Room with Senator Spooner and received compliments. Reporters and diplomats pressed on him. He grinned with a particular sweetness when Thomas Platt came up to make a chilly speech, for he knew that Mr. Platt and Mr. Quay had been deviling the President behind his back. They had wearied Mr. Roosevelt until he arranged one of his amiable duplicities: Colonel Montgomery was summoned from the telegraph room and stayed beside the desk while the President importantly scribbled nonsense on a dozen blanks, the names of his children or sentences from the headlines of a newspaper. The bosses tired of his polite inattention finally, and left. Mr. Roosevelt lay back in his chair and asked with violence, "Montgomery, does the spectacle of human imbecility ever alarm you?"

This was known to Mr. Hanna, and his grin must have burned Thomas Platt. But he triumphed affably. He said to some Democratic senator, "I'm sorry you wouldn't vote with us. You'll find that we've sold the boys the best horse." It was a business man's victory; he had sold the nation the better of two propositions. It was victory on his own terms, a solid argument of costs and convenience against oratory and scandalous hints. "We've saved the Treasury about seventy millions," he said, limping down the room on Mr. Spooner's arm; "so let the dogs howl!"


S.S.
WHITE
TOOTH
PASTE
60th Anniversary
Special
50¢ value
35¢
throughout the
United States
It was in 1869 that Dr. S. S. White was called upon by the dental profession to produce the tooth paste that for 60 years has been safely used for cleaning teeth of all ages. Also cleans and deodorizes false teeth without scratching or injuring rubber or metal parts.
Write for full size tube—FREE.
THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MFG. CO.
211 S. 12th Street Philadelphia
In Scientific Service to the Dental Profession Since 1844
S S White Company of Canada, Limited Toronto

The dogs howled, and are howling yet in cheap biographies and histories. Mr. Hanna's act is allowed to drop from its place in a slobber of conjectures as to his motives. In America we seem on the way to reverse Goethe's fine saying, "The doer is conscienceless; conscience is reserved to the spectator." Through the whole month of June, in 1902, the spectators linked Mr. Hanna and the President in a flurry of accusations. Gentlemen of the press and the bars could assure you that Mr. Roosevelt had enormous holdings of land in the Southwest; hence the Newlands Act. Or if he had not dry acres himself, his friends had them. And Mr. Hanna, you may be sure, was putting millions in his pocket by this trick of Panama. The dogs howled. But the hills were cleft and the oceans joined. The ships sailed through this ditch of Panama, guarded by young Americans in badly fitted uniforms. The high dams spill their harvested flood on those plains for a harvest's good, where, when I was born, a horned skull might glitter on unmeasured dust as the train jarred past a ruinous house and an orchard murdered by the sun. These are facts, but they were once dreams that annoyed the skeptical. There could be no canal, it was innumerably proved in drawing-rooms and across dinner tables, and watering the desert was a child's notion. But the big ditch and the little rills under panoplied trees are facts, and commonplace today. So let the dogs howl.

Anecdotes thickened on the senator. Hanna had somehow become a national possession, even though reforming writers continued to rake him with the rest of the muck. He was more than ever the fetish of the nation's luck, and his secretary chuckled over letters from ranches and obscure houses in the West requesting the Red Boss of 1896 to get a pension bill passed or to suggest proper books for growing boys. It was to one of these homes that Mr. Hanna wrote, saying that he had always admired Humboldt's Cosmos when he was young. "You probably know this was a favorite essay with Mr. Lincoln. I do not mean," he admitted, "that Mr. Lincoln and I grew up just the same way." But legend will have it that Mr. Hanna did not know the meaning of the word "cosmos," and legend wins in these cases. You can recite that "The public be damned!" was a rebuke to an impertinent reporter and not an arrogant summary of a millionaire's creed, but the legend will overthrow the fact. Grover Cleveland attempted to restore the queen of the Sandwich Islands because his wife was enchanted by a romantic princess of Hawaii and not because he detested the imperialist movement; the first John Pierpont Morgan swore for a whole day on receiving the telegram announcing Mr. McKinley's death at Buffalo, and bit several reporters, although Mr. Morgan was sound asleep out in the country when the President's death was known and saw no reporters, because they could not find him; Theodore Roosevelt hid behind a tree at the battle of San Juan, if you do not like Mr. Roosevelt's memory, and survivors of the Titanic's sinking saw John Jacob Astor tearing life preservers from children's backs, since a person of such wealth ought to be a poltroon. Mr. Hanna, then, will survive in history as an ignoramus, a consummate manager of men, but somehow tactless, coarse and without intellect. Oh, come!

Like a good many plain people, Mr. Hanna had a habit of saying what seemed ridiculous things to persons of a merely fashionable information and intelligence. He caused giggles, in 1902, at a dinner of Senator Spooner's by glancing at an ideal restoration of the Roman Forum passed among the guests and saying that it looked like a second-rate World's Fair. His judgment is repeated in the prose of our period's foremost historical analyst. It is also true that he thought the Library of Congress like a German wedding cake. Mr. Elihu Root alone survives of the men at John Hay's table when the senator observed that the invention of double-entry bookkeeping was a great intellectual achievement. Mr. Root left with the senator and did not hear the cackling of the polite.

But Henry Adams roused far enough from his private life to say, "Goethe thought it was too," and the remark stayed with a lady.

Many of his remarks stayed with ladies. He had never been afraid of women and would even amiably scold one if he liked her. The daughter of a friend came gleaming back from Paris with ten trunks in the spring of 1903, and Mrs. Hanna took the girl, in one of her newest frocks, to a dance at the Navy Yard. It was a grand occasion. The Roosevelts appeared and ladies purred over the girl's gown and many partners said something pretty. Her exhilaration lasted until the senator thought it was time to go and she asked him, as he led her from the room, who was the best-dressed woman at the party. His head jerked sideways toward a simple black robe in a knot of gold and blue uniforms. The girl saw nothing astonishing about Mrs. Roosevelt's dress. It was just a nice frock.

"That's all," said the senator, "that a lady has to have, sis."

A lady was a lady to the political pragmatist, and the minister without a portfolio was sedulous for the dignity of the lady of the White House. The harmless and distracted son of an Army officer was bouncing a tennis ball in the gutter of Dupont Circle one day in April, 1903, and the toy hopped into a victoria passing him. Master Quentin Roosevelt tossed the ball back, and its scared owner watched the carriage pass away, wondering if this would cost his father a promotion, although Mrs. Roosevelt had smiled. A cane launched itself at the small of his back, and Mr. Hanna furiously grunted, "You! You ought to take your hat off when any woman speaks to you. When Mrs. Roosevelt speaks to you, keep it off a week!"

He was old. People saw it, or did not see it, because his vivacity continued and his pace down to his chair in the Senate was stiffly competent. Seen from the gallery, Mr. Hanna was not unlike a finely adjusted toy in motion. But he was old. He talked, sometimes a little wonderingly, about other people's memories. His own was unimpaired. It puzzled him that Melville and Leonard should forget things that had strikingly happened when they were kids. His father had fainted on election day in 1860. The whole family was at home, and how frightened they had all been. But his brothers had forgotten that! It disturbed him, at breakfast in the Arlington, with men lining the table who had come to try to head him openly against the President. He talked of nothing else through the meal except memory. Fight Mr. Roosevelt for the nomination in 1904? Rubbish! He wanted to talk of his past.

In New York he was talked of with a sort of grim exasperation, for he had become inexplicable and odious to many financiers. What did the old devil mean by backing the commercial treaties with Cuba and what did he mean by not fighting Mr. Roosevelt from the floor of the Senate against all these damned reforms? Such simple explanations as that Mr. Hanna believed in reciprocity with Cuba and that he felt some reforms to be inevitable could not be swallowed. The men of intrigue and the journalists hunted some more complex and deep plan in his mind. Did he want to be Secretary of State—Mr. Hay's ill-health was known—in a second Roosevelt Administration? What was he doing? Or, why wouldn't he do something? The "conspiracy of business men to defeat Roosevelt in 1904" was boiling along, and Mr. Roosevelt was informed of its existence probably five or six times a week. He was certainly twice informed that Western and Southern Republicans were urging Mr. Hanna to make himself President.

Mr. Hanna loomed in the spring of 1903, and in a fresh burst of power. Mr. Quay observed it with humor, walking up Pennsylvania Avenue with a lady. A monstrous wagon filled with envelopes went past the couple, and the lady wondered what it could be.

"It's just Hanna's mail going up to the Capitol," said Mr. Quay.

The overlord of Pennsylvania knew precisely what the real situation was. There need be no trouble between Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt, if their two packs of satellites would let them alone, but the dear boys, he told Mrs. Warner, meant to make a fight. As Hermann Kohlsaat had already done, he advised the President that the train of little politicians and regional big wigs who lunched at the White House would jump with the cat. They lunched at the Executive Mansion and then hunted an invitation to breakfast at the Arlington.

"We have two Executive Mansions," he said, "and Mr. Roosevelt's friends don't like that."

Certainly, numbers of financiers were trying to move Mr. Hanna against the White House, but just as certainly, Mr. Roosevelt's admirers were injudiciously busy against the Arlington. This injudiciousness, in April of 1903, took the form of announcing that there would soon be a new leader of the Republican Party. Announcements blew into New York on every train from Washington and prudent magnates now sent gently conciliatory messengers down to call on Senator Foraker.

Senator Foraker was, as he said, in a tight box. He finally pried off its lid and escaped by doing what he was urged to do. He allowed it to be known he was in favor of having the Ohio State Republican convention indorse Mr. Roosevelt's presidency and thus pledge the body to the President's support in 1904. This was what was wanted by the "lice in the White House doormat." Mr. Hanna had only one retort possible now, and he made that retort by telegraphing to Mr. Roosevelt in Seattle that he had been obliged to oppose this project. "When you know all the facts," he ended, "I am sure that you will approve my course."

Mr. Roosevelt did not wait for any further knowledge of the facts. He answered with consummate adroitness that he had nothing to do with raising this issue, but that now it was raised, those who approved his Administration and nomination "will favor indorsing both, and those who do not, will oppose." The matter was now taken publicly out of Mr. Foraker's hands. Mr. Hanna could do nothing but withdraw his opposition. Mr. Roosevelt did not want to know the facts, it appeared, and this maneuver, we are told by gentlemen in a condition of reminiscence, ended the "business men's conspiracy"; Mr. Hanna was done for. Mr. Roosevelt soothed the poor old fellow by a pleasant letter and thereafter flattered him by arriving at his daughter's wedding in June.

Senator Foraker knew better. "This whole business," he said in early June, "has been intensely disagreeable to me, for a number of reasons." His reasons he kept to himself, but rasped out that Mr. Roosevelt had not asked him to do anything. He stood on the stairs of his lovely house in Washington and slapped the hand rail, staring at a big mosaic of Guido Reni's Aurora on the wall of the upper hallway. His callers watched him scowling until his small son decided to slide down the rail and gracelessly ended a serious conversation by bumping into the stately legislator. The ambassadors had merely discovered that Mr. Foraker did not like the results. As usual, they had seen Mr. Foraker in the yellow hallway of his house; one never got upstairs in this man's life. He received embassies on the doormat, and what went on in his deeper brain was never fully known. This embassy had failed. He would not be reconciled with Marcus Hanna, and that was all. He led his child upstairs. The agents of the most powerful banker in New York and the greatest life-insurance company walked out of the tall house and reported that nothing could be done.

Meanwhile it was raining in Cleveland daily. There were bets. The Hanna luck was to break; rain would fall on Ruth Hanna's wedding day. Magnates swarmed into the city under umbrellas, and ladies decided to wear a second-best frock tomorrow, because it was improbable that Mr. Roosevelt would come. Then the sun rose decorously and the rain ceased. The President's teeth shimmered on the veranda of the big mansion facing the lake, and he said "Damn!" vigorously, catching his sleeve on the twisted ornamentation of a newel post in the hall. Charles Foster lifted a glass of champagne to his mouth, under the tent on the lawn, and whispered, "To the next President—whichever one it is." Mr. Hanna bowed his distinguished guest out of Cleveland, and the game continued. The conspiracy of business against Mr. Roosevelt, having been made aware of its own existence by the newspapers, now really went to work on Marcus Hanna. From June, until it was known that he was dying in February of 1904, he had no peace.

"Conspiracy," he said at the Arlington in October, "is the right word for it! They want to kill me!"

He was returning to Cleveland that night, for his campaign was booming and he must be there to enjoy it. He limped downstairs with my father and came into the vestibule. The funeral of some forgotten bore was passing the hotel—some personality that now has no name.

"Drive him fast to his tomb," said Mr. Beer.

"That from Shakspere, Beer?"

It was from A Tale of Two Cities. Mr. Hanna nodded and repeated the words. Yes, A Tale of Two Cities. He had not thought of the book in a thousand years. He stared after the funeral.

"'Drive him fast to his tomb.' That's where a lot of 'em want to see me!"

He was probably right. His maintained power had grown irksome to men of finance and politics. Weak creatures resent continuous success, and he had plangently succeeded for so long, and was succeeding still. His victory in November of 1903 was sharp, and telegrams from thousands demanded that he make himself President. It amused him and seemed to puzzle him. He could understand the bully boys in New York thinking they wanted to get rid of Roosevelt, but these people out West and down South were after him. But be President? No! Meanwhile it all amused him—the procession of messengers and lickspittle orators, and the embassies of Mr. Roosevelt's worried friends. He got tired, he grunted, of going to the White House and being sworn in. His tonsils were calloused with telling people he was too old, too fat, to be President. Say, though, some of these gentlemen had corns on their tongues from lying to Roosevelt about him! His eyes snapped. He marched into the Senate and grinned at the funny world. He was committing his last offense against the proprieties of romantic politics: He disdained solemnity.

His wife did not smile. The poor, loyal woman passed through the great receptions of that autumn in Washington or drove with her companion to fetch the senator back from the Capitol, and wished herself in Cleveland. Her long training made her tactfully mute when she was attacked by questioners. No, Mr. Hanna was not thinking of the presidency. He had said so. It was absurd for people to talk this way, and so humiliating for Mr. Roosevelt! After Christmas she made one outcry, talking on the veranda beside the lake. It was fiercely cold, with a wind hurling flakes at her furs. Oh, if she could only stay here! She would rather freeze in Cleveland than be prominent in Washington. All these awful people were trying to kill him! And there would be a campaign this summer! But she went back to Washington and appeared at receptions, placidly correct. She was not well and the senator was ill, people heard, but they went out together in the last week of January and the talk swelled as the old man passed through the hotels.

Mr. Lytton Strachey, cleverest of biographers, patented a charming device at the

(Continued on Page 75)

Bruck Weiss-New York

Paris sets the STYLE
Grand Rapids sets the STAGE

A new style is created in Paris. . . .

It is flashed across the Atlantic. New York broadcasts it throughout the country. . . .

Shortly it is displayed in thousands of cities and towns from coast to coast.

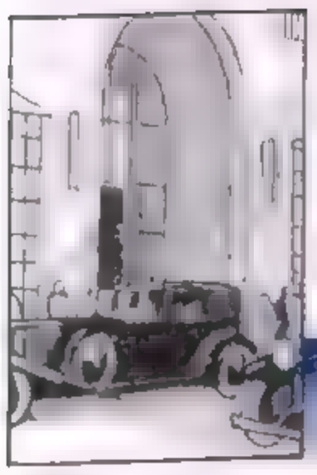
Merchandise has become *nationalized* and *standardized*. Everywhere stores compete against each other with merchandise practically the same in ideas, designs, fabrics, colors, values. What, then, is the reason why some stores are so much more successful than others?

Highly successful stores that have sought counsel of the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation will tell you that their increased volume is *a direct result of modern store planning and equipment.*

Today women—and men, too—much prefer to shop in stores as modern as the styles they seek. They favor stores that are inviting, perhaps a little exclusive—stores that breathe an atmosphere of quality and furnish a fitting background for the parade of fashion.

In creating the smart shop or style salon—either in the moderne manner or popular period design—Grand Rapids store planning engineers unite *sound practicability with striking originality and charming individuality.*

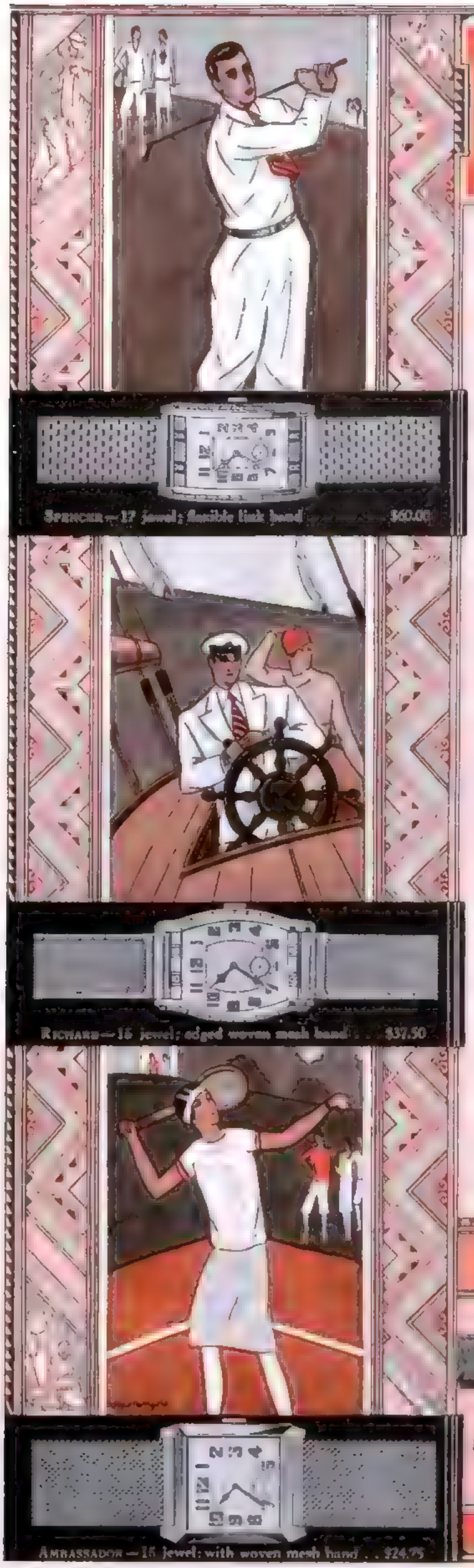
So comprehensive, so complete is Grand Rapids' service that the same wealth of experience, the same manufacturing resources extended to the finest and most exclusive stores are available to *any merchant of any size, anywhere.* A new edition of "The New Way Method in Merchandising" has just been published. Send for a copy.



GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Factories: Grand Rapids, Portland, Ore., Baltimore, New York City. Representatives everywhere. *Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment for department stores, ready-to-wear and specialty shops, haberdashery and men's clothing stores, drug, jewelry, shoe stores, etc.*

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT



SPENCER—17 jewel; flexible link band . . . $60.00

RICHARD—16 jewel; edged woven mesh band . . . $37.50

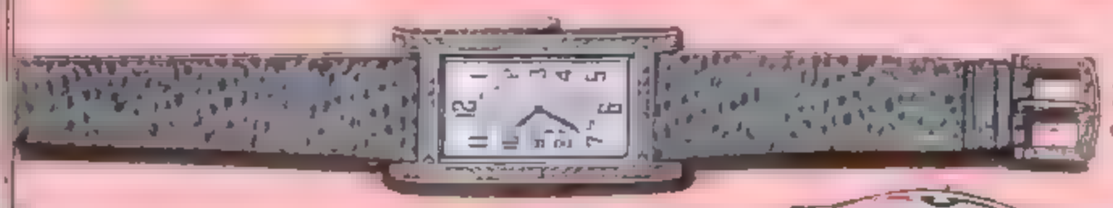
AMBASSADOR—16 jewel; with woven mesh band . . $24.75

BULOVA

—Presenting the LONE EAGLE

THE LONE EAGLE is rich in beauty, masculine in sturdiness. The hand carved case, curved to fit the wrist, is enhanced by a handsome flexible band designed to match. 15 jewel Bulova Movement. The Lone Eagle, in its beautiful presentation box . . $37.50.

LADIES' SPORTS WATCHES



DEBUTANTE—15 jewel; exquisitely engraved . $24.75

LADY LINDY—15 jewel; inlaid with colored enamel. $37.50

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS..EVERYWHERE

845

WATCHES

IF YOU APPRECIATE BEAUTIFUL THINGS
BE SURE TO SEE THIS ALL-EMBRACING
PRESENTATION AT YOUR JEWELERS

FOR the man there are slim, trim, handsomely engraved models, some inlaid with enamel, many enhanced by flexible bands designed to match—all as modern as the day. There is, too, the Bulova Lone Eagle in its presentation box. Never has a man's watch met with more universal acceptance, never has more masculine beauty, more dependable performance been offered in a watch!

. . . As complete as the showing for men is the presentation for women. There are sports models with exquisitely engraved cases—many of them inlaid with gaily colored enamel—all adorned by contrasting leather straps. There are, too, many styles with handsome flexible bracelets, designed to complete the ensemble.

. . . Never has beauty attained such heights in Bulova Watches—nor has the selection been so extensive! And it is well to remember that Bulova Watches vary in price *only* as they vary in design. Priced from $25 to $2500, each is a dependable timepiece.

* * *

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, Fifth Avenue, New York • *Makers of Fine Watches*
In Canada: BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto

* * *

LISTEN IN NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA RADIO TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS

WARWICK—15 jewel; edged woven mesh band . . . $50.00
DOUGLAS—15 jewel; edged woven mesh band . . . $37.50
BANKER—15 jewel; with woven mesh band $24.75

LADIES' SPORTS WATCHES

WIMBLEDON—15 jewel; exquisitely engraved . $37.50

MISS AMERICA—15 jewel; inlaid with colored enamel. $37.50

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS . . EVERYWHERE

Primitive logging methods.

Where POWER MEANS PROFIT

What a contrast in methods—the logger with his plodding oxen dragging with painful slowness a single stick to the mill! Then the horse-drawn high wheels with their larger load; and finally the modern "Caterpillar" track-type tractor moving tons of timber—swiftly, shuttling in and out so nimbly that tender second growth is left unharmed. The logger, like the farmer, the road builder and the contractor, has found that the modern power of the "Caterpillar" Tractor saves men, money and minutes. Wherever there is a load to pull, wherever going is hard, on soft ground or steep grade, wherever power means profit, put a "Caterpillar" to work.

Prices f.o.b. Peoria, Illinois

TEN	$1125	TWENTY	$1975
FIFTEEN	$1500	THIRTY	$2475
SIXTY	$4300		

Caterpillar Tractor Co.

Executive Offices:
SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA

Sales Offices:
Peoria, Illinois · 50 Church St., New York · San Leandro, Calif.
Holt Combined Harvesters · Russell Road Machinery
"Caterpillar" Tractors

U. S. Forest Service Photo

Logging with horse-drawn high wheels.

(Continued from Page 70)

end of Queen Victoria by fancying thoughts that stirred in the mind of the dying empress, her life reversing until she came finally to the trees and grass of her babyhood at Kensington. Mr. Strachey did this much too well. Since his amusing book came out a dozen celebrities have died in print to the same measured music or have passed an ultimate paragraph reviewing their own times. Henry James, Nathaniel Hawthorne, François Villon and many more have been displayed by Mr. Strachey's patent, and Marcus Hanna's dying meditations may tempt someone to set the needle on the plate of his memories. But he had one moment of honest and delightful youth returned to him as he lurched into his rooms at the Arlington on the last night of January. There was a big dinner coming and he must dress. It was not known yet that typhoid fever colored his face. The slim, white-haired lady seated beside his wife stared at him, entering, and thought he must be ill, from that flush and the blaze of his eyes.

"Mrs. Balch is afraid you won't remember her, Mark."

He did not remember her. He stood looking at her, and his eyes, as in 1865, seemed to go through her. She stammered that he had known her when she was a child, and walked toward this old man in a yellow, splotched mask of sickness whose slender fingers thickened at the rheumatic joints. As she came he altered. The appalling memory caught at her eyes or her voice, and he shouted "Sawdust!"

He seemed to grow tall and to glow. He was her Mr. Mark again who had killed the awful rat on the wharf with his walking stick and given her hearts of maple sugar from the tin box on his desk. He babbled at her, question upon question. How was—what was her brother's name?—Orion? And did she live in California? Oh, and she should see the rat the Roosevelt kids had at the White House! It would scare her stiff! She was crying. He held her hands and his fingers burned her. A sense of death kept Juliet Araminta dumb. She tried to talk.

"And you've got your canal now," she said

"Was I gassin' about canals back then? Honest? You remember that? How long ago it is!" he panted.

Men poured in—gentlemen dressed to dine. The child who had loved him, and loved him now again, looked at them with hate and heard their suave voices urging Uncle Mark to dress at once. He was swept away and in half an hour the senator tottered into his chair at the gay dinner of the journalists. She must leave for New York on the midnight train. A nephew was ill at West Point. But she had promised to come back. On the ninth of February she read in a newspaper that Senator Hanna's illness had proved serious. The great Doctor Osler was in consultation and the family had been summoned. Next morning she was in Washington, one of the helpless people who drifted to stare at the unresponding face of the Arlington.

Hotels jammed suddenly, and on Friday night the yellow hall of Senator Foraker's house was pungent with cigars. He stood coldly listening to the cool flatteries of the powerful men, and coldly answering. The pastime must go on. These lofty children played with their power because they had grown used to the game, and it was dear. Some of them afterward came to think that Mark Hanna had been more conscionable than they, for he had played with a notion of advancing industry, of capital and labor blended as one smooth, assembled machine, and they played for the barren sake of egoism, to be known as strong men in the nation.

Just then they must find a fresh alliance and they had come to make peace with Hanna's enemy, for the news was bad at the Arlington. A courtly chatter ran in the group, an insolent palaver about nothings. They had been brought to call on the senator—that was all. And it was to be all. They were told so, as they stood there.

A fair little boy strolled down the stairs and considered these men with a child's impeccable contempt. It was time for dinner and the phonograph was broken. He was bored by this gathering. He yawned at them and leaned on the rail, waiting for them to have the sense to go.

"Well, Arthur, we're going to make your dad leader of the party."

"Mr. Roosevelt says there aren't going to be any more leaders when Mr. Hanna dies," said the child.

But in the city people stopped one another to ask what the news was at the Arlington. He had grown familiar and it was known that he was kind, the best of fathers and the best of friends. A blankness hung in Washington as Sunday passed. He was fighting. There might be a chance. Pages from hotels and messengers on bicycles threshed before the Arlington at night, waiting. Reporters stamped cold feet and whispered to one another that the big young marine over there was an outpost of the White House, stolidly attending the death of Marcus Hanna. He stayed until midnight and then tramped out of sight.

Monday was gray. The Senate idled. Lads ran in to mutter in some ear that it had not come yet. Senators walked out in the midst of speeches and telephoned to the hotel. Dinners and a ball were canceled before dusk, and at six o'clock the watchers swelled before the Arlington. The big marine stood with his hands in his pockets, close to Juliet Balch, and must have seen that she was pale and crying.

"Know him?"

"Yes. Are you a messenger from the White House?"

"No," he said. "Mamma wired me to be here. He was good to my folks out home."

Minutes marched. A new lad would come from some office on his clicking bicycle and a new cigar would glow among the reporters. Everything waited for the news. Carriages stopped and drivers bent down to ask if it was done. To this last he commanded a world's attention. People must wait and wait. It was half-past six. It was twenty minutes to seven. A figure came through the brilliant doors and raised a hand; the young marine took off his cap and turned away. These living bodies separated and disappeared into the night.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Beer

Getting On in the World

Intelligence, Interest and Energy

Dear Sir: If you think you can work for $4.00 per week until May 1, 1887, and then subject to an increase according to ability, you can come to work Monday morning. If not, please drop us a postal card, and oblige,

Very truly yours
—— & COMPANY

THE letter, framed behind glass and yellowed a little with age, hangs on the wall of the office of Herbert L. Tinkham, president of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company, in Montello, a suburb of Brockton, Massachusetts.

"Did you accept?" I asked him.

"I did," he said. "I was on the job Monday morning. That was in February of 1887. I was the office boy. My first raise was to seven a week. Then one day on the street I encountered a man from another concern. He asked me what I was getting, and when I told him he said, 'We'll give you ten a week if you'll come to us.' I changed jobs—came to this concern. And I've been here ever since."

In all his life, then, the president of the Douglas Company has been on just two pay rolls. But his career, from his boyhood on a farm near Middleboro, in the Cape Cod country, has been rich in experience. He knows little business and he knows big business, and he knows both kinds from the bottom to the top.

"With your life as a background, but speaking as the president of an enterprise of national scope," I requested of him, "please tell me what you think of the young man of today. What, if any, are his shortcomings? What are the qualities that you'd like to find in the young men your concern employs?"

"It's difficult," he said, "to find young men who will see the business, and work for it, as if it were their own.

"In the mind of the young man mapping out a career for himself, there seems to be something of a prejudice against big business. He seems to fear that if he enters a big organization he'll be lost in the throng. Perhaps he thinks he'd be better off to start in a small concern, and, maybe, work his way into the ownership. And many a young man has done just that.

"On the other hand, the big business enterprise has been, and is, an excellent training school for hundreds of thousands. For the young man who will keep his eyes and his ears open, it provides an opportunity to learn business broadly; for it brings him into contact with business from many sides. Yet the unfortunate fact is that same opportunity is something that many a young man on the pay roll of a big concern grandly neglects.

"If I were to rank the qualities that make a man a valuable employe and qualify him for advancement, I'd be inclined to give a high place to determination to learn. Very often the most determined man, the man most eager to learn, is the man higher up, and the fellow who is satisfied with what he knows is the man close to the bottom.

"Speaking generally, the men who rise to high positions are the ones who study. They study the enterprise in which they are employed—its plans, its methods, its policies. They study the industry as a whole—its market and the trends of demand in that market. And they study, too, the jobs of the men above them.

"It happens that I came through the school of experience. When I took my first job I was handicapped, as I well know now, by the lack of university training. I never had been taught, thoroughly, how to learn. But through the years, observation has convinced me that that same school of experience isn't so much of a hit-or-miss sort of training ground as it is supposed to be. True, at times the man who goes through it must grope blindly, for there's no pedagogue at his elbow to guide his search. But if he is to win through, he must study just as hard as if he were a student in a university. Indeed, handicapped as he is, he must study harder.

"He must learn, first of all, the mechanics of business method. Business needs system. But—and this is important—the young man must remember that system isn't an end, but only a means to an end.

"Many a man buries himself in routine. He prides himself on his detailed knowledge of the mechanics of a specific job, or of a specific division or department. Before he knows it he has slipped into a rut. He begins to find his work monotonous. He rankles with chagrin when another man—who, in his private estimation, doesn't know a thing about the business—is promoted over his head.

"Loaded as is his brain with detail, he doesn't realize how little he knows about

Ask the Man Higher Up

Fast work—quick work—depends upon good tools. Mechanics who value their time—mechanics who take pride in a good job—all use Klein Pliers

HIGH OVERHEAD—only a strap of leather between life and possible injury—the man on the pole works with confidence because he knows his equipment is Kleins. Public Utilities throughout the country recognize the importance of safety in linemen's work—that's why they standardize on Kleins—on the dangerous job safety first means Kleins first—"since 1857."

Distributed through jobbers

Four pamphlets of interest to you if you are a lineman or responsible for the safety of linemen. Check the ones you want.

☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
☐ Pocket Tool Guide

Mathias KLEIN & Sons
Established 1857 Chicago, U.S.A.
3200 BELMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO

Van Todd
Smart
VAN TODD—the newest VAN HEUSEN—is the decreed style for Spring and Summer.
It is smart. It is modern.
Well-dressed men are wearing it because it combines individuality, comfort and long wear.
It imparts the touch of unstarched, unforced formality that marks the apparel of men who originate the fashions of the world.
Get acquainted with VAN TODD. You'll turn it into a close friendship—for life.
35c each 3 for $1
THE NEW COLLAR FOR 1929
VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
THE WORLD'S SMARTEST COLLAR
PHILLIPS-JONES • N.Y.

the business as a whole. If he'd learn its principles, if he'd raise his eyes occasionally, if he'd spark up his imagination a little, he'd scarcely find monotony in any job whatever—and the management would find it difficult to jump men over him. Even a shipping clerk, if he is the type of man who isn't going to be a shipping clerk very long, can get something of a thrill out of stenciling packing cases that are going to Cape Town and Sydney and Singapore.

"Executives everywhere are on the hunt for men who can use their brains. Let's consider a typical situation. Frequently it happens that the boss, maybe the president himself, wants some information, some detailed data, about some function or operation or condition within the business. Often the information must come from someone pretty far down in the scale, some minor subordinate. But upon what the data reveal will depend perhaps some important decision. Fairly often this is what happens:

"The report comes in. The man who is to make the decision glances over it. And then he says, 'Here, hold on! This can't be right. If that statement is true, then this one cannot be.' Does the boss feel pleased? He does not!

"Or we'll say that the management sends a man out on some important mission—perhaps to conduct some sort of survey or to try to close a sale. The man comes back, but his results have been—well, not so good. The management questions him in detail; and in detail he explains. 'But,' the management asks him, 'why didn't you find out this?' or 'Why didn't you tell 'em that?' And the young man answers, 'I never thought of it.'

"That's when the boss sighs and wonders—if he's inclined to be pessimistic—whether, aside from himself, there are, anywhere in the world, men who really think for themselves.

"In a manufacturing concern there are two routes to the top. One is the overall route, through the factory. The other is the white-collar route, through the office. A bright young man can climb by either route. If he dons the overalls he'll learn how the product is made; and he can emerge eventually as, say the highly paid chief of production, or, as sometimes happens, as a high-priced salesman of his company's goods. And thence he may go higher. If he takes the white-collar route, he may rise to the general managership. And thence, he, too, may go higher."

Part of the Overhead

"To many a young man the white-collar route seems the easier; and so he takes it and acquires a desk and eventually a little authority and the right to dictate to a stenographer. But meanwhile he's likely to lose sight of the fact that his concern is engaged not in producing words on paper or figures to post in ledgers, but in producing goods to sell to customers. Never must the white-collar young man forget that the management, thinking in the technical terms of accountancy, very likely regards his job as unproductive. Because he produces nothing tangible—nothing that can be packed in a box and sold for money—he's a part of the overhead. If he doesn't watch his step, if he doesn't apply himself diligently, if he doesn't study to the end that he can make himself more capable and more valuable, the management either may let him go or pull the ground out from under him by abolishing his job.

"Then there is the important factor of interest. Someone has said that a man ought to 'work hard, but do his work easily.' Many a man makes hard work of a job that another would find a snap. The reason, I think, is that the toiling one is doing work that he ought not undertake. He is working, very likely, at something for which he is temperamentally unfitted, something that he doesn't like, something in which he finds no interest. What ought he to do? Why, by all means, change jobs!

"Executives everywhere are looking for men whom they can place in important positions of leadership. But to lead others, a man must have energy; for energy in the leader begets energy in his subordinates. Just stop for a minute and analyze the energetic men of your acquaintance—the fellows who sail into their work, accomplish much and enjoy it. What is the source of their energy? Of course they must have health and good humor and a certain buoyancy of spirit. But above all else, they're interested in what they are doing. Their work isn't really work at all. To such men, business truly is a game."

The Thrill of Battle Everywhere

"And although some of us dislike hearing it called that, isn't business, in most respects, a game? Consider the competition, the contest among enterprises within respective lines, and in the modern view of the matter, the perpetual, universal contest among all concerns in all lines. As we realize the situation today, the shoe man, for instance, competes with all other shoe men; and he competes also with the radio man and the automobile man and with everybody else who has something to sell to the public. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker all may belong to the Rotary Club; but in business hours each of them, consciously or unconsciously, is a competitor of both the others.

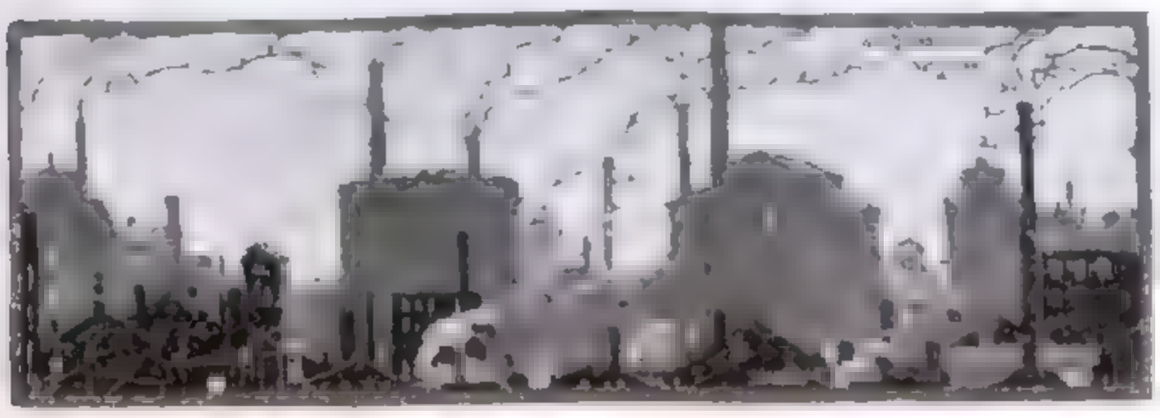
"Let's narrow the view and look at business as the young fellow, the minor subordinate, is likely to see it at first. In his beginning days he sees not what's going on outside, but what's going on inside the business. If he's awake he sees, for instance, the never-ending contest between production and sales. Thanks to the intelligence and the energy and the interest of the advertising and sales departments, sales run ahead. Whereupon production spits on its hands, says 'You can't kid me!' and pitches in to turn out the goods. Or, as occasionally happens, production, plugging away in the factory, runs ahead of sales, and then sales grabs its sample case and hits the road for orders.

"Can you imagine a normal young man's failing to find such a game exciting? At first, in some lowly job, he may have to watch the game from the sidelines. But if he has the stuff in him, if he has intelligence and interest and energy, it will not be long before you'll find him in the thick of the scrap himself.

"There's the eternal contest, too, between rising costs of material and labor on the one hand and economy of operation on the other—the battle between problems and brains, a battle for which the whole range of business, from the boiler room in the power house to the customer's very door, is the battlefield.

"Thrills in business? We find them every day. And we need young men to provide them and share them with us."

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.



Why It Takes a Penetrating Foam to Clean Teeth *Completely*

The difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the unique, active foam released by Colgate's, the instant it is brushed on the teeth.

For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . *it does more!* It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and *washes* them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

The reason why Colgate's acts in this way is because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate's a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser . . . different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which fail to penetrate deep into every tiny crevice.

Colgate's active foam sweeps into every tiny crevice, washing out decaying impurities which ordinary brushing can't reach.

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary sluggish tooth paste bubbles with high surface tension fail to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleaning it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years . . . proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

More economical, too . . . The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter. This is true because Colgate's is the largest seller. Volume production, you know, means economy.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1630, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
In Canada address Colgate, Toronto 8, Ontario. FREE
Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

The finest Radiola ever built *at anywhere near this price*

THE NEW "33" RCA FOR $77.50

RCA RADIOLA 33—Console type of tuned-radio-frequency receiver, for house current operation (A.C.). Cabinet of striking modern design. $77.50 (less Radiotrons)

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100B—With the rich, mellow tone characteristic of the popular "100" type of reproducer. To match Radiola 33. $22

Any RCA Radiola Dealer will gladly demonstrate the new 33 for you in his store or —if you prefer—in your own home. And you may buy it on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

When buying any make of radio receiver, make sure that it is equipped with RCA Radiotrons—the acknowledged standard of vacuum tubes.

Radiola Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

You can now buy a high quality radio broadcast receiver—a genuine "all-electric" console Radiola—the latest design from the laboratories of General Electric, Westinghouse and the Radio-Victor Corporation of America—at a very small outlay.

The new RCA "33" is the finest Radiola ever built at anywhere near this price. It has all the superb qualities of the famous "18," utilizing the same tried and tested chassis, and, in addition, comes to you in complete console form, ready to place in any convenient nook or corner.

Radiolas were first built by the thousands; now they are built by the hundreds of thousands. Cost of manufacture has been greatly reduced at the same time that quality has been improved. A fine Radiola is no longer a luxury.

RADIOLA DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York · Chicago · Atlanta · Dallas · San Francisco

RCA RADIOLA

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

Copyright 1929 Radio-Victor Corporation of America

PEOPLE AGAINST SALADENE

(Continued from Page 37)

"Here, Grandett!" Ross was covering the portière when he heard Grandett coming through the pantry. He heard him stumble heavily.

"'S on the floor! You shot him!"

"Must have," called Ross cheerfully. "Here's another!"

Confident in his muscles, he walked softly to the window and suddenly encircled the portière in his arms. It collapsed absurdly; nothing was in it but wind. "No!"

"You shot him!"

"Glad of it. He tried to kill me. He had a flash light. Got the flash light? Here somewhere. Must be on the floor. Dead, is he? Serves him right. Where's the flash light? Where's the doctor? Why don't he get us some light? Find that flash light, Grandett!"

"Here it is. I got it!"

Ross fingered the flash light and found the button. "We can see. That was a nightmare. Get some fuses somewhere now. So this is the gentleman. So this is ——"

He twitched down to a crouching posture, flooding with light the face of the man on the floor, who had been shot through the body and was dead. "Grandett ——"

"My Lord, Killigrew, it's Doctor Oren."

"Doctor Oren. It's Doctor Oren, Grandett."

The light went out in Ross' unnerved hand; he backed to the table and leaned against it, trying to realize the deplorable thing that had happened. Invisible people were crowding at the doors, rustling, exclaiming.

"Harrigan!"

"Yes, Mr. Hinkle."

"Let's have some light, man. Candles—anything!"

"There are fuses in a drawer, sir, if I might have the flash."

"Where's the flash light was here?"

"Here, somewhere," stammered Ross, groping clumsily on the table.

Someone found the flash light; it went into the pantry, bobbing and waving. The company waited tensely, forbearing to speak, hoping senselessly, as if the miracle of light would dissipate the vision of which they had caught a dreadful glimpse. Harrigan's voice rumbled under their feet; the lights in the foyer and on the outer porch leaped to life. The dozen electric brackets about the paneled walls of the dining room snapped into effulgence.

Little Amby was in the dining room; Grandett in the door to the pantry; behind the book dealer were the servants, craning to see, murmurous with grief in which was a touch of artificiality and reflection, their emotions inhibited by the bar of caste, ranging from the spontaneity of the simple and kindly to the heartless regret of those who looked over and down at their master as they might have looked at a rare bird or beast that they had been hired to attend and with whom their occupation was gone. Bertha entered, afflicted but self-possessed, showing the superiority of the sex that has charge of life and death.

Grandett stooped and picked up the revolver that lay beside the dead man. He looked at the table and down at Ross' hands.

"You fired the shot, Killigrew?" asked Little Amby, interpreting the Boston book dealer's glance. "Where's the pistol?"

"I don't know," said Ross. "I had it."

"You put it on the table behind you?" said Grandett in a hushed but urgent voice.

"Yes, where is it, Killigrew? We want the evidence of how this happened."

"I don't know." Ross forced himself to think. "I put it on the table."

The table was bare. Little Amby cast about for the weapon without avail. "Never mind it now. How did this happen?"

"Someone broke into the house."

"That window? Why, yes, there are his tracks in the snow. But you didn't see him?"

"I saw him. I saw him coming to the house through those evergreens out there."

"Harrigan!"

"Yes, sir." The houseman was standing beside the dead man, his foot almost in contact with Doctor Oren's leg; there was callousness in that. He was a handsome and expressionless man of fifty, slim, erect, alert, impassive; properly lacking in human reactions—deft, wooden faced while the table is in a roar, waiting on his betters as on a set of mechanical dolls, no party to their joys and sorrows, economically selected for his defects—displaying now, when his betters were dismayed and disarrayed, the defect that had been his prime virtue in a decorous, decorative and denatured society.

"Have the doctor taken upstairs, and give someone—Mr. Grandett—the telephone number of the police."

Ross, with nothing stable in his thoughts, bewildered, marveling, stood with his back to the room, staring out at the ghostly spruces. Bertha came to him and stood by him in silence, saying to him at last, "Can you sleep?"

"I saw him coming out there." He disregarded her sympathetic inquiry. "My room is right up there, and I saw him coming among those trees."

"It's only half-past one. You'd better try to sleep. Nobody blames you, you poor kid."

"He fired at me twice. I couldn't help it. I didn't even mean to shoot at him. I had the gun, and bang! . . . Yes, I'll lie down and go to sleep. I'll go right away."

He did not move from the window. He thrust out his arm, striking Bertha roughly. "Look!"

"I notified the police," said Grandett behind them. "Eh? What is it, Killigrew?"

He looked between their heads and saw a shadow drifting rapidly toward the house over the trail in the snow. They hastened to the door and found Little Amby stamping snow from himself on the porch.

He pushed by them and went to the sideboard in the dining room and poured himself a stiff drink of liquor from a decanter.

"One for you, too, Killigrew. We all need one. Catch my death out there."

"You followed the tracks?"

"To the road. You called the police, Grandett?"

"Yes. But what about the tracks?"

"There were the tracks of a car out there."

"It's well you thought of that," said the book dealer with relief. "It might have snowed again, or cars might have passed. You saw the tracks of a car, did you? That's something for the police."

II

THERE was a brief but adequate inquiry in the morning, directed by District Attorney Lassiter, of Fairfield County, abetted by a constable of the town of Greenwich, which included Cocob and the back country.

Grandett, Ross and Little Amby testified, giving the story already related. "It's too bad, Mr. Hinkle," remarked Mr. Lassiter, showing the superior wisdom that was expected of him, "that you didn't think to block off the road and save those tracks. Dozens of cars have passed now."

"It should have been done," admitted Little Amby.

"You were the doctor's attorney?"

"I acted for him in a proceeding to have him appointed the committee of the person and property of an incompetent—his wife. She owned this property, but had a legal residence in New York City."

"His wife was insane?"

"Incompetent. I'd better tell you something of the family history. Doctor Oren was a psychiatrist. He was the medical director, on salary, of a sanitarium on the outskirts of Stamford, some miles above here, and that's where he met his wife. She was a patient in the sanitarium, and her name was then Esquith. Thinking that she was cured, or believing that he could cure her if he could give her constant attention, he married her."

"She was wealthy," said Lassiter with a smile.

"It was not my business, even if it is yours," said Little Amby with a hint of reproof, "to judge the doctor's conduct. We may fairly take it for granted that Mrs. Esquith's money was no objection. I know that Doctor Oren was a most estimable character, devoted to his profession and greatly respected in it, kindly and unselfish. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, Mr. Lassiter."

"Answer my questions, Mr. Hinkle, and let me judge of their propriety. Was Mrs. Esquith wealthy?"

"She was well off."

"And the doctor married her out of a sanitarium and promptly moved to have himself put in control of her property."

"I don't like that word 'promptly,' Mr. Lassiter. It's an insinuation."

"I'll withdraw it. When was the marriage?"

"Last July."

"And when was he appointed as committee?"

"In September."

"His wife is dead, I understand."

"Mrs. Oren died six weeks ago."

"I'd like to get a clear view of the background of this case and I want you to give it to me frankly. The doctor's death seems to have been accidental, but there are some queer circumstances related to it—the presence of three strangers in the house last night, for instance. By the way, you're the famous criminal lawyer of New York City, are you not?"

"I've received some favorable notice in our profession."

"I meant that, of course. How long have you known the doctor?"

"About a year."

"You did other legal work for him?"

"I secured a divorce for him."

"Within a year?"

"The final decree was entered within a year."

"When was it entered, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Last July."

Lassiter stiffened in his chair. "Without knowing the doctor, Mr. Hinkle ——"

"A very wise and charitable proviso, Mr. Lassiter. You will add, I suppose, without knowing me either."

"No, I can hardly add that. And do you still take exception to the word 'promptly'?"

"More than ever, since you press it."

"What was the idea of offering a thousand dollars for a worthless book?"

"Let me remind you, Mr. Lassiter, that it was not the doctor who was incompetent. The book promised to be worth much more than a thousand dollars to him. He expected that it would enable him to discover the bulk of his deceased wife's estate."

"A nonsensical collection of the biographies of nine pet pussycats?"

"By Mr. Killigrew's grandfather, Mr. Lassiter."

"Pardon me, Mr. Killigrew. . . . Well, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Mrs. Esquith, who became Mrs. Oren, was under the doctor's care, off and on, for nearly two years, and he became conversant with her affairs. She was not permanently at the sanitarium, but used to take herself there for a matter of a week or a month when she felt some uneasiness. She was as sane as you or I, but she was given to delusions that were very injurious. One was her passion for cats and another was her faith in astrology."

"You had her declared incompetent on those grounds?"

"No. As the doctor himself was saying last night, some first-rate people, smart as paint, have been fanatical lovers of cats; and for my own part, I'd rather have an astrologer's opinion of the future than that of almost anybody. They're generally mighty shrewd men and A-1 guessers or they couldn't do business. But Mrs. Oren was too fond of her cats, and she kept faith in an astrologer—his name was Saladene—that guessed wrong four times out of five. About the cats, she wanted to leave them all her property; and about the astrologer, she was taking his tips on the stock market, and they were positively terrible. The doctor was appointed her committee so that he could shut down hard on Mr. Saladene."

"And on the cats?"

"Oh, no; they're out in the barn now, living in clover. When Mrs. Oren was alive you couldn't step here without standing on the tail of one of her heirs. In any event, he was appointed her committee and I'll ask you to give full faith and credit to the decision of the court."

"And how does this book, Nine Lives, appear?"

"Mrs. Oren used that book to communicate with her astrologer, unknown to the doctor. When she was in the sanitarium he didn't want her consulting anybody but himself, and he oversaw her mail, with her consent. Sometimes she would send out a pageful of figures; when he'd bring it to her she'd say it was a letter, and then she'd pretend to see that it wasn't. He thought for a long time that it was one of her delusions, and he used to be very learned about it; he thought he'd discovered a new disease of the mind. He intercepted several of these secret messages coming to Mrs. Oren from Saladene, but the astrologer was cunning, and he would put with the messages a letter saying that he had received this page of meaningless figures from Mrs. Oren and didn't know what to make of it, and advising her to obey her physician and try to win back her senses.

"The doctor was appointed her committee, as I have said, and he put her under necessary and salutary restraint, and proceeded to take over her property as the court had ordered, but he couldn't find it. There was a considerable bank account in New York, and this house was worth forty or fifty thousand dollars, but there was nothing approaching the fortune of two million dollars that he understood was hers. He found that she had forestalled him and hid the bulk of her property.

"He had noticed that she had a copy of this book, Nine Lives, but that didn't mean anything to him, until one day, watching her secretly, he saw her making up a list of these figures and apparently copying them from the book. And then the truth flashed on him. He saw her give a letter to a nurse, and he followed the nurse and took from her a letter addressed to Saladene; in it was the list of figures she had made. He went back to demand the book and found it strewn over the floor. Mrs. Oren had been warned somehow and had torn the book to shreds. This was last December. She escaped a few days later, wandered around the country for hours and took double pneumonia. Now you know why the doctor advertised for the book."

A hard glitter was in Lassiter's eyes. "I suspect, Mr. Hinkle, that you have told me a very pitiful story."

"It seemed so to me."

"I hope so; I do, fervently, for your sake."

Grandett had been staring at Little Amby with increasing indignation. "If I may express an opinion of this, Hinkle," he said harshly, "Mrs. Oren was an unfortunate woman who fell into the hands of thieves. Your charitable doctor saved her from the astrologer so that he might himself rob her, at leisure and under cover of law. And he had help in that."

"As you modestly suggest, your opinion is unimportant, Grandett," snapped Little Amby, giving him stare for stare. "Was there anything else, Mr. Lassiter?"

(Continued on Page 82)

what you buy -buy in glass

THE tastiest, freshest foods you can buy come to your table in glass.

All the natural freshness is retained; all the original flavor is preserved by the sanitary glass jar, tumbler or bottle with its convenient seal.

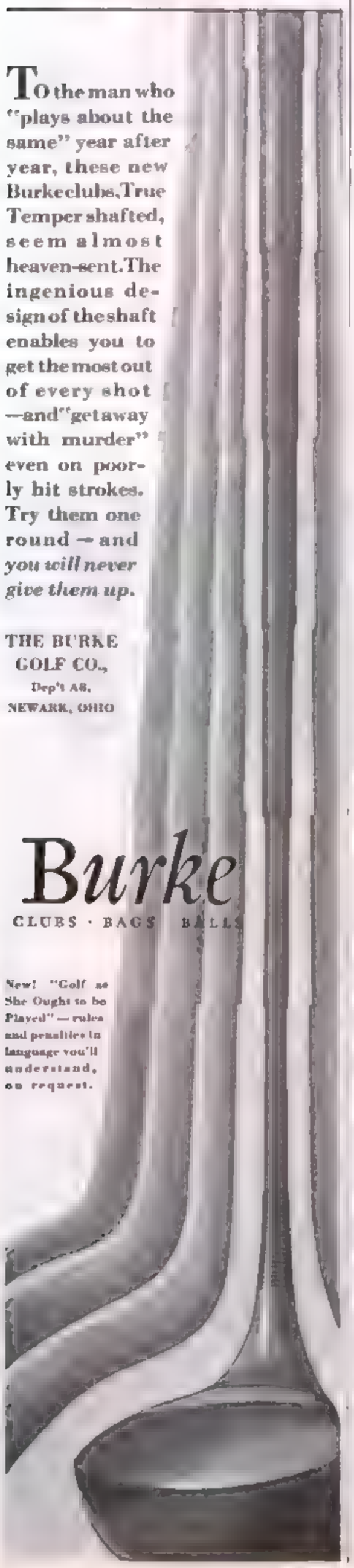
You can be sure of quality, too, for glass packed foods are clearly visible before you make your purchases. This certainty in buying does away with costly waste, helps you get exactly what you want, and use it with the greatest possible economy.

Published in the interest of the consuming public and the industries who serve it by packing foods and household necessities in glass, by the

GLASS CONTAINER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
19 West 44th Street, New York City

MORE *Distance*
No Vibration!

Your POWER goes *into* the Ball!



To the man who "plays about the same" year after year, these new Burkeclubs, True Temper shafted, seem almost heaven-sent. The ingenious design of the shaft enables you to get the most out of every shot—and "get away with murder" even on poorly hit strokes. Try them one round—and *you will never give them up.*

THE BURKE GOLF CO.,
Dep't A8,
NEWARK, OHIO

Burke
CLUBS · BAGS · BALLS

New! "Golf as She Ought to be Played"—rules and penalties in language you'll understand, on request.

(Continued from Page 79)

"Nothing, unless the matter of this housebreaker. We may suppose that he had been drawn by the story of the concealed fortune, and he has got away." Lassiter shuffled the papers before him. "After the testimony of Mr. Killigrew and Mr. Grandett, I have no doubt that the shooting was accidental. I'll so report it."

"There is something else," said Grandett grumpily. "I see a meaning in it after hearing Mr. Hinkle's pretty story. Where is the secret letter to the astrologer that was intercepted by the doctor?"

"I'd like to know," said Little Amby. "He had had it in his papers; perhaps they're in the bank."

"And you looked for it last night, too, didn't you?"

"Don't be too familiar, Grandett."

"Perhaps this is it," said Grandett, laying before Lassiter a sheet on which many figures were penciled. "I took it from the floor of the dining room last night."

Lassiter studied the penciled sheet:

28-3-14	12-9-10	152-1-8	112-12-7	100-16-1
85-9-4	65-18-3	18-30-1	16-11-5	101-32-8
65-14-2	80-13-1	91-15-3	92-16-7	94-15-7
85-19-1	72-12-1	64-11-8	57-18-3	63-9-3
103-24-3	27-16-5	6-4-2	6-6-1	230-1-2
31-6-4	32-1-1	38-7-1	47-7-1	85-30-4
67-5-4	69-7-2	93-3-3	22-10-8	31-4-1
27 5-1	23-7-1	411-4-4	5-5-2	50-5-1
31-7-2	32-12-2	11-27-1	2-2-10	3-12-7
66-3-6	34-6-5	35-1-1	39-8-4	11-2-1
16-1-4	16-8-7	16-11-2	307-1-3	400-8-4

"You have your book there, Miss Strahn. May I see it?"

"That's it!" asserted Little Amby with positiveness. "That's Mrs. Oren's writing. By George, we're lucky to get it back; I urged the doctor to let me have a copy of it for safe-keeping, but he wouldn't take my advice. Yes, sir, that's the letter that Mrs. Oren was sending to the astrologer. . . . On the dining-room floor, eh, Grandett?"

Lassiter was spelling out the message, taking the first numerals for the number of the page in Nine Lives, the second for the line, and the third for the significant word. They hung over him, chatting in amiable excitement, shuffling the pages, crying their discoveries; the grim occasion of the meeting was forgotten in the absorbing hunt for treasure.

Dear master I have put the papers in the secret drawer in the high boy and ——

"Everybody starts from scratch," growled Little Amby, looking about like a dog disturbed at a bone. "Go on, Lassiter!"

—— he has not found them I will have him take me south in January and you can come and get them then My dear friends and lovers are crying in the cold barn and my Heart is breaking

BLANCHE.

"Blanche," repeated Ross, getting an indistinct mental echo. "Her name was Blanche?"

"Blanche. She was lucky to find it in the book."

"One of my grandfather's cats was named Blanche," explained Ross, with a first lifting of spirits. "One of his daughters, too—named after the cat, I understand. Oh, yes, he loved his pets. That's all the book is—the biographies of his nine cats. So the papers are in the highboy, wherever that is."

"In the dining room!"

"That's where you found the paper, Grandett."

"And that's where the chap was getting in last night."

Lassiter frowned. "This is out of my province, I think. I don't see wherein it concerns any of us, unless, perhaps, Mr. Hinkle as the family lawyer. Did Mrs. Oren leave a will, Mr. Hinkle?"

"None was found."

"And did Doctor Oren leave a will? He had no children by Mrs. Oren, so he had no right by courtesy in her estate, but he took a third of her personal property outright, and his heirs are entitled to that."

"I never heard that he had relations."

"He'll have them, now that he's dead and has left money. And what of the heirs of Mrs. Oren? You tell me that the estate was very large. We must move in this matter carefully and by authority or we may involve ourselves in a serious difficulty. I'm here to investigate this shooting, and not to take possession of the estate of a decedent."

"Your point is well taken, Mr. Lassiter. In the absence of heirs or legal representatives of Mrs. Oren, this property should, I suppose, be taken over by the public administrator—whatever you call him in Connecticut. I know nothing of Mrs. Oren's family history. However, since six of us know of this now, we'd better look into the highboy. As the saying goes, six people can keep a secret when five of them are dead."

"Mr. Hinkle, as the family lawyer, should take charge of these papers, I think."

"That's handsome of you, Grandett, but where there's no family there can be no family lawyer. I nominate Mr. Lassiter and will volunteer as a witness. But, see here, what about the sale of the book? It's been used and now it isn't wanted. . . . Grandett, you didn't have your mind on business."

"That's so," grumbled Ross, with a discontent that wasn't all pretense; the hard necessities of his situation returned to him. "Mr. Grandett thought he could get three thousand dollars for the books, and it is likely that he could. Not that I mean to blame you, Mr. Grandett; we all forgot our own small interests."

"Leave it to me to get it for you," said Little Amby, whose eye was eternally on the main chance, no matter who forgot it. "But you'll have a more appealing case if the book was worth the money."

They left the living room, which had been the site of the informal inquiry and moved into the dining room. There was the highboy.

"If Doctor Oren paid as much attention to his wife's property as some people hint," said Little Amby, surveying the dark and elaborately carved walnut, "he wouldn't have needed the book. A secret drawer, eh? It must be above or below; that back is thin and solid. Move it out here, Killigrew; you're the strong man of the group."

There was a wide and shallow drawer in the back of the highboy, above the shelves and drawers that showed from the front. Little Amby drew it out against a yielding resistance and bore it to the table. The drawer was snugly packed with stock certificates and with blocks of bonds; Little Amby snapped open and scanned an engraved and gold-sealed certificate for twenty-five hundred shares of stock, par value ten dollars, in the Golden Gleam Oil and Pipe Company of Delaware.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars right here," he announced, with a longing look at the many sheafs of certificates in the drawer. "I imagine now that we can take it as an established fact that the estate will go over two million."

"Not from that, Mr. Hinkle," said Ross with an unexpected note of authority. "The Golden Gleam has gone up the spout. That stock is assessable and is a liability; anybody owning it may be called on by the creditors."

"You know about these things, Killigrew?"

"I do, unfortunately. I'm entitled to know, too, because I paid for my education."

"This is just one item," said Little Amby, dampened but unwilling to dismiss his vision of great riches. "Most of it is probably gilt-edged. We'll make an inventory and sign it as witnesses, for Mr. Lassiter's protection. Let me handle this material, Grandett. What's that you have?"

"It seems to be Mrs. Oren's will," Grandett answered.

"A will?" Little Amby snatched the paper from the inquisitive book dealer and studied it eagerly:

I, Blanche Oren of New York City, being of sound and disposing mind but mindful of the uncertainty of life, do make this for my last will and testament, Amen.

All I have in the world I wish to give to Abdallah Saladene of West Fifty-ninth Street in New York City who has been my only true friend and adviser in the world where everyone has sought to take advantage and attack me as if it was a crime to have money. I wish him to have everything on the condition that he must take care of my dear friends and lovers as long as they live. And no more shall be required of him in any event whatsoever.

There followed a list of cats, with detailed instructions for their care and upkeep. The attempted will had been carefully written out in longhand on one sheet of foolscap and had been signed at the end by the intending testatrix alone. Despite the informality and prolixity of the phrasing, Mrs. Oren's wishes were clearly explained.

"That can go out the window," said Little Amby, tossing the paper aside. "It isn't worth a cent. But, no; you'd better preserve it, Lassiter, and prevent this Saladene from coming in and trying to prove it as a lost will."

"What's the matter with it?" objected Grandett. "I've heard of wills being made without witnesses; particularly if they're all written out."

"Section 21 of the Decedent Estate Law prescribes how a will is to be made, Grandett, and the only exceptions relate to soldiers and sailors. You don't expect the legislature, made up largely of lawyers, to turn business away, do you? You might as well expect the county medical society to advise the people to get their cures out of a penny almanac. Remember that, Grandett, against the time when you want to put the dead hand on your property and want to save fifty dollars. There's no exception in favor of wills all written out, though thrifty people keep on making them."

"You say," said Grandett, with a volunteer's interest, "that Doctor Oren lost his rights in his wife's property because they had no children?"

"His rights in her real estate, Grandett. That's the common law. If the same thing was made to apply to dower, and a copy of the law given with every marriage certificate, it might be a pretty wise move. . . . We may all go, with your absolution, Mr. Lassiter? Except me, of course; I'll have to remain on. Killigrew, I'm on Centre Street; call me up in a week and ask me if I want to see you."

Little Amby drew Ross aside. "Are you in need of money?" he asked bluntly. "You don't look very good."

"I could have used that thousand dollars or any part of it," said Ross, coloring, but unoffended by the curt challenge.

"I'll get you your money. Here, take this fifty on account. No nonsense now, Killigrew; take it. You seem to be a clean-cut lad."

There was a winning twinkle in the black eyes as Little Amby forced the money into Ross' hand and slapped his shoulder bluffly.

III

BERTHA had a tiny hat shop on West Fifty-seventh Street, which, abutted on by residence districts of the highest class, was then taking its place as an expensive and exclusive shopping street. She could take eighty cents' worth of material and give it a twist and make it worth thirty dollars, make it salable for that much. She was doing very well, for her business was builded on one of the congenital and inescapable failings of human nature—woman's love of hats. A woman buys herself a hat for the same inclusive reasons that a man, afflicted that way, buys himself a drink—because she is gay, because she is sad, because she has had a stroke of luck, because she is hounded by fortune and needs a pick-up, and hardly ever because she needs a hat. No one could need the sort of hats that Bertha sold; they were mere gesticulations and exclamations, and not garments. However, it was a lawful business and carried no such social ignominy as the liquor traffic, and it was winning Bertha four and five hundred dollars a month.

Continued on Page 84

Spring! . . *for everyone but her*

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—for everyone but her.

On a branch of apple blossoms a robin poured out a gorgeous proposal in song. Deep in the wistaria, tiny wrens were mating. Beyond the hedge, a curly-haired boy and a sweet slip of a girl walked silently hand in hand. But in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

*
Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

GREAT! That's what men say about Listerine Shaving Cream, so soothing, so refreshing.

act now

Buy ten Valet Blades at $1.00 and get a new Gold-Plated "Million Dollar" Valet AutoStrop Razor

free

HERE'S an opportunity for every shaving man—no matter how many razors he may have!

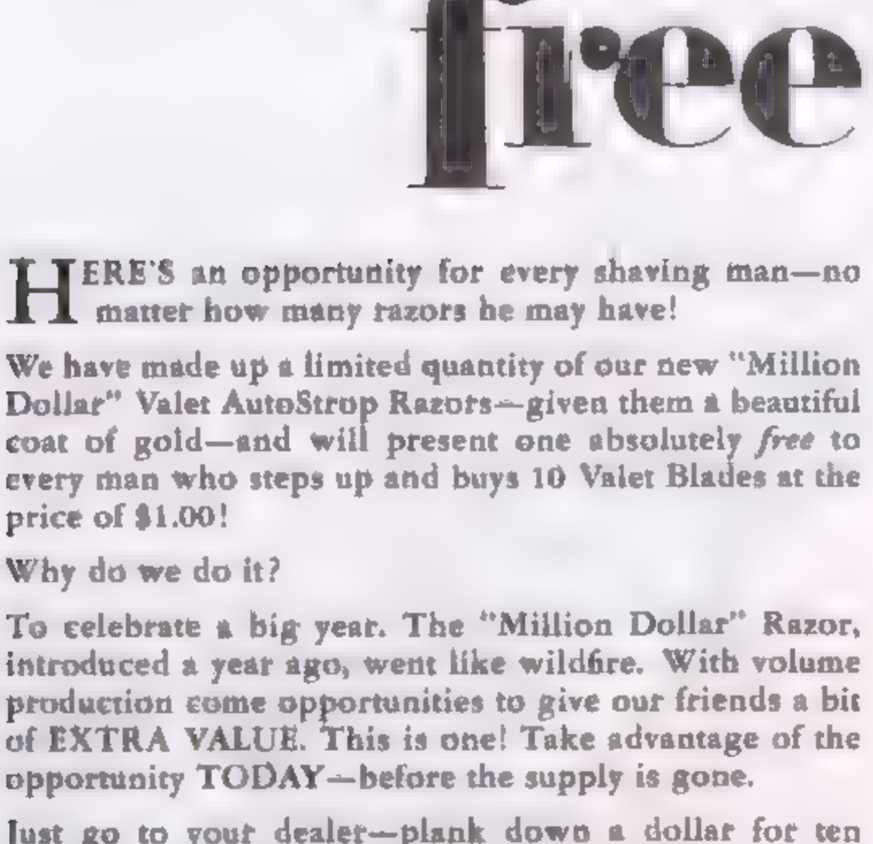
We have made up a limited quantity of our new "Million Dollar" Valet AutoStrop Razors—given them a beautiful coat of gold—and will present one absolutely *free* to every man who steps up and buys 10 Valet Blades at the price of $1.00!

Why do we do it?

To celebrate a big year. The "Million Dollar" Razor, introduced a year ago, went like wildfire. With volume production come opportunities to give our friends a bit of EXTRA VALUE. This is one! Take advantage of the opportunity TODAY—before the supply is gone.

Just go to your dealer—plank down a dollar for ten Valet blades—and ask for the new Gold Gift Razor and selected strop free.

If he's run out of them—send *us* the Dollar, and we'll mail you the Gift Razor with the strop and 10 Valet blades—pronto!



The "Gold Birthday Gift" Package contains one genuine gold-plated Valet AutoStrop Razor ("Million Dollar" model), one selected leather strop, ten Valet blades. You pay for the blades only—$1.00. The razor and strop are FREE.

NOW IN GOLD

The million dollar

VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York—AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto, Canada—Also, London - Paris - Rio de Janeiro

(Continued from Page 82)

Some days after their return from the residence of the late Doctor Oren, Bertha and Ross were sitting behind Madame Bertha's entrapping display of five hats.

"I wrote my mother in Providence, telling her of our adventure," she said, "and I have her answer. Did you say that you have an Aunt Blanche?"

"I just barely had one, Bertha." It is surely no breach of etiquette to address a business person by her trade name in her own shop. "I didn't know her. In fact, I knew none of my family, not even my mother. She died when I was a baby and left quite a lot of money in trust, and I was raised in boarding schools."

"You were to get just an education."

"That wasn't my mother's idea, but that's all that I got. The money was turned over to me when I was twenty-five, and I went into Wall Street with it to make a fortune. And I did it, too, Bertha; I made somebody's fortune. Helped all I could. My education was completed last October when the bottom dropped out of National Nickel. I see now where I made my mistake; if I had bought Malleable Putty——"

"Everything would have been just fine. But haven't you any family records? You don't mean that they pushed you into a boarding school and forgot you?"

"They certainly did. My father and mother was a trust company on Lower Broadway. I'm sorry that the granddaughter of Richard Strahn has to associate with such a fellow, but I'm just a waif."

She regarded him unsmilingly. "Did you get that situation?"

"The new clothes did it, this morning. Tinkle & Loft, stockbrokers on Forty-fifth Street; a good firm with two seats on the Exchange. Not much money in it until I can work up a clientele that will follow my advice on the market, but it puts me on the right side of the counter. I've been through a siege in the last three months. I sold everything I owned in order to protect my stock, and persuaded myself I was still worth a hundred thousand dollars, and then a real nice broker shook my hand and wished me better luck next time, and I was on the cold side of the door."

"Ross," she said crisply, "I hope you've learned your lesson, because I think you may have a chance again to buy that Malleable Putty. Here's the letter mother wrote me yesterday. There—see."

He followed the tapering finger:

> your grandfather and Phelim Ross. Blanche Ross married an Esquith, and the name is not a common one, and while it's very unlikely, still it would be rather queer if anyone out of the family had two copies of that book it never having been sold. If I understand the idea, this Blanche Esquith must have given a copy of the book to this astronomer. However——

"Bertha, there may be something in this!"

"Perhaps not, but it looks like it."

"And Mr. Hinkle said that the heirs—— But, pshaw, we never had crazy people in our family. Unless I'm the first."

"Did you get the impression that Mrs. Oren was crazy?"

"She was in a sanitarium"

"That doesn't mean anything. All sorts of people go to sanitariums. I have an idea that she was petting herself, having plenty of money and nothing to do, and that she could afford the luxury of pretending to be ill, and fell into the clutches of a bad gang."

"But she was incompetent, wasn't she? Mr. Hinkle said so; and that means she was out of her head."

"Not because Mr. Hinkle said so. I've inquired about Mr. Hinkle and I find that he has a very black reputation. This woman wasn't found to be incompetent until the doctor had married her and was in a position to seize her money. Ross, I've met in this shop many people of Mrs. Oren's circumstances, and, like her, wealthy and inexperienced; when once they're away from the people who really care for them, when they set up for themselves, they invariably attract swindlers and love pirates and worse. They get hedged in and they're lost. However, one can't choose one's relations, Ross. If you're entitled to a share in Mrs. Oren's estate——"

"I'm not fighting off that part of it, Bertha. How shall I go about it? You seem to understand these things better than I."

"Did you call Mr. Hinkle up as he told you?"

"Why, I thought he only wanted to remind me that he had lent me fifty dollars, and I'm not ready to pay it back. May I use the telephone?"

He went to the back of the shop to call Little Amby.

"He wants me to come right down," he announced, returning.

"I'm going with you," declared Bertha. "You don't need me, but I'd like to hear the news."

They took the Subway to Worth Street, about a hundred yards from the little brick house on Centre Street opposite the Tombs; they were promptly admitted to the presence of Little Amby.

"And Miss Strahn!" said the lawyer, masking a penetrating look in a cordial smile. "I'm glad to have brought about a pleasant acquaintance. Sit down—sit down, Killigrew. You look yourself again. Quite recovered from the shock, eh?"

"I've sort of thought myself out of it, Mr. Hinkle."

"You can't do that, my boy. A thing like that leaves its mark for life. We think we've dismissed it, and it returns; it's a terrible thing to take a human life, even by accident. I had a great deal of sympathy for you, my boy, and it's preyed on me, and I've done a lot of work on your behalf. Well, the only solid satisfaction in life is to do somebody a good turn. Don't you think so? But of course you do. It will take a great deal of time and money yet, but I want you to feel that you have a friend in me, and ——"

His voice was round and mellow, and his expression was benignant; when he paused to select another tried and trusty phrase, Bertha, who had heard some grim and authenticated stories about this scrawny philanthropist, said abruptly, "Mr. Hinkle, we have an idea that Mrs. Oren was Mr. Killigrew's aunt."

"What's that?" The sirup was all gone from his voice. "I'm afraid that draft is bothering you, Miss Strahn." He walked to the window, which was open a scant inch, and returned lingeringly to his desk.

"And, Killigrew, one of the truest pleasures of life is to give glad tidings to a friend. . . . I had anticipated it keenly, but don't apologize, Miss Strahn; I'll be contented to confirm the news. Mrs. Oren, I learned only yesterday, was a daughter of Phelim Ross, the gifted author of Nine Lives and our young friend's maternal grandfather. However, there's much to be done in a legal way. One doesn't step into a handsome inheritance and drive off. You were entirely right, Killigrew, about that stock we found in the secret drawer; it's absolutely no good, any of it."

"That rather takes the smile off the inheritance, Mr. Hinkle, if I'm an heir."

"There are odds and ends very much worth while. There's that Greenwich property; and there's an apartment in a cooperative house on West Seventy-ninth Street that should be worth about fifteen thousand. The doctor exhausted the bank account, so that there's no personalty to speak of except furniture, but I'll get every dollar that's coming to you."

"And Mr. Killigrew will get some of it, too, no doubt," said Bertha with a hardy smile.

Little Amby laughed merrily. "I won't pretend to misunderstand that, Miss Strahn. You've heard some queer stories about lawyers, I see. We don't do business that way in this office. You'll want me to handle this for you, I'm sure, Killigrew?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hinkle. . . . Pardon me, Bertha?"

(Continued on Page 86)

It tastes so good . . . it MUST be Heinz

Cooked — all ready to heat and serve . . . But Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti is more than just a convenient ready-to-serve food. It gives you unusual zest and flavor and nourishing goodness.

Just consider: The recipe came from a noted Italian chef—and only the very finest ingredients are used . . . Even the dry spaghetti itself—so tender and wholesome—is made by Heinz. Indeed, the very air in which it is dried is washed and filtered.

And *then*—plump, ripe, juicy tomatoes, fresh from the garden and made into a delicious sauce that is cooked right through the spaghetti. And—as if that wasn't enough—a special cheese is chosen for tang and savor. And the spices are personally selected in the Orient, by Heinz own representatives.

All this unusual, piquant flavor—all this delightful goodness, at practically no additional cost. You'll find Heinz quality means extra food value—with Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, as well as *Oven-Baked* Beans, *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Vinegars, Peanut Butter, Rice Flakes or indeed any of the 57 Varieties.

H.J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

(Continued from Page 84)

"How much do you propose to charge Mr. Killigrew?"

"Let's not discuss that now, Miss Strahn. Killigrew and I will agree after the job is done."

"I'm sure we will," said Ross largely. "No doubt of it."

"I'd like you to give him an idea now, Mr. Hinkle. You know how much work there is to do, and you can tell him now what bill to expect."

"I don't think that's necessary, Bertha," protested Ross. "Whatever Mr. Hinkle thinks right. But, very well. . . . How much will it be, Mr. Hinkle?"

"I think approximately fifteen thousand dollars would be fair enough," said Little Amby with an ungrateful look at Bertha.

"Fif—— How much?" Ross half rose from his chair. "But that's absurd and outrageous, Mr. Hinkle."

"Now's the time to say so," said Bertha with a light laugh. "That would be about a quarter of the estate, I imagine."

"There are angles to this affair, Miss Strahn, that are not routine legal services. What value would you set on my services if I should establish, not by mere legal proof but in a way to convince Killigrew and everybody else, that Killigrew did not kill Doctor Oren—that the doctor was dead when Killigrew fired that shot?"

They looked at Little Amby in astonished silence.

"Unless I'm mistaken in you, Killigrew, you're a man of fine feeling and sentiments, and you don't want this shadow resting on you. And it is a shadow. It will be darkened by envious tongues and whispering scandalizers. The thing will haunt you; you'll never establish to general satisfaction that you were a stranger to the doctor—not when you have come into his property. It won't be believed that you went there to answer an advertisement in the newspaper; you went there knowing that Mrs. Oren was your aunt, knowing that the doctor was withholding her property from you, and you shot the doctor down in the dead of night in the very room where your aunt had secreted her stocks and bonds. You're a man of the world, Killigrew."

"You can prove what you say?" Bertha was pale and startled.

"And I'll do so without bargaining," declared Little Amby roundly. "I'll do so as a matter of justice and mercy and without price, but I feel that my fairness has been questioned, and I'm hurt, Killigrew. I'm hurt, Miss Strahn. There can be no bargaining in a matter like this. I'll clear your name of this horrible thing for nothing, and gladly, but if you want me to handle your end in the estate it will cost you fifteen thousand dollars."

"I'll pay that willingly, Mr. Hinkle."

"And disbursements," added Little Amby with diminishing vigor. "We'll get up a retainer on that right away. And now I have some exhibits for you. Where did you see that before?"

He had placed a revolver on his desk. "That's the gun that you fired the shot from that night. When the lights went on, you dropped it on the table behind you and I slipped it into my pocket. With no specific idea of how it might be important; just an old lawyer's habit—to gather up every paper and scrap as soon as a deal is closed, and slip them into the bag.

"Here, now, is your proof." He spread on the desk before them an unmounted photograph and invited their inspection. They studied it, but saw nothing informative in it, saw nothing but what looked like three picket fences, one over the other for comparison and against a leaden background.

"The picture in the middle is that of the bullet that killed Doctor Oren; I got it at the inquest without trouble. It was rolled on a sheet of soft lead, so that every scratch on it would show up, and those ridges you see there are the rifling of the revolver. You can understand that there are minute differences between the interiors of the barrels of any two revolvers, and bullets going through those barrels are marked differently. Any bullet fired from the revolver that killed Doctor Oren would make that same picture. Take that as a fact. If you want to go up to the laboratory where I had these studies made, you can see the work for yourself.

"But there's the evidence; the upmost and lowest pictures are of bullets fired from this revolver in the laboratory. You will see that the pictures are alike, but are quite different from the one in the middle. The revolvers were of the same gauge and were probably of the same make, but we don't accept identity on that primitive sort of proof nowadays. What you see before you is conclusive scientific proof that this revolver did not fire the bullet that killed Doctor Oren."

"And we can get further proof!" cried Ross exultantly. "My bullet missed him, so it must be buried in a wall down there. We can go down and find it. Mr. Hinkle, I may have pretended that this terrible affair wasn't weighing on me ——"

"An interesting angle of the problem," said Little Amby, "is that your bullet was not buried in a wall. Thinking the matter over after you left, I searched for bullet marks, and found only two, in the walls of the foyer—the ones that were fired at you. Killigrew, the man who killed the doctor, the man you exchanged shots with, is the man who came and went by the window; and, oddly enough, you saw that man coming to the house. The conflict, of course, was over the stocks and bonds in the secret drawer. That man, it would seem, knew where the stuff was hid. Grandett's testimony explains the doctor's actions to us; he left Grandett to guard the front exit and went to the rear of the house. Changing his mind, thinking that haste was more necessary than more help, he went downstairs and surprised the robber and was shot down."

"I was in the upper hall at the time and I didn't hear a shot."

"That's some evidence but not conclusive. Finding that the household was not aroused, the robber continued his search."

"He must have carried my bullet away with him."

"It would seem likely, but there was no evidence that he had been hit. However, if we find that man we'll have something to tie our theories to. And without consulting the stars—I say this to you in confidence—the shadow that lies across this affair looks to me very like that of an astrologer named Saladene. Let's have the gentleman in for examination."

He turned to his telephone and called a number, waited a while fruitlessly and hung up.

"No answer, and this is during his advertised office hours. There's evidently something in this star-gazing besides a soft living; he's apparently been warned that he may be asked questions promising no profit to him. We'll have to ask him the kind that he favors."

He drew a sheet of paper to him, reflected, and wrote rapidly:

Dear Saladene: I have come on from Baltimore to consult you, but I have called you up several times and have been around to your place and have not found you in. I must return to Baltimore today, but it is very necessary to see you, and I will be back in the city on Thursday.

What I must consult you about is to invest a large sum of money. I have just come into an inheritance and not being familiar with business, but being a student of astrology, I have consulted the constellations for a real good and safe investment, but the way I read the configurations it is not quite clear.

I will be at this hotel Thursday, five P.M., and hope you will then arrange a consultation and reading. Anxiously waiting.

ADRIAN WOODHEAD.

He gave the paper to Ross. "Take that to the Winsor Hotel on Fortieth Street, copy it on the hotel stationery and mail it. Reserve a room in the hotel for Thursday and Friday, using the name Adrian Woodhead, of Baltimore. And you will be there on Thursday?"

The intelligence that a modest fortune of from forty to sixty thousand dollars was to be his caused sober if hearty thankfulness in Ross and no exuberant rejoicing. His philosophy and his understanding of economics had matured rapidly during the preceding months. He had believed once, without putting into terms a proposition so silly, that getting money was a matter of luck and not labor; he could judge only by his experience, and his mother's estate had come to him out of the air like a flying bird. When he wanted to increase it he tossed it up again, as a man might toss a trained pigeon, and waited for it to come back with a flock; he put it into Wall Street, bet it, dissembling the raw gamble to himself by speaking of it in the jargon of the Street.

The money of his Aunt Blanche was coming to him, too, as a gift, but he had grown-up ideas about money now. He had been down on the raw and sullen ground whence all of it is dug, and he had looked around for enough of it to put food into his stomach and a coat on his back, and he hadn't seen a sparkle. It was luck enough for him to find someone at last—an acquaintance of his gambling days—willing to pay him fifty dollars a week while he could earn it.

He had a conference with this acquaintance, who was Mr. Tinkle, of Tinkle & Loft, and imparted the result to Bertha while they were having tea in the Winsor Hotel on Thursday afternoon.

He said to her, "I've decided to put my money into Wall Street as soon as I get it."

"Malleable Putty, Ross?"

"Never you mind about Malleable Putty. If I want a tip on stocks, I'll ask Mr. Saladene, if he turns up. That wasn't Mr. Tinkle's idea. He was talking to me about this big boom in stocks, and he says it is a great chance, and that there is always plenty of money to be made in booms by people who stay out of them."

"A penny saved?"

"No, he means new money. That stuff about saving your money and having the laugh on the other fellow is the motto of a short sport. For instance, Mr. Tinkle was just graduated from the Columbia School of Mines when the Klondike gold rush was on, and he went up there and saw a wonderful opportunity for a general store, and he opened one and cleaned up big. Mr. Loft was a real-estate man who got word of a big land boom and went to the ground and opened a lunch room. Now they are both millionaires, and mostly made in the stock market without betting a nickel. Bertha, I am going to buy a share in the firm."

"Excellent!"

"And when the boom is over and work is slack"—his tone was jesting, but his eyes were serious and observant—"we can give our time to making mergers. Mergers are all the thing now, you know. I don't think a merger has ever been made of a brokerage business and a hat shop, do you?"

Her eyes widened, and then her glance fell to the cloth.

"There have been attempts to merge other businesses with a hat shop."

"Don't consider them for a moment. They wouldn't be successful. We'll have to wait and see if the brokerage business is successful, but I'm suggesting the idea as something to bear in mind. And you'll bear it in mind, won't you, and turn all other offers down cold?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Bertha ——"

"Do you know that it's nearly five o'clock?" she said curtly, rising; but her gray eyes were laughing.

They rode up to the room that Ross had reserved for Mr. Woodhead, of Baltimore, and found there the little lawyer of Centre Street, his burly doorman, Tug Gaffney, and a quiet and heavy-shouldered gentleman who was introduced as Mr. Mead, of Greenwich.

"Saladene is coming," announced Little Amby. "He called up a few minutes ago, and Mr. Mead told him to come right around."

They seated themselves on the chairs and bed and chatted, pretendedly at ease, but with desultory and significant glances at the door.

"Our case is complete, Killigrew. The next man to come in that door will be the man who went through the window that night—the man who killed Doctor Oren."

"This Saladene?"

"Saladene, the advertising astrologer. He saw the advertisement for the book and guessed at once the importance of the paper that was to be read by it. It wasn't hard for him to guess what the paper was, since he had a copy of it. Mrs. Oren, we must suppose, had made two copies, and, the first having been intercepted by the doctor, she mailed the second to Saladene when she escaped from the house and suffered the exposure that brought her to her death. The paper that Grandett says he found on the floor of the dining room was Saladene's copy; the doctor's copy was found in his safe-deposit box in Greenwich. He was in the house and was at the secret drawer when he was surprised by the doctor."

"He broke into the house? That's hard to believe."

"It will be explained, Killigrew, very shortly."

"And he didn't take the papers away because he discovered that they were the worthless securities he had had Mrs. Oren buy."

"Exactly."

"But what of the shot I fired at him?"

"The bullet had been withdrawn, or it was a blank cartridge in the first place. Finding that he had done murder for the sake of a lot of waste paper, he planned to make the crime appear an accident and picked you to bring the accident off"

"Saladene? Why ——"

There was a slither of feet in the hallway outside and the door resounded to a sharp knock.

"Come in, please!" called Mr. Mead, thrusting one hand into his coat pocket and gesturing to the others to draw aside.

The door opened.

"Mr. Saladene, I believe?" challenged Mead.

"Yes, sir," said a deep and melodious voice. "And you are Mr. Woodhead, of Baltimore?"

"Glad to see you, Mr. Saladene; I've been looking for you for some days."

The door opened more widely; Tug Gaffney, crouching behind it, moved to let it swing. On the threshold was standing Mr. Grandett, the self-styled book dealer of Boston.

He was smiling, suave, at ease; and then his close-set eyes fell on the modestly shrinking group of his acquaintances. Even as his expression changed, Tug Gaffney glided behind him and the officer from Greenwich presented his service revolver at his chest.

"You're under arrest, Saladene. Put out your hands!"

"And he wasn't from Boston," commented Bertha, still tremulous after five minutes.

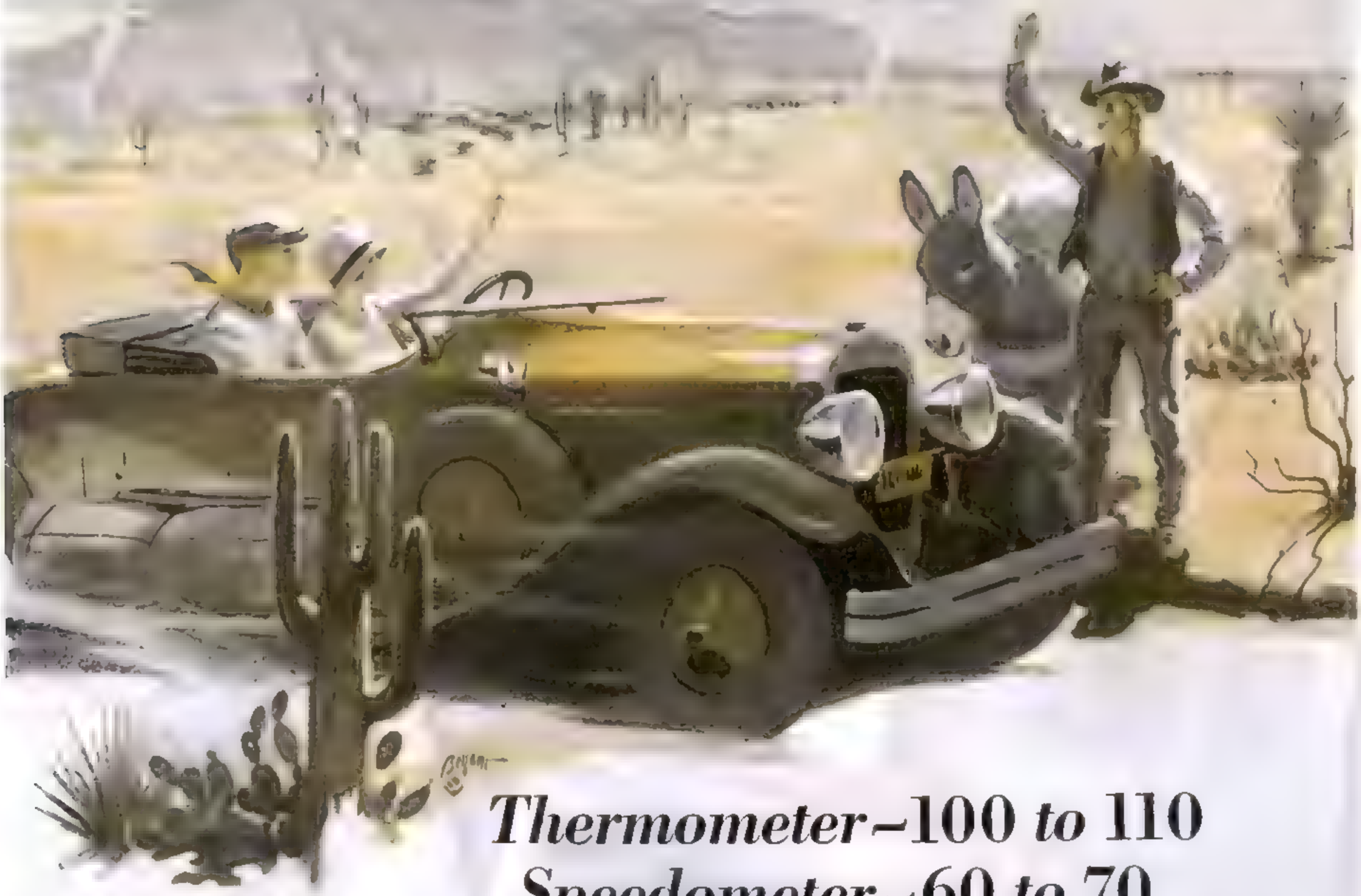
"He didn't know as much as a Boston book dealer should, Miss Strahn. Perhaps you didn't follow the chat we had in the living room that evening before dinner; it's a good business rule and a lawyer's rule to identify everybody before going ahead with the deal. Cornhill has changed since Grandett got his information, and there aren't more than half a dozen bookstores left there, and none of them is owned by a man named Grandett; I checked up on that. There were other hints, too, if you remember"

"But what about the man who went out the window and away in the car? Why, I saw that man!"

"You saw Grandett making the tracks. I checked up on them immediately, and they ran to the road, where they ended, and I expected to find the wheel marks of a car and to note the make of the tires, and so on; but there were no wheel marks, Killigrew. There had been no car."

PENNZOIL

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA



Thermometer–100 *to* 110
Speedometer–60 *to* 70
Lubrication–Safe–Pennzoil

"THESE fast cars they're making now certainly put it right up to the oil. You know it's hot today, but just remember that it's five or six times as hot under the hood where the oil has to do its work—and Pennzoil *does* stand heat.

"Fast driving, high speed motors, long straight stretches of shimmering road, and the heat—yet a good many folks don't think about oil till it's too late.

"This Pennzoil is the best insurance you can buy, against burned bearings, scored cylinders and a lot of other troubles that start with faulty lubrication."

The good filling station man tells you that, and he's right. There are hundreds of oils on the market, but Pennzoil is pre-eminent in its ability to stand up at high temperatures.

The reason is—100% Pennsylvania—*refined by Pennzoil to its own exacting standards.*

Fill up with Pennzoil for a long hot drive—insist on the genuine—*it's safe lubrication.*

© 1929, The Pennzoil Co.

THE PENNZOIL CO.
Oil City, Penna.-Los Angeles, Calif.
Refinery, Oil City, Penna.

Permit No. 2, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

35 cents a quart
Higher in far West and Canada

MILLER De luxe

"If economy and freedom from worry are important to a driver, then one understands why Millers have gained such popularity. From the way mine are wearing, I know I am getting the most for my money."

Marilyn Miller

"I have just equipped my car with Miller Tires. It's the greatest feeling in the world—I'm riding along on smiles, sunshine and music. I sure was pleased to meet you, Miller Tires."

Essie Carter

"Your new Miller De Luxe Balloon is, in my opinion, one of the most outstanding contributions ever made in the interests of safe, care-free motoring. I am using a set on my personal car—and have never traveled in an automobile with so complete a sense of security."

"Since I began to use Miller Tires I have had less tire trouble than ever before and I am delighted to report greater economy."

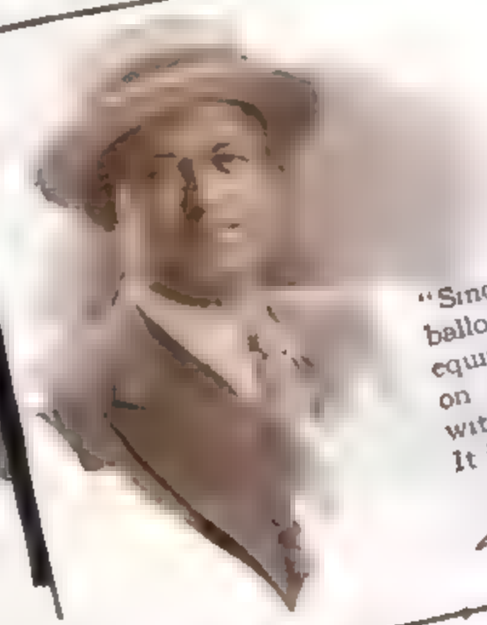
George White

"I have just equipped one of my cars with Miller De Luxe Balloon Tires. The difference is quite a revelation. It is tire security I never expected to enjoy."

"I consider the tires on my car just as important as the motor. I equipped my car with Millers because I couldn't find a more trustworthy tire. In fact, they are all you claim for them, and then some."

Frank Frisch

"I was first attracted to Miller Tires because of the 'Geared-to-the-Road' Tread which I consider the finest non-skid feature to be found on any tire Then I learned after adopting Millers of their great economy which means, of course, that my tire problem is reduced to a minimum."

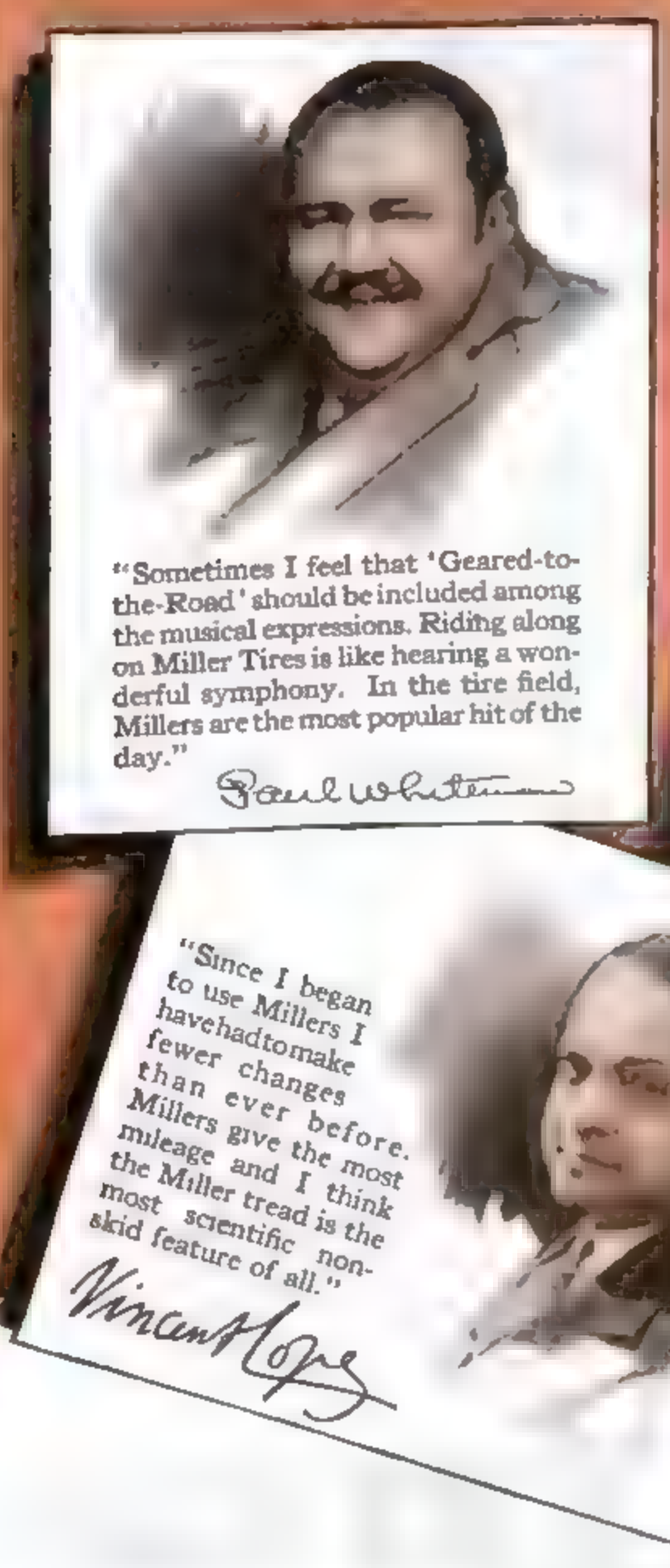


"Since the invention of the first balloon tires, I have had my cars equipped with them. I now ride on Miller De Luxe Balloons with even greater security. It is truly a Wonder Balloon"

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES · BATHING

LER BALLOONS

The Choice of those to whom Quality is the first consideration


"Sometimes I feel that 'Geared-to-the-Road' should be included among the musical expressions. Riding along on Miller Tires is like hearing a wonderful symphony. In the tire field, Millers are the most popular hit of the day."
Paul Whiteman
"My preference for Miller Tires is the result of the safety and comfort they add to my car, and the excellent mileage they give me!"
Irene Bordoni
"Since I began to use Millers I have had to make fewer changes than ever before. Millers give the most mileage and I think the Miller tread is the most scientific non-skid feature of all."
Vincent Lopez

miller

THE MILLER RUBBER CO.
of N Y
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured here is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

WEAR · SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

THIS WEEK take this truck for a real WORK-TEST
To prove, or to dis-prove, every statement concerning General Motors Trucks. To test greater work-capacity, time-saving, distance-covering, and lower costs per ton mile. We provide whatever available model, chassis or body most closely meets your requirements. You make a real work-test, with no liability or obligation. Whatever you find will be valuable information.
$895 · PONTIAC Powered;
6000 lbs., Straight Rating. Price, chassis only, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan

Real Value Speaks Very Plainly

BUICK-powered models for medium-duty and heavy-duty.

PONTIAC-powered models for light duty.

BIG BRUTE-powered for the heaviest duty.

A LINE of trucks that provides for every range of truck use and truck duty, today. But — more than just that—a line of trucks that shares fairly, with buyers, benefits of the most unusual manufacturing advantages this industry has known.

"That," you may think, "is a matter on which opinions could differ."

But . . . it is simple to get proof or dis-proof. General Motors Truck prices speak for themselves—and speak very plainly. There is no "water" in these prices. They are not bloated to permit unsound, excessive trade-in allowances.

And the work-test offer, outlined above, very quickly and directly gives you net facts—*not* hearsay or opinion.

Now is the time to make sure; to find out and to know. General Motors Truck values never have been greater. Fair and square allowances are made on used vehicle trade-ins. Time payments are financed, at lowest available rates, by our own Y. M. A. C. STRAIGHT RATING further safeguards your investment. This week make a work-test. (A postcard request will bring information as to your nearest source for such a test.) GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY, *Pontiac, Michigan.*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

Nation-wide service and sales-representation:
Factory Branches, Distributors, and Dealers, in 1500 principal cities and towns

ALWAYS INVESTIGATE WHAT GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEFORE YOU BUY

SELLING STOCK SHORT

(Continued from Page 13)

Miss Breidenthall watched him. She said no word, but her very black eyes rested upon him briefly, and she vented that ironical laugh of hers. Mr. Sultzbach's palms fumbled from his knees.

"Yes," he said shortly, "and it was fur your good I was thinking too. It come into my head such a thought about that cow I am pasturing for you. If I would be taking a notion fur to buy her, what would you be selling her fur?"

"But I ain't anyways sure I want to sell her."

"Now looky here, you was saying a'ready where you had more cows than you was needful fur. Now if I go to work an' give you a exter price fur her ——"

Even so, Miss Breidenthall was not sure she wished to sell the little Alderney. Mr. Sultzbach was more than sure that she did. Well, then, she wouldn't take less than a hundred and she was worth more. Mr. Sultzbach declared she was worth no more than seventy-five.

"At the outsides," declared Mr. Sultzbach. "That animal is undersize a'ready."

"But she gives down the milk."

"And she's got a cruppled horn at."

"Then she can't hook so good."

No, Miss Breidenthall would take no less than a hundred. Mr. Sultzbach rose.

"And I am keeping it good in mind," he turned in the door, "that I am gitting somebody a nice ring one of these here days." He paused and added weightily: "A exter nice gold ring."

"With a diamond stone at," as usual particularized Miss Breidenthall. She scraped the cheese pan raucously. "You have made mention of it aplenty times fur to keep it good in mind."

"What did she mean by that last now?" the man of business wondered as he scuttled across the barnyard. It hadn't been more than seven, eight months that he had promised her the ring! Well, he would be getting it now, you bet!

He flung a leg over the top bar of the fence which separated the two plethoric holdings and for a moment poised there atop of the world, so to speak. It was decidedly disconcerting, of course, that Miss Freida in their prenuptial discussions always insisted upon retaining her own holdings as a separate entity. Who ever heard the likes of such a thing? But after marriage he would wear her down. He would get the better of her on that just, for instance, as he was about to get the better of her on this present deal. He was, in fact, about to make Miss Breidenthall pay for her own engagement ring—and who ever heard the likes of that?

The joy of it was almost a pain. The joke of it was so large that Mr. Sultzbach, hurrying across the clods, wheezed upon it, sneezed upon it and rained tears upon it. Who ever heard of making a woman pay for her own engagement ring, heh? But then, nobody else was, or could be, Horace Sultzbach.

There was one thing, however, that Horace Sultzbach himself did not know, omniscient though he believed himself to be in regard to the deal in hand. Mr. Sultzbach had never heard of Wall Street and of the tribal tongue of that bizarre realm. He did not know, therefore, that he was engaged in the process of selling stock short. Yet in his dealing, present and proposed, with respect to the cow, he was literally—very literally—selling stock short. A buyer had offered to buy the stock; Mr. Sultzbach, without owning the stock at all, purposed to deliver same. Moreover, in the secret archives of his own mind, he proposed to deliver same for a higher price than that for which he could acquire it from the present owner. For Mr. Sultzbach was stating an hour later as he, Watz and the cow stood in rapt communion about the feed trough, "Not a cent less than one hunert fifty will I take. What anyhow do you take me fur, Watz? Such a dummy or whatever?"

Johnny Watz took him for what he was; but he closed his lips tightly and, being a kind man, for the moment said nothing at all. The difficulty was that in that moment Johnny gazed at the cow and his eyes were not the sort which ever narrowed into slits. No, Johnny looked at that cow with his wide gray eyes, and through those wide gray eyes his soul made proclamation honestly and simply that it must and would have this cow and this only.

Mr. Sultzbach read accurately the proclamation. "Well, take it or let it!" he shrugged, turned and picked up the hammer.

Johnny Watz reached into his pocket and brought forth four packets of fresh greenbacks. He laid them upon the end of the feed trough. "Take it or let it yourself!" he retorted. "That there's my price—twenty-five dollars in each."

The cow sniffed the crisp green daintily. Mr. Sultzbach also sniffed. But he did not sniff the money; he sniffed scorn. He applied a nail to the trough and struck it decisively.

The controversy had lasted almost an hour. Johnny looked somewhat wearily at the Alderney. The Alderney looked at him. Beautiful was the line of her jaw, beautiful the little pink tongue which obtruded from the side of it. Even her crumpled horn made her seem more gentle, more appealing in his eyes; it set her apart from every other cow.

"Ach, take it then!" Johnny suddenly struck his hat to the ground. Mr. Sultzbach turned. "Take your money then! I'll give you your swang hunert fifty!"

"Cow sold," said Mr. Sultzbach briefly, laid down the hammer and picked up the hundred dollars.

Watz reached into his pocket and drew forth two additional packets; reluctantly he laid them upon the feed trough. "There's your other fifty. I guess you could give me a receipt in full then," he suggested.

"To be sure, a receipt," agreed Sultzbach affably. He withdrew from his pocket an indelible pencil and a notebook. He eyed the two packets upon the feed trough. "Them's the other fifty, heh? I guess you got them off the bank when you went on town, not? I guess you knowed all along you wasn't gitting that cow for any hunert."

"I knowed you," said Watz simply. And hastened to add with a smile: "And I guess I knowed myself, that I wasn't going to leave away from here without that cow."

But Mr. Sultzbach was in no mood to take offense. He was become, in fact, extraordinarily jovial. He handed Watz the receipt and pounced his palms upon his knees. "Now I git me oncet a ring out of it anyhow." His peach-stone embrasure leaped and clattered.

Johnny looked at the other's red fingers in amaze. "A ring oncet?"

"A ring fur a lady yet," elucidated Mr. Sultzbach. The peach stones all but leaped their moorings.

Johnny Watz did not even smile. Chill slowly pervaded him. This large, handsome Sultzbach—their farms adjoining—could it be? . . . He sat staring at the rollicking Sultzbach; then got, a little uncertainly, to his feet. But surely, oh, surely she wouldn't—oh, not Sultzbach! He went to the end of the feed trough, felt after his hat.

Mr. Sultzbach also went to the end of the feed trough and felt after the money.

"Where at is it?" he demanded.

"Where at is what?"

"The money! Them exter fifty."

"Why, there."

"But it ain't."

"It ain't? But where ——"

Sultzbach stood taut and stared suspiciously at Watz. Watz stood taut and stared puzzledly at Sultzbach. The Alderney swallowed contentedly and stared at neither. The beautiful line of her jaw worked rhythmically; from it protruded a bit of green pulp. She extended a patrician nostril and sniffed the end of the feed trough regretfully. Regretfully! From her mouth a bit of green pulp dropped into the trough.

Watz leaped forward and plucked it forth.

Sultzbach leaped at the Alderney and wrenched open her jaws. From off the beautiful little pink tongue he plucked another bit of green pulp. The two men stood, each with his soggy bit, Watz slowly turning the color of the pulp, Sultzbach a study in vermilion contrast. Words had never been invented for occasion such as this.

The cow eyed them reproachfully. The new green fodder upon her feed trough had been a fillip to her liking. She switched her tail as a testimony against them and walked away.

"It's in her!" shouted Watz.

"Yes, in your cow!" yelled Sultzbach.

"But she et it off your feed trought!" danced Watz.

"The fifty dollars is in your cow!" yelled Sultzbach even louder than before.

"But she et it onto your premises—onto your feed box yet!" shouted Watz.

For minutes they shouted, each too frenzied to evolve new argument.

Suddenly Watz started toward the cow. Sultzbach leaped ahead of him. Cried Sultzbach, brandishing a red arm before the beast: "You ain't packin' this cow till you pay fur her all!"

Howled Watz, his eye upon the red thing waving before him: "I paid fur her a'ready! I paid fur her in full! And I got the receipt fur to show I done it!"

"Give me that there receipt! I ain't got the money fur that receipt! You ain't to have that receipt till you pay fur the cow!"

He sprang toward Watz. Watz sprang toward the fence, got a leg over it. Sultzbach grabbed the hinder leg. With supernatural strength Watz wrenched loose, tumbled to the ground, righted himself, flung on his horse and was off.

"I'll do you somepin!" Sultzbach danced up and down in the road. "I'll do you somepin!"

Night came with its counsels; but they were not calm counsels. Likewise sleep forsook her job of knitting up ragged sleaves. In the morning the skein for both Watz and Sultzbach was entangled apparently beyond repair.

Sultzbach had the cow and wanted the money. Watz had the receipt and wanted the cow. The cow had the money and wanted nothing at all.

Watz knew that he would make nothing by going to Sultzbach and demanding the cow. Sultzbach knew that he would make nothing by going to Watz and demanding the receipt. Result: Impasse supreme.

But Sultzbach was upon occasion a man of his word. He had said that he would do something. He did. Upon the second day thereafter he served Watz with an official document. The document started politely with the notation that the people of the state sent greetings to Jonathan Watz; but it ended, not so politely, with the notation that if he, the defendant, failed to appear and make answer before the justice's court within five days, the plaintiff, Horace Sultzbach, would take judgment for the money demanded in the complaint—namely, fifty dollars.

Watz was not depressed thereby. He sat down, felt of his bulging forehead and impressed it into service. Behind that forehead his ordered mind worked regularly upon the problem of possessing a receipt and not the cow it called for. He saw the situation clearly, but he did not solve the problem. He was in the end grateful that Justice Heilhouser, in whom he had confidence, was to provide the solution.

Mr. Sultzbach did not have an ordered mind, but within the large sphere of his head he had, naturally enough, a circular one. During that week he worked round the problem of possessing a cow and not the money she called for. He did not see the situation clearly; nevertheless, each time he pounced upon the same solution: If old Heilhouser didn't get that fifty dollars, he'd find the plaintiff raising such a ruckus in that courtroom of his, he would pretty dum quick!

Mr. Sultzbach was not free, however, as was his opponent, to put his entire attention upon the major problem. Another matter more and more persistently nagged him as the week drew toward a close. There was, known only to himself, a third party involved in the transaction. How best to keep the third party in salutary ignorance of the trial?

Simple enough; with her temporary infirmity she would not attend the trial. And, of course, should she hear that he was in judicial dispute over an Alderney, that need involve no implication; he himself owned two Alderney cows. And, further, no one in the world but himself knew that the animal involved did not belong to himself. Simple. Nothing to it! And yet, there was this slight phase to consider: When the news of the trial came to her ears, as it very probably would, would she not consider it strange that he, her affianced, had not told her that he was engaged in so important a matter as a lawsuit? Again simple enough; he, her affianced, would tell her casually in advance of the trial and thus forestall any slight suspicion which might arise on that account.

Thus Mr. Sultzbach circled through the pasture toward the home of said affianced upon the evening before the trial.

Miss Freida, who in spite of her infirmity was never idle, was putting new slats into a sunbonnet. She was never a talkative person; Sultzbach had not noticed that she had been more quiet than usual during this past week. If he had noticed he would have approved. The weaker sex should keep silence.

Mr. Sultzbach, his rich color flaring becomingly against the faded green of the morris chair, pounced genially upon this item of neighborhood interest and upon that, and finally made a faint pounce—but faint!—upon the matter of the morrow's business.

"Well, it's gitting late on me and I have got to go on town tomorrow. A little trial on my hands."

"Trial oncet?" said Miss Freida sharply. "A trial off the lawyers you mean? What fur trial?"

"Och, no, it ain't no lawyers in. I'm a settling it myself. Such a little trial over a -a cow."

"Cow oncet?" Miss Freida laid down her slat. "What fur cow?"

Mr. Sultzbach stretched his arms and yawned loudly. "Just only a cow. A slicker tryin' to git a cow off me fur nothing. That Watz—mebbe you mind of him—he was below me in the school. Below me," repeated Mr. Sultzbach.

Miss Freida took off her thimble. "Johnny Watz?"

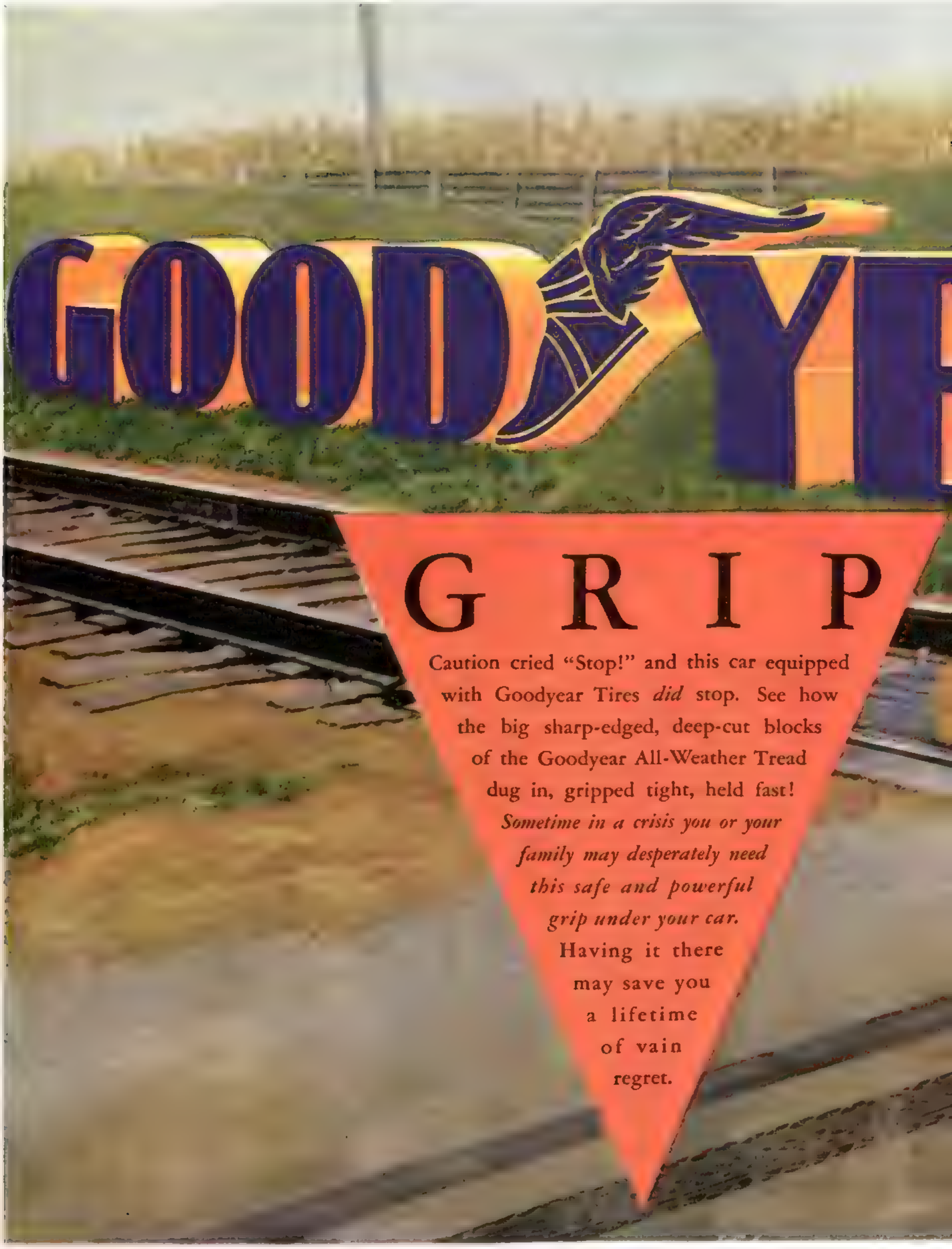
"That's his name a'ready." Mr. Sultzbach turned nonchalantly, his hand upon the knob. "Was he mebbe in your class then? Little chap, big eyes? Well, I give you good night now."

Miss Breidenthall did not say good night. She said in a level tone that was somehow dead for lack of breath: "Johnny Watz ain't fur paying what he owes you? What fur cow was it?"

Mr. Sultzbach burst into indulgent laughter. "What fur cow she asks me? What fur cow? Ain't that now a woman fur you? Ain't I got two Alderneys and ain't I got the right to sell either or both yet?" He swung open the door, swung himself through it. "It wouldn't wonder me none if I got the time to visit the jeweler tomorrow"—he peeped roguishly back at her—"fur to look at a nice little gold ring."

Miss Breidenthall did not particularize as usual as to the setting for the ring. Mr. Sultzbach neatly closed the door and neatly hastened down the steps. Miss Breidenthall

(Continued on Page 94)


GOODYEAR
GRIP
Caution cried "Stop!" and this car equipped with Goodyear Tires *did* stop. See how the big sharp-edged, deep-cut blocks of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread dug in, gripped tight, held fast!
Sometime in a crisis you or your family may desperately need this safe and powerful grip under your car.
Having it there may save you a lifetime of vain regret.

AIR
SLIP
In the nick of emergency, the brakes held, but the tires did not! This may happen tragically to you sometime if you depend on ordinary tires.

(Continued from Page 91)

neatly laid aside her sewing for the night; thereafter she sat as she had not sat in years, with quiet folded hands.

The entire interview had been neat, Mr. Sultzbach reflected as he pounced homeward across the clods; that concluding coup of turning her thoughts toward the ring unusually so. Well, he'd get the ring. He knew already where he could get one with a diamond at for forty-five. That would be saving five dollars again out of what Watz would be forking over on the morrow. Neat again, that.

For that Justice Heilhouser would decide for him Sultzbach had less and less doubt. He had no doubt at all as he stood in the court room the next day staring from Johnny Watz, with his wide, agitated eyes and his pallor of nervousness, to Justice Heilhouser, who looked like nothing so much as a dried pea pod.

Justice Heilhouser even rattled among the legal papers upon his desk as he settled himself for the business of the day. He had the long, striated cheeks of the born jurist; he had straight, thin, rather long hair, which looked as though it had been pasted upon his dry scalp; and he had lips which scarcely moved when he spoke.

They did not speak for some time while Horace Sultzbach, plaintiff, was presenting his case. Mr. Sultzbach, both mind and body, moved in large circles while doing so. First he was upon this side of the room, then upon that; his arms swung widely as he described the positions and the movements of himself, the cow and the defendant. At intervals he intoned the refrain: "So you kin easy see it fur yourself, judge, where a man can't be giving up no cow if he ain't gitting paid fur no cow. That ain't standing to reason.

"It ain't standing to reason." Mr. Sultzbach finally swung in a more comprehensive circle than usual. "So I guess that's all my case, judge, fur you kin easy see it fur yourself that a man can't ——"

For the first time speech came from behind the immobile lips: "You claim then, Mr. Sultzbach, that the animal belonged to the defendant at the time she consumed the money?"

It was a foolish question, so foolish that Mr. Sultzbach could scarce restrain a smile. But he did restrain it, and suddenly, for behind him, tapping, tapping along the corridor, came a crutch.

It seemed to tap hollowly upon the back of his own skull. He pivoted slowly upon reluctant heels. Miss Freida Breidenthall, supported by a crutch and a cane and accompanied by her housekeeper, entered the court room.

"You heard the question, Mr. Plaintiff?"

Mr. Sultzbach turned toward the court with the incredulous stare of one who strives to wake from a horrid nightmare.

"Yes, yes, I was hearing—I was hearing a'ready. About the cow—was she mine or what, ain't? Yes, she was mine; to be sure, she was mine. She couldn't belong to nobody else, could she? But then ag'in"—he clapped palm to jaw—"she was hisn too. I mean she was hisn when she et down the cash. Yes, to be sure, it was his cow where my money sunk into; and here he was all fur packing her off with the money insides her a'ready! So you kin easy see it, judge, where a man can't be giving up no cow if ——"

"You said that was all your case, Mr. Sultzbach?"

"Yes, yes, that's all my case." Mr. Sultzbach sank in a welter of relief and perspiration into a chair.

"Well, Mr. Watz, what have you to say? I think I have the general run of the case in mind, though the plaintiff seems a little hazy as to particulars. With reference now to the details involved in passing over the money—that is what I am especially interested in. Whose cow do you claim the animal was at the time she consumed the money?"

Johnny Watz fixed his wide troubled eyes upon the court and maintained them there. "I guess it was my cow where et the price of the money. I guess I got to admit to that."

Mr. Sultzbach, rapidly recovering, emitted a low chuckle and threw his arm expansively over the back of a chair. He even ventured a glance of recognition at Miss Freida, but her black eyes were strained upon the defendant.

"Suppose you give us your version of the affair from the beginning, Mr. Watz."

Mr. Watz gave him his version, and a detailed version it was, so detailed that more than once Mr. Sultzbach yawned loudly and sought relief by scraping his heels. Only one real interruption occurred, and that was when the painstaking Johnny bethought him to describe the cow herself. She was an Alderney; she had three white feet and one kind of brown one, and she had a crumpled horn.

It was at mention of the horn that a cane had dropped; it clattered to the floor like the crack of doom. Everybody started; one jumped from his chair. This one was Mr. Sultzbach. Thereafter he neither scraped nor yawned.

"Continue," ordered the court.

"So this here cow, she was standing and I was standing and he was standing. And I says, 'Take your money then,' I says. 'I'll give you your swang hunert fifty.' And he says, 'Cow sold.' Just like that—them words, 'Cow sold.' So I conceit after that the cow was mine, ain't? And he picked away them hunert and he put them at his pocket, and my fifty was at the trought laying then. And I says the question if he could give me a receipt. And he give me yes and pulled such a paper from his pocket out and a pencil yet; and he set down and I set down and the cow she was yet standing. And, ach, yes, he put his eye onto them other fifty where was at the trought laying and he says still, 'Them's the other fifty, heh?' and sumpin to the effects that he guessed I was knowing back a'ready where I wouldn't fetch the cow off him fur no hunert. And I says back—well, I says back, judge, sumpin where didn't make wery polite." Johnny Watz dropped his eyes in some chagrin; but at once forced them to the judge's face and went on conscientiously: "I says back, 'I knowed you.' But, anyways, he never made down on me fur it and we even made a little joke or either two then. Yes, we commenced to pick in a little, and Sultzbach he got real ropey and he says, 'Well, anyhow, I will git ——'"

Here Mr. Sultzbach suddenly burst into such a serious and prolonged fit of coughing that the attention of the court was distracted for a moment; but the persistent defendant merely raised his voice and continued.

"'Well, anyhow,' he says, 'I will git me oncet a ring out of it, anyways!' he says. And I says, 'What fur ring?' And he says me back, 'A ring yet fur a lady,' he says. And I ——"

"Highly diverting," interrupted the court at this point in the narration, "but irrelevant to the case in hand. Now let us get back to the main issue, the money. You say the fifty dollars was lying at that time upon the trough?"

There was a pause while the defendant's mind backed up to the trough; a ghastly pause, so it appeared, for during that brief interim color ebbed entirely from the person of the plaintiff. It would seem, indeed, to have been his main composite, for with it seemed to ebb also his rotundity, leaving him round no longer but curiously flat and inanimate, like an image in putty bent in the middle and staring at nothing in particular.

Mr. Watz inched his serious way through the remainder of the episode and finally concluded:

"He says it was my cow where et the money. Well, I say it was my cow where et the money. And what fur made it my cow? For the reason that I had passed ower the money in full fur it a'ready. There it was onto his trought laying, and if he wasn't having the gumption fur to pick it off and put it at his pocket, what fur blame was it on me?" He paused; his eyes strayed away a little wearily, entirely sadly. "I guess—I guess that's all." He sat down.

"It's enough," commented the justice briefly. And it was—for everybody in the chamber. "I mean to say," elucidated the court kindly after a moment, "you have presented the case with clarity, Mr. Watz. And in your conclusion you have driven straight at the heart of the matter—the ownership of the animal at the time she consumed a portion of her own price. I am glad"—his eyes diverted briefly to the plaintiff—"that you both agree upon that essential point.

"Mr. Watz also touched upon something of supreme importance in his final remarks; that is, that he had delivered the price full and entire and that the final portion of it was lying upon a fixture upon the premises of the plaintiff. And get this, please, it was, as Mr. Watz has intimated, lying there at the peril of the plaintiff.

"The case is, in fact, perfectly clear-cut from the legal standpoint. The moment the plaintiff made that pertinent remark 'Cow sold,' that moment the title of the cow passed to Watz, and by the same token the title of the money passed to Sultzbach. The money upon the trough therefore thenceforward belonged to Sultzbach, and he left it lying there at his own peril.

"I accordingly find for the defendant in this action; and in pursuance thereof I direct the plaintiff to deliver to said defendant the animal involved in this action."

"Darned if She Ain't Gone Modern"

He rose and began gathering together his papers. But there was more involved in the action than the animal, it appeared. Before the defendant could wipe his bewildered brow, before the plaintiff could more than sway to protesting feet, there was the sound of a crutch making its way resolutely to the front of the room.

"I," said Miss Freida Breidenthall, "am the owner of that there cow with the cruppled horn at. And"—her gaze, level and curiously impersonal, swept down upon Mr. Sultzbach—"I ain't fur selling her."

Like a lone magnificent eagle with a trailing wing she stood there, and before her the justice and Johnny Watz were stung to immobility. Not so Sultzbach; he had hopped suddenly to his feet; and still hopping, he was shouting: "Ain't fur selling her? Now, looky here, you says yourself ——"

"Order in the court! Order in the court!" pounded the justice sternly. "Madam, lift your right hand and be sworn. . . . Now. You claim that you are the owner of this cow?"

Miss Freida claimed in no uncertain terms that she was.

"You hear what the witness says, Mr. Sultzbach. What have you to say?"

Mr. Sultzbach's distempered eye circled from a knot hole in the floor to the bottom of the judicial desk, then scurried back to the knot hole. "I ain't saying she ain't," he murmured.

"Are you willing, Miss Breidenthall, to sell the animal to Mr. Sultzbach for one hundred and fifty dollars?"

"I ain't willing to sell that man nothing for no price," said the witness.

The justice pondered. Mr. Sultzbach fussed together his circles and semicircles and meshed into speech: "But you said you was! On your own kitchen setting you says you would sell her fur—fur —— You says you would sell her anyways."

"I says"—Miss Freida's level gaze again swept him as though he were a long way off—"I wouldn't sell her fur no less than one hunert dollars, and I wasn't saying if I would sell her at all."

The justice rose decisively. "Mr. Watz has paid one hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Sultzbach for a cow which it appears he is not able to deliver. I therefore order Mr. Sultzbach to reimburse Mr. Watz for the full amount and give him judgment therefor."

Mr. Sultzbach clapped agitated hand to pocket. "But that leaves me fifty dollars in the holes, judge," he pleaded.

"At once. And for the full amount," frowned the court.

The peach stones chanted hollow requiem as Mr. Sultzbach fumbled slowly toward his pocket.

The transaction completed, Miss Breidenthall permitted herself but two remarks in her progress from the court room. To Mr. Sultzbach she remarked in passing: "It takes a dumb woman where would pay out for her own engagements ring. But it takes a dumber man where would think he could sharper her into it. In especial," added Miss Freida with emphasis, "when such others are waiting for the chancet to pay for it out of their own pants pockets."

And to Johnny Watz, who stepped close beside her, she remarked: "Was you wanting to buy that Alderney fur mebbe a hunert dollars? For, you see," she went on hastily, for once color tingeing her clear pallor, "I guess I was telling you a'ready, I like always my dealings with a man where has got a good business head at him."

Johnny Watz dazedly reached for her market basket. He felt very like the little boy who had once carried for her her schoolbooks.

Mr. Sultzbach did not attempt at once to rise from his chair. He sat staring at a single unhappy fly which had been caught in the stark judicial chamber and which was too far spent even to buzz. Mr. Sultzbach had never heard of Wall Street, but it is probable as he sat there that he was realizing one of its fundamental axioms: A man always courts danger when he sells stock short.

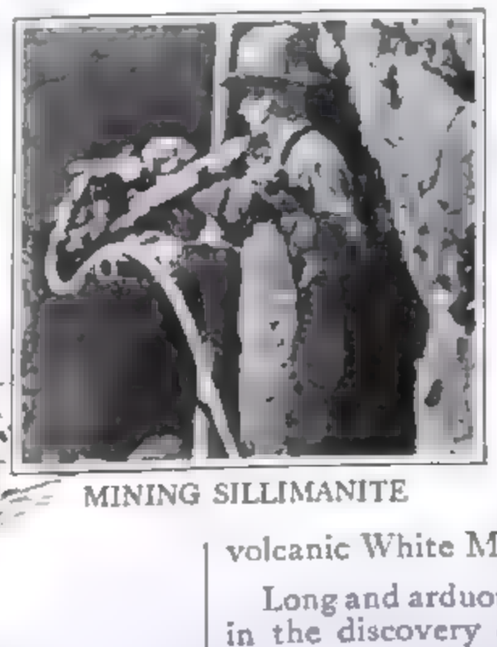
Nature's Laboratories
Contribute to Industrial Progress

Rarely is nature given full credit for the marvels which her great laboratories have made possible in industry.

But nature has yielded treasures which are vital factors in modern industrial progress. In the majority of cases the public is scarcely aware of the facts.

As one instance, there is what is commercially known as sillimanite.

It was unknown a few years ago, except as a mineralogical rarity named after Professor Silliman, of Yale, who first identified it.



MINING SILLIMANITE

Today it is utilized for tubes housing temperature-recording apparatus where furnace heat is terrific; for laboratory ware which is subject to tremendous heat-shock and chemical reactions; and its greatest commercial use is in the insulators for Champion Spark Plugs.

Its use in this form is one of the great romances of industry.

In the early days porcelain was used for spark plug insulators, but as motors improved, engineers felt the need of improved insulating material.

A group of the leading ceramic scientists engaged in this task included members of the personnel of the Champion Spark Plug Company.

In their laboratories they succeeded in producing, synthetically, a material that tests revealed to be the greatest insulator ever produced.

But its production synthetically was not commercially feasible.

After carefully studying this material, it was finally concluded that sometime, somewhere nature herself had produced such a material. Research revealed that the synthetic material was sillimanite. But sillimanite had never been discovered in commercial quantities.

Having gathered all available data and information, Dr. Joseph A. Jeffery, director of the research department of the Champion Spark Plug Company — whose researches in spark plug insulation have extended over the past twenty-five years — went to California and there began prospecting in the volcanic White Mountains.

Long and arduous search resulted in the discovery of a vast deposit of ore which subsequently proved to be the best source for sillimanite.

Samples of this ore were taken back to the Champion laboratories and there compounded with other materials. The result of the experiments was the production of sillimanite on a basis of complete commercial possibilities.

The actual finding of this deposit is a great tribute to the perseverance of the organization which long sought it. This, the only known commercial deposit, is owned and controlled exclusively by Champion.

In Detroit it is carefully and marvelously processed in a great plant, eventually becoming one of the various articles mentioned previously.

The manifold potentialities of sillimanite in other applications have been given but slight attention, owing to the tremendous demand for Champion SparkPlugs.

Commercial sillimanite is clear evidence that, even as far as science has gone, nature does some things even better.

TRANSPORTING SILLIMANITE ON BURRO-BACK

Champion—the accepted standard for automotive use, outselling throughout the world
Sillimanite
[Nature's Finest Insulator]
makes
Champion Aviation Spark Plug. Revolutionary in principle, design and performance.
the
Champion Marine and outboard engine spark plug—a consistent record breaker
better
Spark
plug
Champion motorcycle spark plug — the finest available, and winner of every type of extreme competition.

ESTABLISHED 1829

Golf Clubs backed

THE buoyancy of youth is based on *hope.* But that which is *destined to endure* is measured by *the test of time.* The building up of *confidence* is not shaped by anticipation—but is ever a tribute to *proven performance.*

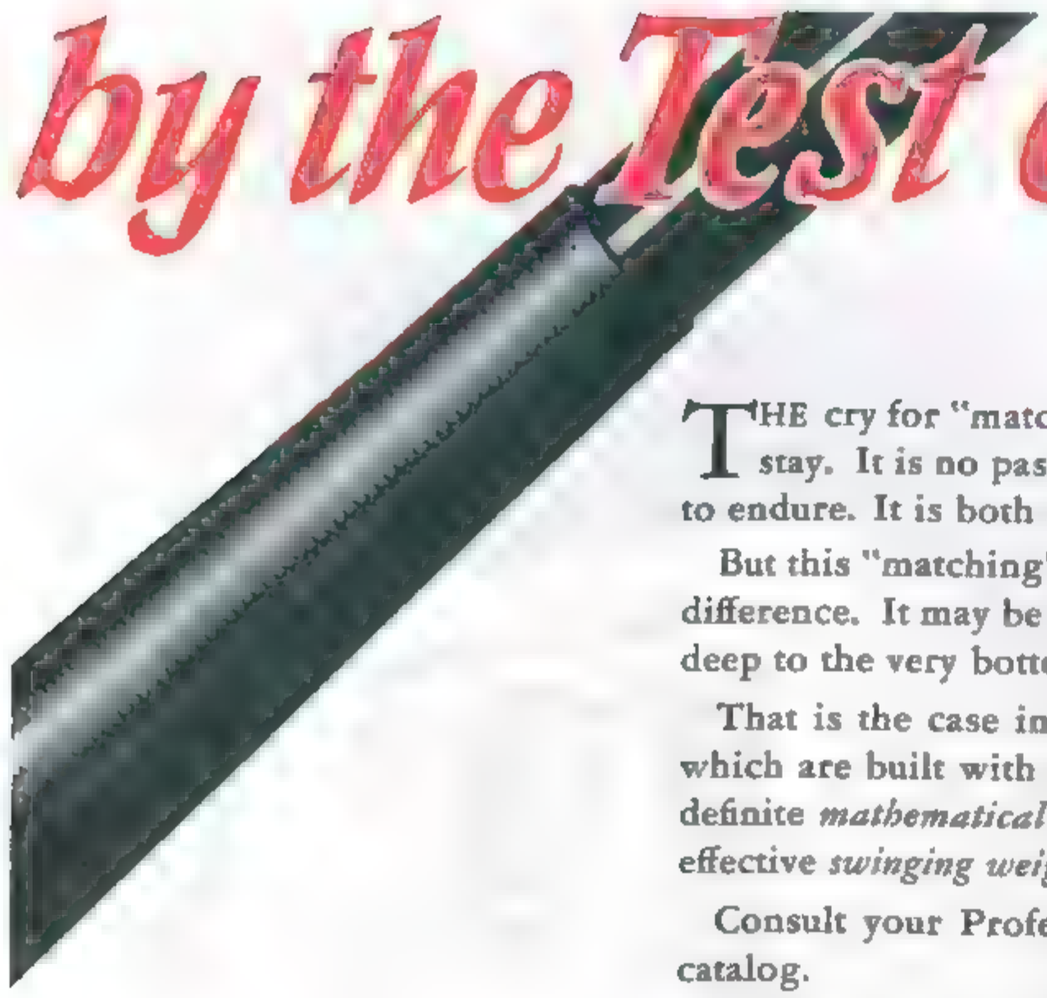
And so it is with Golf Clubs which bear the name of MACGREGOR. The *confidence* the public has long placed in them is full of promise—a constant expectation and realization of improvement, backed by the assurance that *the rigid test of time alone can give.*

MACGREGOR
DAYTON O.

MACG
COURSE-TESTED

by the Test of Time

100TH ANNIVERSARY 1929



THE cry for "matched" sets in Golf Clubs has come to stay. It is no passing fancy. This demand is destined to endure. It is both sure and *sound*.

But this "matching" process permits of a vast degree of difference. It may be somewhat superficial—or it *may* dig deep to the very bottom of a scientific principle.

That is the case in MACGREGOR *Harmonized* Sets—which are built with the delicate balance of a watch to a definite *mathematical* relationship, which gives the same effective *swinging weight* to each club.

Consult your Professional or Dealer—or write us for catalog.

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY CO.
Established 1829 DAYTON, OHIO

Eleven clubs that swing as one—causing your shots to flow with the even rhythm of perfect poetry.

REGOR

GOLF CLUBS

MACGREGOR DAYTON O

Which
automatic refrigerator?

Here are hooks to hang your choice on

YOU pay quite a little money for any automatic refrigerator. And once you buy one you'll live with it a long time. That's why your choice is not to be lightly made.

You need facts to go on. Mere statements, exaggerated puffing, high-sounding claims - these will not do.

We give you here the facts about Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator—simply, clearly, quickly. You need not be technical-minded to appreciate them.

Noiseless. The silence of Electrolux is natural. This refrigerator makes no sound when you buy it and none will ever develop, for it hasn't a single moving part to vibrate, to work loose.

No machinery. Electrolux has no moving machinery. All it has is a series of rigid steel tubes, permanently welded into a solid, everlasting, one-piece unit.

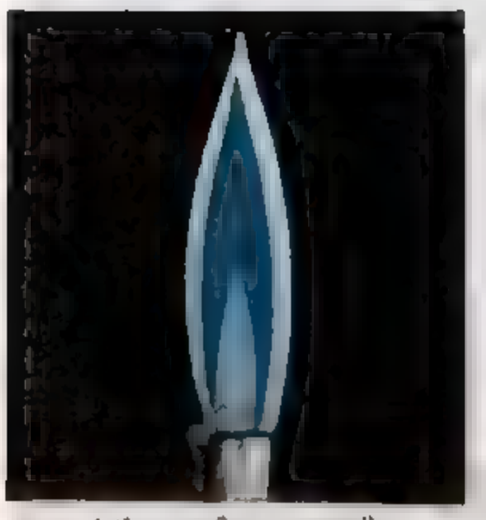
A simple principle. Inside the steel tubes is a liquid refrigerant. A tiny gas flame expands it to vapor. A trickle of water condenses it back again. By this change, which automatically takes place over and over in an endless cycle, intense, steady cold is produced.

Lowest cost per month. The only expense for Electrolux is gas and water. Both are relatively cheap. The flame is only a trifle larger than a pilot light. The water flow is a mere trickle. The average monthly cost for Electrolux refrigeration is lower than ice or any other known system of automatic refrigeration.

Absolutely safe. No harm is done should the tiny flame of Electrolux ever go out for any reason. The minute the flame goes out the gas automatically shuts off, and cannot come back on until you are ready to light it again.

No known limit to life. How long will a steel safe last? The answer is—indefinitely. No one knows how long Electrolux will last, either, for science has found no good reason why it should ever wear out. Remember, there is no machinery, not a single moving part to get out of order.

Steady cold—plenty of ice cubes. The temperature inside an Electrolux never varies more than a point or two from the ideal temperature at which food should be kept. At the same time, ice cubes freeze so quickly under the intense cold in the tray compartment that you always have plenty.



A tiny gas flame magically takes the place of a motor and all motor-driven parts

KITCHENETTE MODEL. *Four cubic feet of food space. Quickly makes 36 large ice cubes at one time.*

So dependable. Leading national authorities have tested the Electrolux under the severest sort of conditions. For instance, Good Housekeeping Institute and others operated it in hot rooms where the temperature was constantly kept at 90 degrees. Their unqualified approval after these tests speaks for itself on this important point.

We have given you the facts. We make strong claims for Electrolux. But they have been proved over and over again. They are literally true. Only one thing remains. You must see Electrolux—look at it, listen to it, talk to owners—and judge for yourself.

When you're ready to buy, you'll meet another pleasant surprise. You can buy an Electrolux for as little as $210 f.o.b. Evansville, Ind. Other sizes range up to $510. Purchase terms to suit your convenience. And you have your choice of white or two colors. Write today for detailed illustrated information. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL

VILLA LAURIER

(Continued from Page 25)

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" she agreed. But there was a limpid tone in her voice that did not ring true. It was easy to guess what was in her mind. Here was Brown, a rich and attractive orphan of naturally quiet and domestic tastes who had been sorely tried and disillusioned by Clytie, then returned home to pass through the grief of his father's illness and death. He had since found himself desolate, alone in the world and unoccupied. A sort of desperation had driven him back to France. Having now, on his arrival, made the acquaintance, under romantic circumstances, of three entirely charming and desirable girls, it seemed practically certain that he would find a comforter in one of them.

Any girl not utterly dumb must have been quick to realize this probability. Nobody could blame her for doing so. Of course I got all this myself and was immediately aware that the situation was most apt to clash with my own interests, and with a double edge. Brown, when informed of Clytie's conduct and of the Morans' necessities, would be apt to buy the Villa Laurier, if only to save it for them to redeem later.

There seemed no help for it. I was about as well equipped to compete with Brown for Jasmin as to compete with him for the purchase of her home. I could see Jasmin and a fat commission both sprouting wings to flit beyond my grasp. Tom and I could not in decency serve Brown as agents. We had not been retained by Moran to sell the property but by Smith to buy it for him. Besides being our client, Smith had generously solved the problem of keeping us from getting chucked out of our office at a moment when such a catastrophe would have been fatal to other interests that were hovering in the background.

Jasmin said slowly, "We don't want to sell the Villa Laurier to Smith, but we might be willing to sell it to Mr. Brown."

"That's easily understood," I agreed. "Brown would be a much more worthy successor."

"In fact," Jasmin said, "I'm sure we would all rather sell the place to Mr. Brown for three million francs than to Mr. Smith for half a million more. We could not bear to have Smith and that Clytie woman living here."

"Why should Brown buy the property at all, except to keep his promise to Clytie?" I asked.

Jasmin must have expected this question. At any rate, it did not make her squirm at all. She merely looked a little bored and said:

"When Mr. Brown knows the truth about Clytie and that Mr. Smith is trying to buy the villa for her, Mr. Brown is apt to be so disgusted that he may want to buy it himself, if only to get even."

I shook my head. "Brown is not vindictive. He might be sore, but not spiteful. You know better than that, Jasmin."

She gave me a hard, challenging look. "What do you mean?"

"I don't need tell you. You're nobody's fool. Brown may want to buy the place when he learns how matters stand. But not to spite Clytie—or Smith, for that matter."

Jasmin did not pursue her challenge. Instead, she asked, "Can't you tell Mr. Smith that we flatly refuse to sell him our home at any price, and then offer it to Mr. Brown? After all, you are a real-estate agent, aren't you?"

"Yes. But I'm not that kind."

"Oh, well, then tell Mr. Brown all about it, if you feel you must."

"I certainly should feel that way, and so would Tom, if we were Brown's agents. But we are not."

"You might be, though, after telling Smith that you could do nothing more for him."

"Yes," I agreed. "So could a lawyer take a retainer to try a suit for a client and then, on finding that he had no chance of winning, tell said client that he would have to drop his case, then take up that of his adversary. But with honest members of the profession it isn't done."

"Real estate is different," Jasmin said.

"Not in principle," I told her. "There are quite a lot of square shooters in the business. You'd be surprised. Money isn't everything."

"Almost," Jasmin said. "You would think so, too, if you were a girl and had to spend all your time in gardening and housework."

"How long have you been doing that?" I asked.

"About a year. The rent paid us by the Browns went to settle debts and buy things for the laboratory. Mother's fortune was swept away by the war. Her family owned factories in Arras and Valenciennes. Then, after the war, papa had some losses. His family owned ships. Papa loaned a million francs to my Uncle Paul. He had retired from the navy and was working at an invention."

"It's about time your luck changed," I said. "What sort of invention?"

"A diving machine for rescuing sailors from sunken submarines. This diving bell could be lowered so that it was against the submarine, to which it attached itself by suction, like a leech. Then a port was opened in the diving bell and a hole cut in the side of the submarine, and the crew passed into the diving bell."

"That might work," I said.

"It did work. My Uncle Paul bought an old mine-sweeper at St.-Nazaire and spent all last summer experimenting off Belle Isle. He came to see us just after we had got back here. Papa got furiously angry with him about something. I woke in the night and heard him raging at Uncle Paul. Yet it is not like papa to complain about money, if lost. It must have been something else."

"Where is your Uncle Paul now?"

"I don't know," Jasmin said. "It was then that papa got seriously to work with his perfume process. He had already been studying at it for some time before, but he realized that he must make some money, and he began his experiments. He had to buy the roses. You know it takes thousands of kilos to make a liter of the pure essence. Fortunately he does not need much for his experiments."

"You girls have helped him wonderfully," I told her. "What price calloused hands and brier scratches for a year or two when he makes a fortune? And if the money runs out, I think he could find a backer without going so very far."

"Things look better," she admitted. "But tonight shows that he must be very careful. I think you made a mistake in sending Brig away."

"That is true," I agreed. "It occurred to me afterward that this pair we chased may have had nothing to do with the attack on your father. Perhaps he is right in believing the motive for that to have been directed at his perfume secret. Brig would be useful against anybody but his old master."

"Who could that possibly be?" Jasmin asked.

"I can't imagine. Nobody hereabouts has ever recognized the dog. I've always thought he must have been police trained, but it looks now as if he were on the other page of the blotter."

Jasmin looked puzzled. "What does that say?"

"That his *dossier* was a criminal one. Such a dog is what he is made by his master. If that one happens to be an *apache*, then the dog becomes a skilled *apache*. In the Basque country the smugglers train their *chiens de Pyrénées* to run tobacco across the frontier and evade the *gabelous*. His master is a good dog's religion."

There came at this moment a sound on the stairway, and I looked round, to see Moran, in dressing gown and slippers, coming down. He joined us and sank wearily onto the sofa.

"I've been talking with Mimi," he said. "She seems to think that what you said about my paying too dear for sentiment was right, Mr. Charles."

"So do I, papa," Jasmin said.

"Well, then, I think we had better sell—to Mr. Brown, that is."

Jasmin smiled and looked at me. Her face was like an open book—in Arabic or Sanskrit to one who does not read Arabic or Sanskrit. I got nothing at all, and kept silent.

Moran looked at me questioningly. "Will you offer the property to Mr. Brown tomorrow at whatever you consider to be a reasonable advance on the price offered by Mr. Smith?"

"I can't do that, sir," I said. "Mr. Smith had already retained us to buy the property for himself, before Mr. Brown came to us. We felt obliged, therefore, to decline to act for Mr. Brown at that moment. You are entirely free to deal directly with Mr. Brown yourself."

Moran gave me a keen look. He had the typical savant face, with brows that were full over the outer corners of his eyes.

"You are a man of honor, Mr. Charles, if you don't mind my saying so."

I bowed. "Thank you, sir."

"If we sell to Mr. Brown, you shall receive your commission just the same," Moran said. "You brought him here."

"Not as a client," I said. "We could not touch a franc of commission if we are to deal fairly with Mr. Smith."

He looked distressed. Jasmin smiled again, then asked, "But why insist on selling to Mr. Brown, papa?"

Moran frowned. "I would much prefer that our house were sold to a young man of his stamp than to the very ordinary sort of person that Mr. Smith appears to be." He rose, then reached in the deep pocket of his dressing gown and handed me the pistol I had loaned to Jasmin when I had brought out Brig. "Perhaps you had better take charge of this. Let's hope you have no occasion to use it." Then to Jasmin: "Hadn't you better go to bed, my dear? This has been a trying day."

"In a few moments, papa."

He hesitated for a moment, then wished us good night again and went up. Jasmin looked after him as he mounted the stairs and, when we heard the faint closing of a door, turned to me.

"If papa knew what you suspect he would not sell to Mr. Brown at any price."

"Of course not," I agreed, and laid the pistol on a center table.

"Aren't you a bit shocked that his daughter shouldn't share his sense of honor?" She smiled again. "And your own?"

"I've long since discovered that most women have a code of their own," I said. "So they never shock me." I rose to intimate that our interview was over, and that she had better act on her father's suggestion and go to bed.

Jasmin rose also. She stepped close in front of me and stared into my eyes. There was a curious intentness in her amethyst ones. "Are you sure no woman could shock you, M'sieur Charles?"

"None has, since I've been grown up."

"I'm not at all sure that you have grown up. You've still got the schoolboy sense of honor. To play the game ——" Her eyes grew darker, more intense. She drew herself a little closer and I became aware of a perfume that was like that of a rose garden in the sunshine, delicately elusive and infinitely sweet. It set my heart to pounding, like the first inhalations of an anæsthetic. I did not think at the moment of Moran's research work or of what he had said about

(Continued on Page 101)

This Year Spend Your Vacation at the

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO ONTARIO

Aug. 23 to Sept. 7 incl.

Empire Year

THE World's Annual Exposition—a colossal achievement, and only overnight by rail from New York, Washington or Chicago (or an easy two-day motor trip). Here are exhibited products from the four corners of the earth; here, the greatest international sports program; the Goldman and other famed Bands; four concerts by the 2,000 Voice Exhibition Chorus; the first showing of 1930 Motor Cars in the new million dollar Automotive Building, Canada's National Aircraft Show; Agricultural, Horticultural and Stock Displays; Art Exhibits occupying two massive buildings; lavish grandstand presentations.

These are but a few high-lights of the enjoyable two weeks' Empire Year program of the Canadian National Exhibition.

Send tonight for descriptive pictorial booklets and official C.N.E. Road Map.

THOMAS BRADSHAW, *President*
H. W. WATERS, *General Manager*

C.N.E.

P.

Department of Publicity, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada.

Please send me free road map and booklets describing the Canadian National Exhibition.

Name

Address

Fittings by TERNSTEDT

THE "HALLMARK" OF SUPERIOR AUTOMOBILE BODY EQUIPMENT

The luxury of the modern home . . . . has been transported to the modern motor car. Just as the artists entrusted with the interior decorating of fine homes diligently search for the beautiful and harmonious in lighting effects and furnishings . . . . so the designers of today's motor cars seek body fittings in keeping with the character of other appointments. It is a tribute to the prestige of Fittings by Ternstedt that they invariably are selected for the *greater value* cars in each price group

TERNSTEDT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Unit of Fisher Body Corporation
DETROIT U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 99)

the powers of an exquisite odor. I could not seem to think at all.

Her smiling face came closer. The distance between our eyes decreased imperceptibly until Jasmin's were inside the focus of my own. They became a swirling pool of heliotrope, with a bright, burning light in its vortex. She said in a soft, throaty voice that was infinitely persuasive:

"Let's not be so frightfully squeamish about all this, Charles. After all, why not let Mr. Brown solve our horrid problems – both yours and mine? What difference can it make to him when he's so dreadfully rich? If he's so set on buying this place, then why not go ahead and buy it for him and let him do what he likes with it? That's his affair, not ours."

She paused, her colorful eyes swimming and swirling into mine. I could not seem to answer. She pressed closer to me, not actually touching me, but as if some soft, impalpable substance, soothing and delightful, projected itself into my deeper senses. "You are going to do as I ask, *mon* Charles," she murmured caressingly. The subtle perfume of her was as drenching as the soft, persuasive tone. "You are not going to tell anybody anything."

The tactical error of this insidious command roused me from the stasis I seemed to have fallen into. I stepped back and brought her eyes into separate focus again.

"I'm going to keep out of it entirely," I told her. "You can go ahead on your own account and do anything you like."

Jasmin laughed. Her eyes looked amused. "Oh, dear," she said. "You were right about yourself after all."

"Were you trying to hypnotize me?" I asked.

"That's a horrid word, Charles. I was trying to charm you."

"No need, Jasmin. You've done that from the start. But not to the extent of making me lose my head."

"That's the danger of trying," Jasmin said, "because if you don't I might."

"Not you," I told her. "You are a constant source of surprise to me, but I'm beginning to understand you a little better. You wanted to try me out. You haven't the slightest intention of trying to put anything over on Brown. All this was partly malice, mischief; partly to see if I am temptation-proof."

Her eyes shone. "Do you really believe that, Charles?"

"Sure of it," I said emphatically.

"Why have you such a splendid opinion of me, Charles?" She stared at me curiously. "There's no reason to base it on."

"It's less a matter of reason than a feeling I've got. What we call a hunch. Besides, this sibylline stuff doesn't check with your patience and helpfulness through months of hard work."

"I don't look ahead, Charles, nor very often behind. I live in the present, so every day I hope to hear papa say: 'There! It's finished. The problem is solved, and now we are going to be rich. *Ça-y-est.*'"

"Are you so crazy to be rich, Jasmin?" I asked hopelessly.

"Who isn't? Especially after drudgery. Time spent in dull, monotonous work is a sort of death."

"You don't look like anything from the tomb," I said. "All the same I'll admit that a girl like you bent over a *pioche* is like a poem with the meter wrong. But we are going to change all that."

"How?" she asked.

"Something tells me we are going to get a better break."

She smiled. "Another of your hunches? Let's hope you're right. It's injurious for girls who belong to the de Grasse family to labor like peasants, in the kitchen and in the soil."

My memory awoke. De Grasse. That was the name of the man for whom the papers had advertised. As a newcomer there, I had associated it with a steamship rather than with the town. Paul de Grasse, of course. It was stupid of me not to have remembered.

"Our family is only a cadet branch of the old one," Jasmin said. "But all the same it is humiliating to be so poor."

"Of course," I agreed. "It's no wonder that you feel so bitter about it. Your father, as an American and a savant, does not get it with the same force. Besides, he has confidence in his discovery."

Jasmin nodded moodily. "Scientists are like that, I suppose. Their work absorbs them. Papa can see no indignity in any sort of honest work. But he is the soul of honor. I have an idea that it was something proposed by my Uncle Paul in connection with his invention about which they quarreled."

"Something that your father considered to be off color?" I asked.

"Possibly," Jasmin said. "He would never tell me what it was."

"And then your Uncle Paul disappeared and you've never since heard of him?" I asked.

"Yes. We don't know whether he is alive or dead. Papa thought for a while that he had gone to America; probably to try to sell his diving invention. But we have never heard from him at all. He was the last of my mother's branch of the family. The other brothers were killed in the war. They were younger and had not married." She rose then and said wearily: "I'm going to bed. You had better let me give you a room."

"No, thanks, Jasmin; I'll be quite comfortable here," I told her.

She walked toward the stairs; then at their foot turned and paused. "Nobody but you would have stood that test, Charles."

"Don't you believe it, Jasmin," I said. "There are plenty of honest men. Diogenes was a cynical old fool."

"Oh, I don't mean that," she said impatiently. "Plenty of men could resist temptation by a girl. But you are the only one who could still believe in the girl when she had tried and failed."

"We believe what we are compelled to," I told her. "Then it was really an intelligence test?"

"Call it that if you like." She stood looking at me fixedly, one hand on the newel post, that was big and heavily carved. "You are rather like Brig, Charles. Your loyalties are fixed. Not subject to argument."

"The American spirit," I said, "is apt to be simple and direct."

"Yes," she agreed, "and strong and vigorous. It's in the earth and air. I felt it over there. The soil of this poor old country has been soaked for centuries in blood and toil. The people are affected by it."

"You can scarcely blame them," I said. "All these terraces and heaps of masonry constructed for nourishment and protection in past ages have taken their toll. They are picturesque and make America look raw in comparison, but the energy over there is gathering instead of expended."

"That's why I want to go there to live," Jasmin said. She still stood looking at me as if expecting something. Then, as I made no move, she wished me a brief good night and went up the stairs.

It was such a lovely night, unseasonably hot for late in May, that the lure of the soft, fragrant air drew me outdoors and toward the rose garden. Here the flower perfume was poignantly sweet, and it reminded me of Jasmin even more than the subtle fragrance of the girl had suggested its source.

Following the brick path down the center of the garden I came to an ancient well at the far end. It had a coping of masonry and was covered by a square hatch cover. Beside it rose an old-fashioned windmill, not the ancient sort, but the high iron-scaffold type that was in general use twenty-five years ago, before gas and electric power succeeded it. The lower third of this unsightly structure was hidden by a cluster of palms, but I could see between their fronds the slatted wheel with its vane and

(Continued on Page 103)

Cancer—Ostriches

THE old notion that ostriches have the habit of hiding their heads in the sand in time of danger has been disproved again and again. Nevertheless the expression "hiding his head in the sand like an ostrich" aptly describes the man who seeks to avoid danger by refusing to recognize it when it comes.

EACH year thousands of people die of cancer—needlessly—because they accept as true some of the mistaken beliefs about this disease.

No. 1—That every case of cancer is hopeless. *It is not.*

No. 2—That cancer should be concealed because it results from a blood taint and is disgraceful. *It is not.*

No. 3—That nature can conquer a malignant cancer unaided. *It can not.*

No. 4—That cancer can be cured with medicine, with a serum or with some secret procedure. *It can not.*

Many cancer patients are neglected or avoided because of the mistaken belief that cancer is contagious. *It is not.*

Be on Watch for First Signs of Cancer

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from the body. Do not neglect any strange growth. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size.

If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

In its early stages, various kinds of cancer yield to skilful use of surgery, radium or x-rays. Frequently a combination of surgery and x-rays or radium saves lives that would otherwise be lost. But with all their skill and with their splendid records of success, the best doctors in the world are powerless unless their aid is sought in time.

Beware of Plausible Quacks

Because cancer is usually spoken of furtively or in confidence, and its nature and origin are largely shrouded in mystery, quacks and crooked institutions reap a cruel harvest. They prey upon the fear and ignorance of those who do not know the facts concerning cancer. They are often successful in making people believe that they have cancer when they have not. Later, with a great flourish, they boast of their "cures".

Gratefully the patients of the fakers, first thoroughly alarmed, later entirely reassured, are glad to sign testimonials with which new victims are trapped. Beware of those who advertise cancer cures.

An annual physical examination by your family physician, or the expert to whom he sends you, may be the means of detecting cancer in its early stages. Do not neglect it.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Address Booklet Department, 79-E, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING

CALCULATING

BILLING

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Typewriter Billing Machine

The only machine that writes a complete invoice in one operation—including all typing, extending, discounting and totalling.

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6436 SECOND BLVD. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 101)

a water tank. The apparatus looked as if it might be still in use to irrigate the rose garden, as there was a length of hose attached to a faucet. Such a supply would help to reduce the water tax, I reflected.

I returned to the house and went inside, leaving the long window open for the sake of the sweet air. There did not seem to me to be the least danger from any mysterious enemy. In fact, I had wanted to stop there overnight to reassure rather than to protect the family. When Moran had handed me the pistol I had laid it on the center table, not bothering to pocket it when I stepped out onto the terrace.

Now, before lying down to rest, I glanced to where the weapon had been lying. It was gone. Apparently Mr. Moran had come down again for some reason, and finding that I had stepped out to reconnoiter and left the weapon there, he had decided that I must be a careless watchman and taken it himself. Perhaps he was right, I thought, and stretched out and went to sleep.

III

ON THE Côte d'Azur the wind may rise suddenly and for no apparent reason. That seems to be a prerogative of Our Sea. In America it requires a sudden thermic change or variation of atmospheric pressure to produce a squall of long or short duration. But the old Mediterranean has a box of tricks all its own. She merely lifts the lid and lets out the wind, violently and without the warning of any perceptible change of weather. It simply begins to blow, and keeps on blowing all day, or three, and stops when ready, also without hoisting any signals.

The roaring of the wind through the tall eucalyptus trees awakened me at midnight—a little after. It was neither mistral nor *bise* nor Levanter nor any of those classic gales, but merely a clear squall, violent and unseasonable. The sort that Homer describes. I got up and looked out. The night was warm and the sky clear, with low, bright, twinkling stars.

Then, through the rushing wind, it seemed to me I heard another sound. This was alien to the boisterous shouting of the elements; an artificial and punctuated noise. I did not hear it until I had opened the long window in the rear, which was the lee side, and then it was audible only during lulls of the gale—a faint, rhythmic, metallic sound. It seemed to come from up on the steep hillside that flanked the rose garden.

I thought immediately of the windmill. Old-timers may remember how these contrivances were equipped with a lever at their foot by which the wheel could be turned on edge to the wind, lying in the same axis with the wind vane and thus out of gear, saving wear and waste of water when the tank was full. There had been one of these windmills on my grandfather's place, where I used to visit as a little boy. Once I had been confined in quarters the rest of a lovely day in punishment for having climbed to the platform on the top of the tower.

I remembered also that the gardener had thrown the machine out of gear in a thunder squall or heavy blow, because it pumped too hard at such times and there was danger of its getting wrecked. It struck me now that for an antiquated machine this risk must be considerable, and that perhaps the violent flaws of wind might have loosed the wheel from its worn catch and thrown it into gear. It seemed doubtful that one of the girls, awakened by the sudden blow and wishing to fill the tank, had slipped out and started the mill to pump.

At any rate, I decided to investigate. The wind was roaring through the trees, flailing their branches and tearing off many that were dead or dying, for they had been long untrimmed. It seemed as if the rose garden must be ruined, with many of the flowers in full blossom, but I found that the place was sheltered by the house and its flanking masses of undergrowth, in which laurel predominated. Just as I had supposed, the old mill was spinning furiously, pumping full bore with a clanging and clanking that was alarming enough at close range, but drowned at a little distance in the diapason of noises made by the rush of the clear, sudden gale.

It appeared then that I had been right in believing the gusty wind to have torn the wheel loose from its idled position and set the pump to working, for the big faucet had not been closed and the water was gushing down full bore on the flagging. I shut it off, then found the lever and threw the mill out of gear, hoping that it would hold. Finding it locked solidly, I started to examine the installation more in detail, wondering why the tower had not been erected immediately over the well for the sake of a straight lift.

I discovered then that the source of water supply was not a well but a cistern fed by a gully in the rocky slope. This, in a heavy rain, would become a torrential stream and fill quickly even a cistern of considerable size. The water thus funded should carry through the dry season, with showers now and then, what might formerly have been a large kitchen garden, where the rose trees were now planted. They were mostly damasks, I thought, like those planted in Rumania on the slopes behind Constanza, for attar of roses and its side products.

It was impossible to tell the dimensions of this cistern, but there was a coil of line, used evidently for plumbing its depth, hanging on the scaffold, a brick tied on its end.

Out of idle curiosity I took this coil down to sound the cistern, and noticed as I did so that about a fathom and a half of the weighted end was wet. This looked as if one of the girls had used it that afternoon and decided to fill the tank when the wind sprang up. Probably she had not anticipated so strong a blow. At any rate, she had neglected to see that the faucet was closed, and it might have taken some time for the worn pump valves to lift the water. I took a sounding with the dry end of the line and found, on spanning with my arms, that there was a full nine feet of depth.

Returning then to the house, I stretched out on the couch and soon fell asleep. It was broad day when I awoke, though only six o'clock. The wind was still blowing hard, though it sounded less violent and steadier. There was a pleasant matinal smell of coffee, which at that hour is more grateful to some of us than rose perfume, however rare. The tinkle of girls' voices came from somewhere near by, so I got up and dressed by buttoning my collar and putting on my necktie, coat and shoes. Then, following the scent, I found the three girls having their *petit déjeuner* in the pantry.

"Good morning, Charles," Jasmin said. "Did you get some sleep?"

"Yes, thanks, though it was interrupted. . . . How is Mr. Moran?"

"Quite well, thank you. . . . What interrupted your rest?"

"The first squall when the wind rose threw the windmill in gear. I went out and found it working hard to pump the cistern dry. One of you rose gardeners forgot to close the faucet."

Jasmin looked accusingly at Mimi. "You were drawing water last, Mimi."

"But I'm certain I shut it off."

"Well, it doesn't matter," I said. "It woke me in time to save much loss."

"That is fortunate," Jasmin said. "With such a wind it could be drained in a few hours, and that is all the water that we have for cooking and washing and the garden. We drink a bottled spring water. The commune water is calcareous, so we shut it off to save the tax. It is odd that the windmill should have started. It was all put in order not long ago."

"Probably it was not thrown completely out of gear," I said. "The lever is stiff."

Again Mimi protested: "But I am sure I shoved the lever all the way."

"Could it be more sabotage?" I asked.

Jasmin shook her head. "If that had been the object the rascal would have been more apt to damage the machine itself. The next hard shower will fill the tank. It never gets less than half full."

They fed me coffee and *pain de ménage* and eggs and honey. I had just finished this good start when the big bell rang and I went down to the gates, to find Tom in our French flivver.

"You had better run up and say *au 'voir*, and come back with me. There are complications to this deal. Brown is set on buying the Villa Laurier and we are tied up to Smith. I think your shot at Moran went home. I believe he would sell to Brown. But where do we get in on that, after accepting Smith's retainer and declining to act for Brown? A fat commish gone glimmering."

"Maybe," I said. "Don't you want to come up and say *bon jour?*"

He shook his head. "Rather not mix social and business relations until I see my way ahead. I'll wait here. Hurry up."

I ran back to the house and explained that we had an early appointment at our office. Jasmin gave me a deep look as I said *au revoir*—too deep for me to sound. I did not want to see Moran just yet.

As Tom started off he said: "Brig slid out when I opened the office. He seemed bound somewhere. Any light on his crook master?"

"Not yet," I answered, "but I think I've got a line on the woman." I told him my reasons for suspecting that the woman for whom Smith wanted to buy the villa and Clytie were the same. Tom whistled softly.

"If you're right," he said, "then Brown is pretty sure to cancel his bid."

"Yes," I agreed, "if he finds it out."

Tom's head turned and he gave me a keen look. "It's up to us to tell him."

"I've told Jasmin that we wouldn't," I said.

"Why did you tell her that?"

"Because it's none of our business, Tom. Brown's not our client."

"That's so," Tom agreed. "It looks as if any way you fix it we lose out. If Brown learns that his Clytie is apt to marry Smith, he might want to buy Villa Laurier all the same."

I nodded. "Provided things break right for him in a new direction."

"You get me," Tom said. "He talked of those three girls all the way back last night. You can't blame him much, at that."

"There again we stand to lose," I said. "And we should have a jolly time convincing Smith that we hadn't double-crossed him."

"Yes, he'd call it a gyp," Tom agreed. "Perhaps we had better tell him now that Brown seems to have fallen for one of these daughters and means to buy the place direct and keep it in the family. Let's hope he's man enough to take our words that we don't touch a franc of commission."

"That seems the best we can do."

For a while we drove along in silence. Then Tom asked, "Why is Clytie so set on owning the Villa Laurier? Why did she make Brown offer Moran any price to stick on there?"

I asked slowly, "You've read Stevenson's The Wrecker, of course?"

Tom whistled softly. "Sure. You think there was a corpse tucked hurriedly away somewhere on the premises when Brown was in Paris, a few days before their lease ran out?"

"That would answer it," I said. "And not long afterward a missing man was advertised for in the newspapers."

"Gosh, I remember seeing that. Let's see—the name was—holy mackerel, it was Paul de Grasse."

"Moran's brother-in-law," I said; "the girls' maternal uncle. Jasmin told me last night that they hadn't heard from him for about a year."

"Does she suspect?"

"She thought of the crime theory. I talked a little too much before I associated de Grasse with it. The association hasn't occurred to Jasmin. But I think it's wild. Who could have bumped him off there, and why?"

"Oh, just for fun," Tom said. "We must try to get a line on this Clytie female. Or perhaps we had better let it lie."

"That last," I agreed. "We are real-estate, not secret-service scouts. It's none of our business who may or may not have got put to bed under the laurel out there. Besides, Jasmin told me that a few days before they got back into the Villa Laurier Paul de Grasse came to see them in Antibes, and that he and her father had a row."

"What about?" Tom asked.

"Jasmin didn't know. But she said that her father had financed an invention of de Grasse's—a diving machine—to the tune of a million francs. Then, soon after, de Grasse disappeared."

"Well," said Tom, "that lets Moran out. Nobody's trying to buy the dinky house and garden they lived in for a month at Antibes."

"Of course not," I said impatiently, "but what if de Grasse had been trying to raise more money and, failing with Moran, had gone to see Clytie? He might have known her pretty well before."

"You argue like a movie show," Tom said lightly, but I could see that he was impressed. "Was Clytie all alone out there except for the servants?"

"She hadn't even the servants," I said. "She'd had a row with them just after Brown left for Paris, and fired the bunch Or maybe they walked out on her."

"Some baby," Tom said. "Clytie may not be so hard to blackmail, I should say. But as a business proposition it might have its drawbacks."

"You heard what Brown told us about finding her in hysterics when he got back," I reminded him.

"Yes, that seems to be another check. Well, perhaps the best that we can do is to stick to real estate. I stopped at our landlord's and paid the rent. It spoiled his *petit déjeuner*."

We reached our office and had not been there long when Smith came in, warm from walking and possibly from something else.

He mopped his forehead and said: "Say, boys, my home village of Chicago hasn't any edge on this here Riveera. What d'ye think? They found my new car this morning on the edge of the town with a hind mud guard perforated by bullets and the tire shot to pieces. I'd left her parked by the casino."

Tom and I expressed the right amount of shock. Smith went on: "If it had been back home I'd say somebody borrowed her to run a little booze. But it don't have to run here. It sits pretty on the shelf behind the bar."

"Any robberies reported?" I asked.

"Nope. The police can't dope it out. They tell me there are plenty bad actors along this shore, but so far there's nothing to hook this up with. Guess it's a case of cherchay la femme. Somebody makin' a get-away with another guy's jane."

"That happens here too," Tom said.

"Well, what about that property?" Smith asked. "Anything new?"

"Nothing so good, Mr. Smith," I said. "It looks now as if Moran might sell direct to a young American millionaire by the name of Brown."

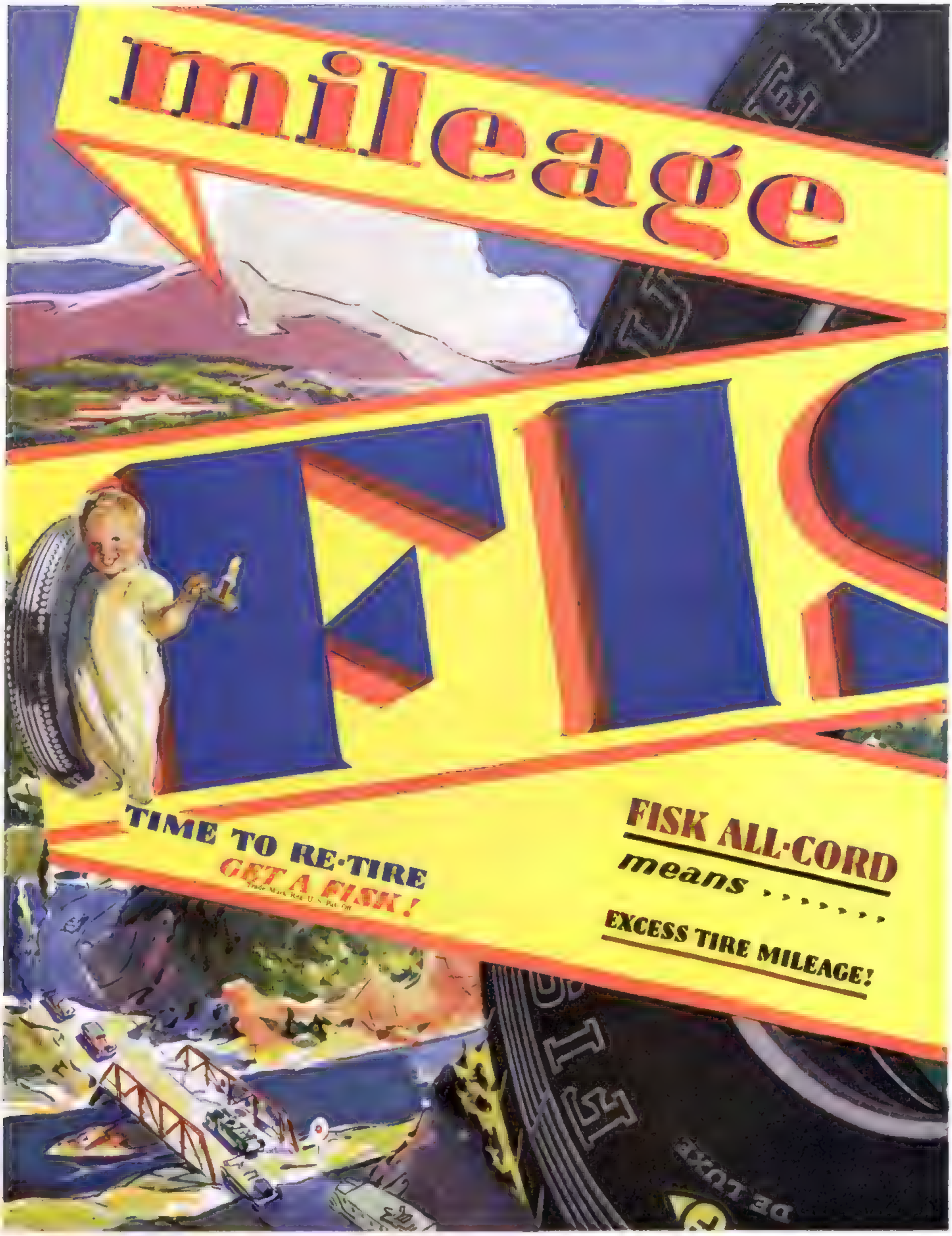
The effect of this news on our client was disturbing. Smith's ruddy, good-natured face became suddenly and alarmingly congested. Even more disturbing was the change in its expression. The *bonhomie* was wiped away.

"Is that cub here?" he growled. "I thought he was in the States."

"He got into Genoa two days ago," Tom said, "and motored here He came to us yesterday and wanted us to try to buy the villa for him, giving us practically carte blanche. We told him that we could not act for him in the matter, as we had already been retained by you."

"You told him my name?" Smith asked, but not angrily.

(Continued on Page 106)


mileage
TIME TO RE·TIRE
GET A FISK!
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
FISK ALL·CORD
means .....
EXCESS TIRE MILEAGE!
FISK
DE LUXE

THE *All-Cord* method of building tires, perfected by Fisk, has made Fisk Tires famous for *mileage*.

By this better process Fisk builds a carcass of cord alone, with no cross strings to cause continual friction. The sinewy cords, perfectly parallel, are cushioned in live rubber. Internal wear is impossible—the only wear on Fisk *All-Cord* Tires is the wear of the road.

This one Fisk feature, *All-Cord* construction, would be sufficient to give Fisk Tires long life. But Fisk combines *All-Cord* with a tough, wear-resisting tread, thick enough to absorb road shocks, yet not so thick that shoulders and sidewalls are strained.

Fisk sidewalls are accurately graduated for full balloon comfort. And, to give extra strength at the rim, they are firmly tied in to the separate cables of the Fisk bead by Fisk's exclusive process.

These Fisk features, perfectly balanced, make Fisk the *mileage* tire for your car. Depend on Fisk *All-Cords* for a new kind of tire service—for steady performance and higher *mileage* over any kind of roads.

When you stop in at the Office at 9³⁰ P.M.

After the day is over and the office is deserted except for you upon whose shoulders the success of the business rests, what do you think about? Away from the jangling telephones, the hurried telegrams, the rushing messengers of the daytime, your thoughts turn to the bigger problems.

What about the vital records of your business? Can you go to a Fire Resistive Safe and get them or are they all over the place in this office and that? They should be where neither fire nor carelessness can destroy them—in a Diebold Fire Resistive Safe.

Let us measure your degree of risk and recommend the protection necessary.

Have you the correct degree and type of modern protection for your records—labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories? Remove the doubt that comes when the day's work is done. Send for our book, "Protection of Modern Business Records." You will find suggestions of value to you.

DIEBOLD SAFE & LOCK COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

Represented in leading cities in U. S. A. and Canada

DIEBOLD SAFE

ASK YOUR BANKER

(Continued from Page 103)

"Yes. Why not? It didn't make any impression on him that we could see."

"Did he tell you why he wanted it so bad?" Smith asked.

"Yes, that, too, when we asked him. He said that he was under deep obligation to a woman and that he had promised her the property."

Smith's scowl deepened. I did not think, however, that his anger was directed toward ourselves. It was astonishing how it transformed the man. I wondered if he had told the truth about the source of his wealth. Not only did his lurid features show ferocity but there was something else—a sort of unmasking to reveal criminality. Anyone, to see him for the first time, as he was now presented, would have pronounced him a master gangster or big-chief bootlegger or the president of a murder syndicate. He seemed now to weigh what he had just been told and to arrive at a swift decision. Even in his easy-going pose there had been no vacillation about the man.

"If this here millionaire snipe neck is set on buyin' the old dump, then I might as well withdraw," Smith said. "I had to root hard for my stack, so I put more value on a grand than this pup that never hit a lick of work. Besides, he could outbid me without straining his suspender buttons."

"It's a pity to disappoint the future Mrs. Smith," I said.

The savage amusement he tried to smother told me that such a disappointment was the least of his cares. It was plain to me that, after his first spasm of jealousy at learning that Brown was here on the field, the idea of Brown's buying the property tickled Smith. As a business man it must have irked him to offer twice what the estate was worth, and no doubt he now had hopes of some other form of bribe by which he might attain his object and at the same time get his money's worth.

"Well," he said, with a resumption of his genial manner, "it's tough on you boys to miss out on the deal."

"And owing you three thousand francs," Tom reminded him.

"Aw, forget it. Most fellers in your fix would ha' passed me up and swung onto this here Brown. Maybe Moran won't sell to him after all."

I thought of the murderous look I had seen in Smith's face at Tom's first mention of Brown being here, and said: "We have reason to believe that Brown's wanting to buy Villa Laurier is a proposition that cuts two ways."

Smith rolled his eyes at me. They were prominent and at the same time deep-set.

"What d'ye mean?" he growled.

"It looks as if he wanted to keep his promise to this woman he feels under obligation to," I said, "and at the same time relieve the poverty of a family in which he has taken a sudden strong interest."

"You mean he's fallen for one of them Moran girls?" Smith asked.

"He was there last night when I dropped in," I said. "Brown is only a kid in most ways, and all adrift and lonely as the devil. It looked to Tom and me as if he's due to find a nice little life-saver to hang on to."

Smith laughed and his face showed relief. "That settles it, boys," he said. "No use my stackin' up against him if he feels like that." He glanced at his watch. "I gotta trot along. If there's any fresh development, just put me wise. You are two square guys, and if you need another little favor, just call on Smithy. Nobody ever lost anything by shootin' square with me."

We thanked him and he went out. Tom looked across at me and gave a shrug. "That proves it, Charles. Smithy's crazy about this Clytie woman, and he knows all about her having been Mrs. Brown. He's jealous. Looked like a murderer for a moment, didn't he?"

"That was my reason for telling him about Brown's fresh interest in life," I said. "Smithy's bland, genial lay is a false front. I'd say he's sent a few contributions to the morgue."

Tom nodded. "He's more impressive in his war paint than as a glad-hander scattering largess. Better-looking too. I can see now where a woman of the Clytie sort might get a kick out of him. They speak the same language."

"Yes," I agreed, "a tenderly sheltered conscientious boy like Brown could never hold her sort, with all his millions. Besides, the chances are he wouldn't have them al so very long."

"Smith's all worked up about her," Tom said, "but in spite of his jealousy, the idea of Brown's buying her the property appeals to his sense of humor. Smith will try to get her out of here now, before Brown learns the truth."

"He's apt to learn it from Jasmin any moment," I said.

"I thought you had promised her not to give the game away," Tom said.

"So I did. But you can't tell about Jasmin. She's sorely tempted, but there's always her *noblesse oblige*. She's deep."

Tom nodded absently. He had a moody look, thinking, I knew, about our vanished hope of a good commission. "You might run over to Juan-les-Pins," he said, "and see if Tony has anything to report." Tony was a likable Italian boy whom we had subsidized on a split-commission basis and a vermuth allowance as our Juan-les-Pins scout. He had a desk in a touring-bus office over there.

Tony was out when I arrived, so I went to look for him. The Potinière seemed the best chance, and there I met an English correspondent of a London weekly who knew everybody and what they were up to, and was not stingy with his news.

"Hullo, Charles," he said. "Come have a gulp. Heard the news? The lovely Clytie is in our midst again. Just welcomed her to the beach. That's why I need a sedative so early."

"Do you know her pretty well?" I asked.

"Not very," he admitted. "When I first saw her three years ago at Deauville, where I was detailed at the time, she was all hedged off by a barbed-wire entanglement named Paul de Grasse. *Ci-devant* French Navy man. The next I saw of her was here last summer as Mrs. Brown. That didn't make her much more accessible."

"Did you hear anything about her marriage to Brown having been annulled?"

"Yes, but too late for much news value. Brown kept her frosted over like that cocktail shaker."

"Do you know anything about her antecedents?" I asked.

"Not one little thing, from which I may say with all due modesty that probably there isn't much to know. My guess would be that she was one of our colonial products."

"Canadian? Australian?"

"Yes, I don't think so. More like a maritime province south of the Tropic of Cancer and patronized by Yankees. There's a sort of golden richness and ripeness to her that suggests the tropics."

"I wonder how Brown happened to meet her. He gives the impression of having always been pretty well chaperoned."

"Ah, those are the laddies that catch it quickest and hardest. Their shells are thin and callow. One-minute eggs." He sent his drink south and I ordered two more. "Now Paul de Grasse was a plover's egg. Hard-boiled, but regal fare. And very Anglican. He hung on to his *h*'s as few well-bred English-speaking Frenchmen manage."

"Was he rich?" I asked.

"It's hard to imagine Clytie playing with a pauper. They used to swell round in a big car with a Slavic chauffeur and a big police dog on the seat beside him. Clytie looked inviting, and one day, catching her unpicketed, I asked permission to snap one or two of her. She told me civilly enough that her fiancé would be furious if she consented. I caught sight of him just then hovering, as you might say, and toddled along. That was the extent of our acquaintanceship, as I was ordered to Biarritz the next day."

(Continued on Page 108)

The Ingredients We Use
Flour. Specially milled from the finest wheat of the Pacific Northwest; white wheat from Michigan; and the red winter wheat from Ohio. Milk. Pasteurized twice. Butter. Pure creamery grade. Eggs. Inspected five times. Sugar. Must be 99.7% pure. Flavorings. We make our own.
Considering these ingredients, you might expect us to charge caterer's prices. On the contrary, this cake saves you money. Quantity buying makes our price possible.

Giving Zest *to* Summer Menus

With this Delicious Lemon Loaf

An Unusual New Cake Made With Fresh Crushed Lemons

Answers your "Quick Dessert" problem

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

FOR a quick "hot weather" dessert, we urge you most sincerely to try the cake shown here. Doing so has proved a revelation to many like yourself.

Flavored as it is with cool fresh crushed lemons, it proves most delightful in summer.

You serve it as a dessert with fish luncheons or heavy dinners. With salads and ice cream. Or between meals with iced tea or coffee.

Unlike many so-called "lemon cakes," *it is not too sweet.* The natural egg and sugar sponge flavor is topped off with luscious butter frosting. Then just enough lemon juice to balance the sweetness.

It is called a "Hostess Lemon Loaf" and that is what you must always ask for.

Why It's Always Fresh

The cake you buy is baked in an immaculate Hostess Kitchen near your home. Then our experts inspect it, and they are difficult to please. They note the icing and the wrapping.

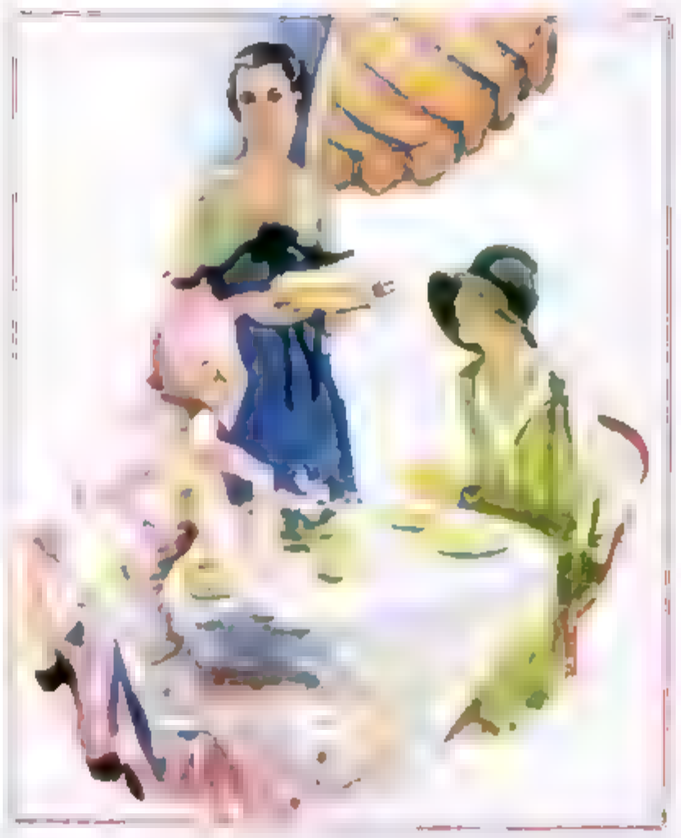
If they are satisfied that the cake is perfect, it is rushed in fast trucks to your grocer.

Hence your Lemon Loaf is always fresh, *perfectly* fresh. There is no chance of its being otherwise.

What They Cost You

Now for cost. Like all other genuine Hostess Cakes, our Lemon Loaf is made of tested Grade AAA ingredients. We pay extra-high prices to get them.

Considering this, you might expect us to charge caterer's prices. On the contrary, Madam, this Lemon Loaf *saves you money.* To bake it yourself would cost *twice our price.*



Quantity buying makes this possible. We buy ingredients in tremendous batches and this brings down the cost per cake.

So please go ask for this Lemon Loaf today. The country's cleverest hostesses are serving it.

If you are in any way disappointed, *return it to our nearest bakery.* Your money will be refunded promptly and cheerfully.

Millions Buy Them

To millions of women, this and other Hostess Cakes are proving an utter revelation in modern ways of housekeeping.

Ten thousand housewives have written in to praise them.

Bringing as they do a variety of delicious cakes you can serve at a minute's notice, they make home baking a folly.

So please ask about our other Hostess Cakes too. Our Devil's Food, Chocolate Layer, Cup Cakes, Pineapple Layer.

Whichever one you get brings the same delicious home-like benefits you find in our Lemon Loaf.

In ordering remember to *emphasize* that word "Hostess." This is highly important if you want the kind of cakes described here.

Accept New Booklet FREE

To assist hostesses in the creation of unusual desserts, I have prepared a new booklet, "Fifty Quick Desserts."

It describes some delicious dessert creations, the kind that win immediate praise whenever served.

May I send you a copy with my personal compliments? The coupon directly below is for your convenience. Simply fill it out and mail it to me today.

2 for 5¢

These delicious cup cakes are baked New England style

Hostess Cake

BAKED BY THE BAKERS OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

© 1929, C. B. Co.

MAIL FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co.
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts." (S12)

Name

Address

City State

GUARANTEED REPAIRS
VULCANIZING
SHALER
Where you see this sign displayed you are sure of getting genuine Shaler Vulcanizing Repairs

We Shaler-Vulcanize all punctures

More than 3,000,000 motorists safeguard against puncture troubles on the road by carrying the Shaler Vulcanizing outfit shown above, in their cars. Get one for your car, too.

In Pekin . . . Bangkok . . . Milan . . . Nottingham . . . Buenos Aires . . . in 96 countries you will hear tire repairmen say, "We Shaler-Vulcanize all punctures." Last year alone more than 60,000,000 punctures were repaired the Shaler way. No product could enjoy such world-wide success unless it were the best thing of its kind.

Shaler Vulcanizers repair tubes the *permanent* way—weld fresh rubber in place to keep tires like new. Always say "Shaler-Vulcanize that puncture!"—and carry a Shaler in your car for emergency use. Shaler Outfit M-100 costs only $1.00. DeLuxe Model M-5, $1.50. Slightly higher in Canada and Far West. Obtainable wherever auto supplies are sold . . . The Shaler Company, 300 Fourth Street, Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

SHALER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5-MINUTE
VULCANIZERS

(Continued from Page 106)

"Were you able to improve it here a year ago?" I asked.

"Not noticeably. Brown isn't so self-effacing as you might think. He'd be a freezing mixture if agitated—like the cocktail shaker again. Grand source of inspiration, a cocktail shaker, what? Anyhow, he overplayed his cold storage with Clytie. There are no such grounds for divorce as the walled ones of a villa."

"It was the other way," I reminded him. "His father got the marriage annulled."

"Yes, but she made no defense," he looked thoughtful. "Perhaps she married de Grasse and hadn't bothered to get unmarried. Oh, well! I make it a point never to gossip."

I left him presently and went out studying what I had just been told. It looked black. More than ever it suggested the motif of The Wrecker—a classic one. Something had happened there just prior to the expiration of Brown's tenancy, and it looked as if it had happened to Paul de Grasse. Moran's secret perfume process could be thrown out of the business entirely. The query now was what I proposed to do about it. As already said, Tom and I were not policemen but real-estate men. Our deal with Smith having fallen through, and as Brown had never been our client, the affair was no longer any of our business. In fact, I did not want to dig up any positive knowledge of it, and thus assume a moral obligation, and I knew that Tom would feel the same.

It was not, therefore, to see or otherwise reconnoiter Clytie that I left my English friend presently and went down to the beach, but to learn from Tony if he had any report on a couple of small leases. Then, as I turned the corner by the little lending library and stepped down from the esplanade onto the sand that was covered with sun bathers, I saw a tableau that fetched me up all standing.

Lying at full length in a pose that suggested Cabanel's Birth of Venus, and not a great deal more draped, was a tawny blond woman who might have served the maitre as model for his masterpiece. And there beside her like a devoted guardian, head flat, plumy tail faintly stirring, lay my dog Brig.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Frederick Hott

The mortal remains of Frederick Hott
Are buried in this lovely spot.
He drove one-armed with his affinity,
And is sadly missed in her vicinity.

Kemper Pugh

Toll the bell for Kemper Pugh;
He loved to race the avenoo
He died because—no use to gloss it—
He hit a guy who raced across it!

M. H. James.

The Contest

A Coloratura Soprano Takes on a Real Cuckoo Instead of the Customary Flute in the Orchestra

HEIGH-HO! What salutes the dawn?
[Cuckoo, cuckoo.] What goes on?
List! Some nightingale is raving;
He's forgotten daylight saving.
[Cuckoo, cuckoo.] I say hark!
Maybe it's a meadow lark.
No! Ah, 'tis the cuckoo's coo.
Coloraturas do that too.

[Cuckoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.]
Cuckoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.
Will you never stop it, curse you?
Well, fly to it, I'll rehearse you.
(uckoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo
Cuckoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.
Tie that for a morning hymn.
Now I've got you on a limb.

Sing on, till I shake like jelly,
Till I paraphrase Perce Shelley—
Cuckoo, bird thou never wert.
Imitating you does hurt.
You're no birdie up a tree;
You're a steam calliope.
Cuckoo-oo-oo. I'm all in.
Woof! I give up. Bird, you win!

—Fairfax Downey.

Boston—Boston!

[A highly interesting if slightly annoying game has been discovered. The players consist of any number of persons in a car and all the filling-station attendants that they happen to meet. It is called "Boston—Boston—who's got Boston?" In case the players in the car are not going to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or any other place may be substituted with the same results.

FIRST MAN IN CAR *(to filling-station attendant)*: How far is it to Boston?

F. S. A.: Thirty-five miles, sir.

[Thirty minutes later: The speedometer shows twenty miles traveled.

F. M. *(to* SECOND MAN*)*: Well, we ought to be in Boston now.

S. M.: Yes. Let's ask at this filling station.

F. M.: Say, how far is it to Boston?

F. S. A.: Only forty-five miles, sir.

[Thirty minutes later: The speedometer shows another increase of nineteen miles.

F. M.: Looks like we ought to be in the outskirts of Boston by now.

S. M.: We'll ask at this filling station. *(To* F. S. A.*)*: How far is it to Boston, dubby?

F. S. A.: Exactly forty-eight miles—straight ahead.

[One hour later: A registered mileage increase of forty miles.

F. M. *(at filling station)*: How far to Boston?

F. S. A.: Forty-eight miles—exactly!

F. M. and S. M. *(in unison)*: Thank goodness! We're holding our own!

F. M. *(to* S. M.*)*: Do you know what I think will be the quickest way for us to get to Boston?

S. M.: How?

F. M.: Turn around and head back for Albany!

[Note: If the F. M. *and* S. M. *find Boston—they win the game! They've got Boston.*

—BROOK BRANWADE.

Song of the Landscape Pirates

COME forth, my sweet, and my bus so fleet
Shall bear us to rustic pleasures,
And far and wide o'er the countryside
We'll forage for floral treasures;
Each bloom we'll seize from the shrubs and trees,
And pilfer the farmer's roses;
Some stranger's phlox and his hollyhocks
We'll add to our store of posies!

Refrain:

Then step on the gas, my blithesome lass!
We'll harvest a hoard for the homing.
It's up and away, with a song so gay,
When vandals go a-roaming!

The woodland vine and the columbine
We'll strip from somebody's premises;
We'll pluck or uproot each flowering shoot,
And fear no vengeful Nemesis;
Full many a field its wealth shall yield
Of blossoms and fragrant berry;
If little is left for the folk bereft,
What matter, so we be merry?

Refrain.

Oh, it's up and away at the break of day,
And it's home with the loot in the gloaming!
Then step on the gas, my lovely lass,
And let's go merrily roaming!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain

Better than all the laxatives

"COMPLETELY harmless in spite of its great efficacy. It reduces the poisons which make the body cells grow old."

These are not our words. They are the words of a great scientist and famous physician, Dr. Georges Rosenthal of the Pasteur Institute of Paris.

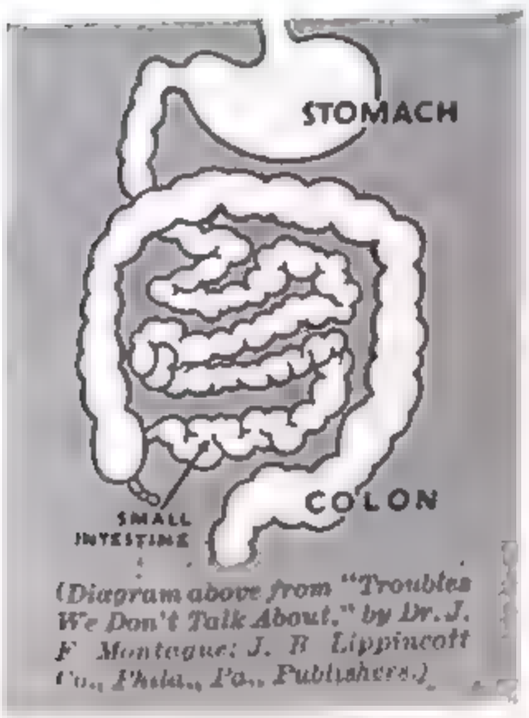
Yeast is a food—every bit as fresh as delicate dewy leaves of lettuce or spinach right from the garden.

But fresh yeast—as millions know who have benefited—has health properties no other single food possesses.

Myriads of living active yeast plants in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gently stimulate sluggish intestinal muscles—bringing about natural easy elimination, ridding the body of depressing poisons. Appetite picks up, bad breath and headaches go, ugly skin eruptions disappear!

Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. D-91, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City, N. Y.

HERE IS THE FRESH FOOD—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—that famous doctors in six countries recommend. For beautiful, vigorous health just eat three cakes daily, one before each meal or between meals—plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. For best results, eat it regularly, of course, and over a sufficient period.



(Diagram above from "Troubles We Don't Talk About," by Dr. J. F. Montague; J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa., Publishers.)

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

(RIGHT)

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, Laureate of the Academy of Medicine and doctor of the schools of Paris, says, "Yeast is the policeman of the intestines. It reduces harmful poisons. It regulates digestion. It is a classic remedy for certain skin troubles."

(LEFT)

"The digestive tract," says Dr. Rosenthal, "is a veritable laboratory of poisons. Fresh yeast checks these dangerous poisons." Don't depend on harsh, habit-forming drugs and pills. Keep this important tract clean, active and healthy with the great purifying food—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

THE KIDDIE

(Continued from Page 27)

the ideas she puts into the kid's head. She's got it all figured out for the kid to go to some ritzy school and get into society."

"Gee, Bert, that's too bad."

Bert expanded under his pal's sympathy and became almost tearful:

"And the kid's got talent, Art. You can tell from the way she listens when you sing or play the piano for her. I did a buck and wing for her one day and she cried when I stopped, no kiddin'. But Jewell keeps a dope around all the time that snatches her away from me like I was poison or something." Here he paused while Art shook his head, unable to understand it. "Not that I don't love Jewell, Art, but it gets me sore, that's all."

"Sure, it would me, too, Bert. Why, Birdie's plannin' to put our kid in dancin' school already. She says you can't start 'em too soon."

"Birdie sure is one great little girl, Art." Bert said it miserably.

Here Art remembered the time and was unable to offer any more sympathy.

"Gee, Bert, I'm sorry, but I got to run along. I'm meetin' Birdie at Apeda's at two. We're havin' some pictures a the kid made." He broke into a wide grin, forgetting Bert's predicament. "Gee, you oughta see the cute little dress Birdie made for her picture, Bert. No sleeves and a little skirt up to here." He drew an imaginary line across his thighs. "We're gonna put it in Variety with our new ad."

The picture a their kid in Variety. Bert felt a lump in his throat.

"I'm gonna tell Birdie you folks 'r comin' down, Bert. Just give us a ring, that's all." Halfway down the street he turned to call back: "I'll send you one a the pictures, Bert."

"Yeh, do that, Art," Bert called back politely, not wishing in the least to see a picture a their kiddie in a dress with no sleeves and up to here.

Art's invitation met with enthusiasm from Jewell. She was all too eager to show her little lady off. But her decision to take the nurse along did not make a hit with Bert.

"What's the big idea, Jewell," he asked her witheringly, "takin' a nurse along and makin' Birdie feel cheap? You know they haven't got a nurse for their kiddie."

"Birdie May can afford a nurse as well as I can. Just because she wants to bring her child up any old way, is that any reason I should neglect mine?"

"I wouldn't say that, Jewell." Bert's reproof was gentle. "Birdie is a wonderful mother, from the things Art told me. She's just different from you, that's all. Birdie's more human."

Bert was looking innocently out the window when Jewell looked up sharply to see what he meant by the last crack.

But Bert evidently meant nothing at all. He went on casually explaining his remark:

"You know, all women ain't made alike, Jewell. Some of 'em are natural mothers and know how to take care a their kids, and some don't. Birdie is the natural kind, that's all. Not that it's anything against you, Jewell," he concluded kindly.

But Jewell did not like these aspersions on her maternal qualifications.

"I guess I know as much as Birdie May about bringing up children, Bert Connelly," she replied tartly.

"Well, maybe you do, Jewell, but I'm sayin' Birdie's just a natural mother. She wouldn't be happy lettin' another woman bring up her child."

"Who said I was happy?" Jewell was good and sore now, and Bert was elated. "I got to think a my child, haven't I? I'm not sayin' anything against Birdie, but you know yourself she has no refinement, bein' brought up in burlesque like she was What does she know about bringin' up children?"

In the end Bert said they wouldn't go at all if she felt that way about her best friend that sent her flowers while she was in the hospital, and Jewell said it was O.K. with her, as Gloria would probably get a lotta bad manners from a kid that was brought up wild; so they called it square and Bert went downtown. The subject wasn't brought up again until the promised photograph arrived and changed the plans. For the sight of little Doris May Claire, in a very professional pose, by Apeda, her mite of ruffled skirt held daintily out on each side, a saucy smile on the little face framed in a profusion of very tight brown curls, hand-tinted, scored one for Bert. For Jewell's plans to keep Gloria dressed like a little doll had suffered defeat through Miss Schermerhorn's knowledge of what superior children wore. And in the wardrobes of superior children there were no ruffled dresses with gigantic bows of ribbons and loops of flowers—to Jewell's sorrow.

Bert displayed the picture with enthusiasm, enjoying her discomfort.

"Gee, some kid they got, Jewell. Look at that, will you?"

Jewell did not evince a great interest.

"She's cute, but she's gonna have Birdie's nose. You can see that."

Bert appeared not to hear. "Lookit that cute little turned-up nose. I bet she's not afraid of anything."

"She looks bold to me. If there's anything in the world I can't stand, it's a bold child."

"Say, Jewell, why don't you ast Birdie where she got that little dress? I bet Gloria would look cute in a dress like that."

"Gloria has clothes from the best shops in town," was Jewell's superior answer.

"Well, there must be something the matter with them or something," Bert said seriously. "They don' look cute like this. And you'd oughta curl the kid's hair, Jewell. Gee, they could put their kid in the movies any day," he concluded sadly, continuing to gaze admiringly at the photograph, which made Jewell good and sore. But she changed her mind about making the visit, telling Bert that evening that she had decided to go, after all; and generously added that maybe it would make Birdie feel cheap if she took along the nurse. Bert was delighted and was all for starting out bright and early the next morning, but Jewell wanted to attend to a little shopping before she went. Hadn't Bert noticed she didn't have one decent hat to her name? Bert had.

"If I was you, I'd buy myself a couple a dresses, too, Jewell," he said innocently. And Jewell thought maybe she would.

When she came home with her purchases, Bert showed a husbandly interest. Jewell was ecstatic over the darling little beach wrap and the cute little sport model she had picked up for almost nothing. But Bert's interest lay in the smaller packages.

"What's in these, hon?" he asked guilefully.

They were nothing at all, she told him. Only a few little pieces of lingerie that she had picked up at a bargain counter, dirt cheap.

"I'll be sorry I got 'em, I guess," Jewell laughed. "But you know how I am about a bargain."

And Bert laughed with her at her weakness, happily remembering the tirelessness with which she usually displayed her smallest purchase, insisting on Bert's opinion—to his extreme annoyance—as to whether he thought it was really a bargain or if she should return it.

He smiled with satisfaction a few minutes later when he heard her tell Miss Schermerhorn very graciously that she could have the evening off and not to bother to come in the next day, as it would be no trouble at all for her to dress the baby herself.

When, the following morning, she appeared in a smart pale green creation and a picture hat, accompanied by her daughter, who, in sheerest pink and blue chiffon with innumerable ruffles, was a perfect counterpart of the tiny tot who joins the hands of mamma and papa in the final fade-out, Bert wisely showed no surprise.

"The kid looks swell in that outfit, Jewell," he said casually. "I never seen that before, did I?"

"No, dear, I've been saving it to have her picture made in," Jewell answered as casually.

"I don't know whether she should of worn it down there or not," Bert could not resist this one, and, luckily, his grin was turned away from Jewell. "You know it's kinda rough down there and maybe the kid oughta just wear rompers."

"Well, I brought along a couple of little play dresses," Jewell said sweetly. "She can take this off as soon as she gets there."

"Yeh, I never thought of that," Bert agreed happily.

For the first time since he became a father, Bert felt some satisfaction in the rôle. In an open taxi, with Jewell looking like her last wow, and the kiddie a vision unequaled in his dreams, waving to passers-by who stopped to stare at what they thought must be a wedding party, he felt every inch a father. And Jewell herself took no mean satisfaction in the picture. She made up her mind that after this she would just tell Miss Schermerhorn, politely, but firmly, that she guessed she knew how to dress her own child.

Art and Birdie ran out to meet them, clad in wet bathing suits, their legs covered with sand. The kiddie toddled after them, in a bathing suit, also, and falling every other step, a chubby mite of adorableness with the same wistful, questioning look that had endeared her mother to her audiences. The questioning look was now turned on the pink and blue vision of decided snootiness who stood regarding her with extreme disfavor while her father and mother were greeted by their best friends. Birdie swooped down on the vision with little cooing cries of delight:

"Jewell, if she isn't the cutest little thing I ever laid eyes on. Lookit, Art, if she isn't a picture —— Tome here, honey, and say hello to Birdie." Here she turned to snatch at the hand of her own offspring who was enviously watching the display of affection to the alien in pink and blue. "C'mere, dirty, and say hello to your little friend. This is Gloria. Shake hands and tell Gloria you're glad to meet her. Jewell, lookit!" Birdie had tears in her eyes. "Lookit the kiddie, Art; she's crazy about Gloria already. No, don't touch, Doris; you'll get her pretty dress dirty. Whad you want to doll her up so for, Jewell? I'll give her a pair a the kid's overalls."

"No, I brought along a couple a her little everyday dresses, Birdie." Jewell indicated the large bag that held several of the dresses she had been saving since the previous afternoon.

Here Birdie made a dive and slapped at Doris' chubby hands innocently reaching for Gloria's pink bow. "No, you don't, bum! Mamma'll sock!" She held her fist under her baby's nose. "Did you ever see such a mug, Jewell? Wouldn't it stop a clock? C'mere, dirty, and blow for mummy. Blow good!"

She bent lovingly to assist Doris in the process of blowing good, and Jewell gave Bert a look, which, if he had seen it, would have plainly indicated her contempt for Birdie's methods of child upbringing. But Bert, at that moment, was politely interested in the landscape Art was pointing out with pride. His responses were perfunctory, as, since the summer he and Jewell had retired at Rest Haven, he had never been able to work up any enthusiasm on the subject of nature. Neither had Jewell, and she, too, responded half-heartedly to Birdie's description of the cool nights and the marvelous effects of a daily swim.

Birdie looked dubiously at Jewell's idea of a change for the baby.

"Aw, that's too swell for the kid to play in around here, Jewell," she said laughingly. "Let me get her a pair of Doris' old rompers."

But when Jewell insisted that Gloria was used to playing in the little dress that looked to Birdie like it had never been worn, her rapid-fire conversation died down quickly and she was suddenly sorry she hadn't dressed the baby in one a her little voiles. Jewell's own change from the pale green to a white georgette silenced her completely and she felt self-conscious in her wet bathing suit. Gee, she knew Jewell liked to put on dog, but her and Art had known her when she wasn't a headliner. She didn't think she'd try it on them.

While Jewell was dressing Gloria, Birdie hurried to her room to slip on her French gingham, making a quick trip downstairs afterward to look in the ice box and see if she had to send Art to the store for anything. Then she went outside to call the bum, who was cooing with delight while Art held her heels and she walked on her hands on the sand, Bert and Art roaring with laughter.

"Bring me the baby, Art. I wanta put a dress on her," she called.

"Aw, let 'er play like she is, Birdie. She'll be all right."

"I said bring me the baby." Art turned his head sharply and Birdie gave him that look, so he picked up the bum somewhat crossly, wondering what was the matter now.

"I was just showin' Bert her tricks," Art explained.

"Well, stop it," Birdie said softly, "and don't be showing her off in fronta Jewell, either."

She grabbed the kid and dragged her, protesting, up the stairs, while Art wondered what was the big idea, when she was always showin' the kid off to everybody that came in.

Birdie gave her offspring some orders while she scrubbed her hands and put her pink satin dress on her.

"Now listen here, dirty face. I want you to behave yourself today and ack like a little lady. D'you hear?"

Doris showed that she heard by hitting mamma in the face with papa's shaving brush, which he, as usual, had left on the basin. After which Birdie made the usual threats as to what would happen to her if she as much as heard a peep outa her, and yanked her downstairs again, where Gloria was waiting on the veranda with a very ineffectual-looking pail and shovel.

"Now be nice, darling, and help Gloria fill her pail with sand," Birdie cautioned her sweetly.

So the two little pets went out to shovel sand in blue silk and pink satin, while their mothers stood watching them admiringly.

"Do you want to sit out here, Jewell?"

"Won't we have to watch the kiddies?" Jewell asked it in surprise. Birdie, who turned her kiddie loose for hours at a time, flushed.

"They're all right, with the boys down there," she said apologetically, "but we can sit here and watch them, if you'd rather."

Jewell would rather. Not that she was afraid anything would happen to them, but Gloria's nurse never left her alone for a second. Birdie would know how she felt.

But they had no time to sit and watch the little darlings play, for at that moment Doris decided to take possession of Gloria's shovel, and the latter, reluctant to part with it, received a smart blow with the disputed instrument, whereupon she set up an indignant protest. Birdie, angry and embarrassed at her child's bad manners, proceeded to make good on the threat she had made upstairs. Art and Bert interfered.

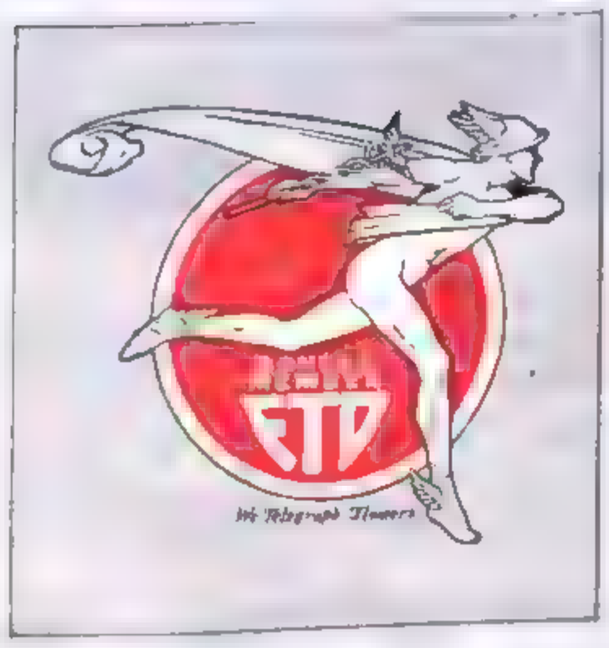
"Aw, Birdie, don't spank her for that. Gloria ain't hurt," Bert said generously; though Gloria was taking full advantage of the occasion, vocally.

(Continued on Page 115)

Flowers by telegraph

TELEGRAPHING flowers to a distant city is now as safe—and as simple—as can be. Look for the Winged Mercury emblem on a florist's window. This symbol indicates that he is a member of the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association . . . Give your local florist the name and address, and explain just what flowers you wish delivered. You can depend *upon him. For both he and the co-member to whom he telegraphs are under bond to the association to give your order* immediate *attention, and to fill it* exactly *as you specify . . . Only an F. T. D. florist can include a printed Bond of Satisfaction in delivering your flowers.*

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS



Flowers by telegraph! Wouldn't that surprise her, though! Picture her face when a messenger delivers the big box. Sitting there holding the flowers—*your flowers*—Mother will travel again the trail of the years back to Rock-a-Bye-Baby days . . . And on the flowers may fall sparkling splashes—tears of happiness . . . Take no chances with *Mother's* flowers. Select an F·T·D· florist.

Say it with Flowers **BY WIRE WITH SAFETY**

Palm Beach—the two-a-day suit...

A suit for the morning—a suit for the night. Wear a light one for the noonday sun—wear a dark one for the moonlit evening stroll . . . and you're set for the entire Summer.

When you see Palm Beach Suits at different prices—remember it is the *tailoring* that largely determines the cost. But that cost is always moderate—always an economy.

The change brings that cool, fresh feeling of the morning shower. The change means longer wear, better looks . . . . a new degree of smartness.

Away with heavy wools and worsteds that mar your comfort. On with feathery-light, fashionable and shape-retaining Palm Beach.

WEAR PALM

You can always depend upon Palm Beach Cloth to shed the dust and dirt of the motor trip and the daily grind. And when you want "a new suit"—a trip to the tub or the cleaner's turns the trick.

At your clothier's, this minute—Palm Beach Suits and Knickers . . . Camel shades, tans, blues, grays and blacks—in the handsomest patterns you've ever seen. A complete summer suit wardrobe at a cost that invariably spells *thrift*.

Palm Beach

This label is sewn in every garment made of genuine Palm Beach Cloth. Be sure to look for it before you buy.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining your wants communicate with us.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS

Goodall Worsted Company, Sanford, Maine

Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BEACH SUITS

. . . *suppose we suppose* . . .

Tomorrow morning, your favorite newspaper interrupts your second cup of coffee with this headline:—"Ionic Held in Port for Lack of Clean Linens . . . Sailing Postponed . . ."

You go to the Hotel for lunch . . . "Closed temporarily . . . no table-cloths . . . no napkins . . . no crisp, fresh cleanliness of any kind."

Your wife phones you:—"I'm nearly *frantic* . . . the laundry is closed . . . the Mercy Hospital has engaged every laundress in the neighborhood, and they're looking for more at *any* price."

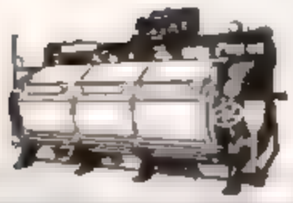
The evening papers fairly scream to you:—"Diner and Sleeping-Car Service Discontinued on all Roads" . . . "Board of Health to Help Hospitals and Schools" . . .

Of course, such a fantastic state of affairs is quite impossible.

But it is, nevertheless, a pretty accurate picture of what *would* happen if every "American" laundry machine* now in use were to be suddenly withdrawn from service.

From the beginning, The American Laundry Machinery Company has anticipated and met every demand for greater cleanliness on the part of the nation. And it is continuing to do so.

For nearly every School, Hospital, or Institution, Hotel or Club, where much linen must be continually kept clean or the washable must be washed, is, as a matter of course, "American"-equipped.



*Another "American" masterpiece for the mass production of laundry work—the Mammoth Cascade Washer. It measures 15 feet long, 7 feet wide, and weighs over [illegible] pounds.

© 1929, The A. L. M.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices: Cincinnati, Ohio

AMERICAN

In the Cause of World Cleanliness

(Continued from Page 110)

"That's what comes of playing with her so rough, Art," Birdie said indignantly. "He doesn't care if she grows up to be a little roughneck, Jewell."

Jewell said nothing, but indicated that she believed her by drawing Gloria protectingly to her.

Bert spoke up in favor of Doris, anxious to correct the impression she had made.

"Gee, she's a great little kid, Birdie," he said admiringly. "I wish I could teach Gloria some a the tricks she can do. Show Uncle Bert how you can dance, Doris. Come on, Art, make her dance again."

"No, Art!" Birdie flashed a warning look. "He's just teaching her to show off, Jewell."

Here Doris showed that she was a true daughter of the profession. She needed no coaxing to exhibit her talent. She began jumping around on the veranda flapping her arms wildly.

"Tap, daddy," she commanded, clapping her hands together. Art quickly forgot the commands of the missus.

"Listen to this, folks; you'll die! C'mere, Doris, and sing for daddy. Sing for daddy, nice and loud." Doris assisted dutifully in the rendition of Mammy, her part being a repetition of the one word, in various keys, fortissimo. Art did his best to carry the air and refrain from laughing, his motions over her head being to the effect that he was passing out.

"Now do your somersaults, Doris! Lookit this, folks; she's not a bit afraid."

And Doris turned her pink satin bloomers into the air and turned. She picked herself up dubiously, but would not spoil her laugh by crying, starting to dance again quickly.

Here Birdie was unable to conceal her pride any longer.

"Here, darlin', do your black bottom for mamma. Watch this, folks; you'll die. Look, hon!" She started singing, patting herself on the rear portion of her anatomy at the same time:

"Black bottom, new rhythm,
When you got 'em, you go with 'em,
They clap their hands and do da da da da
da—

Look, Bert, lookit her pat herself!" Birdie could sing no more and went off into spasms of laughter, unmindful of Jewell's superior air, which plainly expressed her contempt for the vulgar exhibition.

Art picked up the little artist and set her in the doorway.

"Now make your bow, Doris. Bow to your audience!"

"Yes, Doris, bow to the nice people."

Doris' bow was the reproduction of the one in the Apeda photograph. She ran off, blowing kisses, and quickly back on again to jump into Art's arms, satisfied that she had given a good show.

"Can you beat that, folks?" Art asked proudly. "Ain't she the natural little showman?"

"I'll say she is, Art," Bert said with overemphasis. "Gee, I wish our kid had talent."

"What makes you think she hasn't, Bert?" Art asked solicitously. "I bet I could teach her a few tricks."

But apparently little Gloria did not need to be taught. For at that moment she gave Doris, in the act of taking another somersault, a violent push.

"Me," she said fretfully, and turned the seat of her pants toward them. Jewell saw nothing funny in it and did not join in the roar of laughter that followed. She swept past them and grabbed Gloria protectingly to her bosom, reproving her in baby language for the bad dirl her was dettin' to be and what on earth was the matter with her, mummy didn't know.

"Gee, hon, I don't know what's come over Jewell," Birdie confided to Art that night. "She acks like she's too good for show business all of a sudden. And the way she jumped on us today!"

"Don't take any notice of her, hon. It's just dog. You know what Bert told me about her funny ideas."

"Maybe she's right, Art. Maybe I oughta bring my kid up more careful and not let her show off like that. Her kid certainly acks like a little lady."

"Listen." Art disposed of all well-behaved little girls with one contemptuous gesture. "I wouldn't swap our kid for two like that one a hers. And believe me, Bert wouldn't either, if he had his way. He feels terrible over the way she's bringing up the kid. He told me so."

"Yeh?" Birdie was her happy self again.

"Why, sure. He told me to make the kid do her stuff, hopin' she'd see reason."

"Gee!" Birdie was all sympathy for poor Bert.

"He says she's been readin' a lotta books or something on how to bring up kids. Can you imagine? Lookit what she give the kid for dinner."

He was scornful of the mashed potatoes and apple sauce and milk which had been finally found for Gloria. "And lookit the meal our kid packed away!" he boasted proudly.

"Maybe she's right, Art." Doubt again took possession of Birdie, who had always looked up to Jewell. "Maybe I oughta read some books or something."

"Yeh, you should be a fool just because Jewell is."

"You got to admit her kid certainly has good manners, Art. Lookit how she picked at her food tonight -just like a real little lady."

"Listen, Birdie. I'm not saying anything against Jewell's kid. She's pretty cute and all, but any time a kid a mine didn't show any more personality than that one I'd give her a kick in the pants."

Saying which, Art was through with the problem of bringing his daughter up like a lady.

Bert and Jewell, in their room across the hall, were also discussing little Doris' upbringing.

"Ain't it terrible, Bert?" was Jewell's first awed whisper after they had assured Birdie over and over that yes, they would be warm enough and they would certainly just yell if they wanted anything.

"Ain't what terrible?" Bert asked belligerently, though he had a general idea of what was coming.

"Why, the way they're bringing that child up, of course."

"Oh, I don't know. She seems all right to me. Cute kid, I think."

"Yeh, she's cute now, but wait till you see her in a couple a years. They won't be able to do a thing with her. Did you hear the way she cried for ice cream at dinner?"

"That's nothing. All kids cry for ice cream."

"Gloria knows better than to cry for anything I've said she can't have."

Bert, who had dreamed of allowing himself to be coaxed and wheedled into mild indulgences behind Jewell's back, said nothing.

"And the way they're makin' a little show-off outa her. It's terrible, Bert."

She was surprised when Bert admitted that perhaps it was not wise to spoil the kid

"But she's clever, Jewell," he said admiringly. "You got to admit that." This was a masterly thrust, and to put it across Bert appeared to be lost in the pleasant recollection of Doris' performance. "Gee, that kid is a natural little showman." He ignored Jewell's grunt of contempt and went on casually: "It runs in the family, I guess. Birdie bein' so clever an' all, the kid couldn't help but have talent."

With which unkind remark he appeared to be willing to let the matter drop. But not Jewell.

"I don't see anything so remarkable about it," she said caustically. "You can teach any kid the stuff she did "

But here Jewell was mistaken.

"Oh, no, you can't, Jewell," Bert informed her with certainty. "You can never make a performer. It's got to be in you. We could teach our kid to go through the motions, maybe, but the real thing wouldn't be there—the thing that makes a performer. It's not in her."

Jewell managed to get in a few more disagreeing noises, which he ignored also.

"Of course I know how you feel, Jewell. You're just as glad the kid hasn't got talent so she won't want to be a performer. But it makes me kinda sad to think she won't follow in our footsteps. You know what I mean, Jewell? It makes it look like we don't belong ourselves."

"Whadda you mean, we don't belong?"

Bert explained it all to her: "Well, lookit all the great families a the stage, Jewell, how they kep' in the profession. The Barrymores and the Drews and the Davenports and all the great ones. They don't look on it as a disgrace the way you do. They're proud a their profession. But that's because it's in their blood. They couldn't get away from it if they tried. We just didn't have it strong enough, that's all." He paused to shake his head sadly. "If we had, the kid woulda got it, Jewell. You can't mistake it in Birdie's kid."

Jewell did not accept his theory.

"I don't see that Birdie May has so much to pass on to her kid," she said scornfully. "I don't know what she'd do if she had to really sing a number."

"That's where her genius comes in," Bert said triumphantly. "She can't dance. She can't sing. She can't ack. And she gets by on nothing. Could you go out there and get by if you couldn't sing?"

"Certainly, I could."

"No, Jewell, that's where you're wrong. You think you could, but you couldn't. You've just got a good voice, that's all. But the true instink for the theater ain't there. If you had it you'd never think you was too good for it. Or your kid."

"I didn't say she was too good for it. I only said I didn't want her to have the hard knocks we had."

"If it's in you, Jewell, you don't mind the hard knocks," Bert said sadly. "It's just part a the game, that's all." Here he looked upon the sleeping kiddie who did not have show business in her blood.

"Poor kid," he said pityingly, "I hope she never takes it into her head to go on the stage. It would break my heart to see my kiddie a bad actor."

At this point Jewell could stand no more. She took it out on an innocent mosquito which was pumping on her arm. It was the first time Bert had ever heard her swear. He looked up, surprised. But Jewell did not apologize.

The next day—being one continual performance for the little showman—was quite a strain on Jewell. She cut it short by developing one of those nasty headaches, and they left, little Doris clinging to Unky Bert and crying to go, while Jewell clasped her unfortunate child to her bosom, thinking sadly of how Bert had changed since that night they met.

A few weeks later, when Art and Birdie were announced to appear at a benefit, Jewell's headache served her also. Bert went and came back with the report that the numbers they were going to use in their new ack were not so hot, but that they brought the kiddie on for an encore and brought the house down.

This Bert did not rub in, as a few days before he had come home unexpectedly to find Jewell holding the kiddie's hands and dancing around the room. Bert, who knew his human nature, knew when to bide his time.

His opportunity came a few weeks later, when the time was approaching for them to prepare to leave on their unit tour. He recognized his opening when Jewell began complaining of the superior Miss Schermerhorn. With his usual diplomacy in these matters Bert advanced warily. It seems that though he had suffered many injustices at the hands of the austere person now on the pan, he had not felt like telling Jewell.

"I didn't like to say anything," he told her—"not as long as you were so sold on her."

Bunting Service Wherever There Is A Bearing Problem

USERS of bronze bearings and of bronze bearing metal find a valuable convenience in the close proximity of Bunting sales offices and warehouses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco. A phone call will bring an experienced bearing expert to your plant to counsel with you or figure with you.

In each of the above Bunting establishments ample stocks of finished bronze bushing bearings and of cored and solid bronze bars are maintained. There are 450 different sizes of completely machined and finished "Ready Made" Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings from which practically any manufacturer can select his requirements. These bearings are ready for immediate assembly. Small lots are sold at "big run" prices.

Here also are large stocks of finished bushing bearings for all automobile service replacement needs and 88 sizes of Cored and Solid Bars of Bunting Phosphor Bronze.

Whatever may be your bearing problem or requirement call on the nearest Bunting office.

THE BUNTING
BRASS & BRONZE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at:

NEW YORK
276 Lafayette St.
Canal 1374

CHICAGO
2015 S. Michigan Ave.
Calumet 6850-6851

BOSTON
36 Oliver St
Hancock 0154

PHILADELPHIA
1330 Arch St.
Spruce 5296
Race 1127

SAN FRANCISCO
198 Second St
Douglas 6145

EXPORT OFFICE Toledo, Ohio

BUNTING
PHOSPHOR BRONZE
BUSHING BEARINGS
PATENTED

The better living today brings both . . . Days in the open and

Better tobacco!

Better tobacco! Everywhere you find men discovering the extra comforts, the added pleasures, better living today makes possible. More and more men every day are learning what real quality means in pipe tobacco. That's why new thousands of pipe smokers each day are now turning to Old Briar tobacco.

Only choice tobaccos of superior quality, exactly suitable for pipe smoking, are entrusted to Old Briar experts—men who are pipe smokers themselves and who have had years of scientific experience in the art of mellowing and blending. Only in this way could the unique smoking qualities of Old Briar tobacco be perfected.

The pleasure you have experienced from the comforts of better living can be completed in your tobacco when you adopt Old Briar as your own. Better tobacco dealers everywhere will be glad to supply you with Old Briar in the convenient package — *two separate pocket pouches individually sealed, but wrapped together*— just as you see it above.

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"The Best Pipe Smoke Ever Made!"

United States Tobacco Co.
1307 Broadway N Y
Dept. A S E P 6-29-29

Gentlemen:

Without cost to me please send me a generous sample of Old Briar tobacco. I want to give it a thorough trial.

Print Name

Address

City State

Dealer's Name

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

"Gee, Bert, what gets me so sore is you'd think the kid was hers insteada mine."

She found Bert all sympathy.

"Yeh, and lookit the way she jumps on me yesterday for givin' the kid a piece a chocolate."

"Well, you know candy ain't good for her, Bert."

"Listen, Jewell. Do I look simple? Don't you think I know enough not to feed my kid a lotta candy? This big it was, and pure chocolate. I was gonna tell her where to get off, but I didn't wanta hurt your feelings. You say she's good—that goes with me. You're the kid's mother. Not that anyone would ever know it, the way she acks."

He wanted to let this last insignificant dart sink in, so he picked up Variety, pretending to be absorbed in it. When he glanced over the top of a page a few minutes later, Jewell's lips were moving silently. From her stern expression and her repeated nods it appeared to Bert that she might be rehearsing the dismissal of a nurse girl.

A few minutes later, when he saw her rise and brace herself, start toward the door and hesitate, to brace herself again and leave the room with her head high, he knew the end of Miss Schermerhorn's reign was not far off.

"Well, did you find a girl yet?" It was Bert's nightly question after his wish had come true and Miss Schermerhorn had departed with a great many scathing remarks about cheap show people. From Jewell's answers Bert gathered that he had no idea how hard it was to find the right girl, and that they were all alike, these girls, and thought they were doing you a favor to talk to you. Bert thought it must be terrible.

He found many other openings to lead up to the final suggestion toward which he was heading. One was his solicitude for Jewell in being forced to part with her child for a whole season. And just when she was at her cutest age too.

"Of course it's hard on me, but after all, I'm only the kid's father," he said sympathetically. "A man can't suffer like a woman."

"I don't know how I'll stand it, Bert, after bein' with her all this time."

"Well, just tell yourself you'll be seein' her in another ten months, hon," was Bert's comforting remark. He did not mind adding a few months to their tour for the sake of a point. "Lord knows, she may forget us in that time," he added dismally.

As the days went by and Jewell was still unable to find the right girl, Bert became greatly concerned.

"Well you'd better get somebody, Jewell, right away," he cautioned. "We can't go off and leave our kiddie with somebody you just found."

"Bert, you've no idea how many girls I've talked to. I didn't realize myself how hard it was."

"Maybe we oughta take Miss Schermerhorn back," was Bert's wily suggestion, which Jewell did not even appear to hear.

With the day of their departure but a week away, Jewell just didn't know what to do. Bert played his third act to a finish, certain now of a happy ending.

"Well there's only one thing we can do, hon," he said resignedly: "We got to take the kid with us."

"But how can we?" was Jewell's ready wail. "Suppose she gets sick or something."

"Listen. It's better to have her sick with us than away from us, ain't it?"

Jewell made her last stand weakly: "I can't bear to thinka that little thing associating with a lot of cheap performers, Bert."

"They're not so bad, Jewell. We got a lovely bill. The Marmon sisters—as nice a bunch a girls as you could find on Park Avenue, and always with their old lady. Lydia Baxter. You wouldn't want more of a lady to pal around with. Sings Eyetalian and everything. And Bee Brady ——" Here Bert had to ride down his own objections. "Well, they say she only worked in the place, Jewell, and didn't even know they sold the stuff. Francis and Jack. They got three kids themselves, with the two they had before their own. Jocko and his friends. The kid'll go crazy over them. And Ike Robbins' midgets and a sketch."

The last two he dismissed as too unimportant to exert any harmful influence on the kiddie.

"As long as we got such a nice bill, I don't see why we can't take her along."

So Jewell gave up: "Well, I hate to do it, Bert, but as long as we can't get anybody we might as well make the most of it."

"Sure, hon, we might as well make the best of it."

So it was a doleful occasion when, on the final day, they made the best of it by dressing the kiddie in her pink-and-blue chiffon and drove to the Grand Central Station, where Ike Robbins' midgets and Bee Brady were already waiting for the train that would take the kiddie on her first tour. Two hours later, when the kiddie was happily running up and down the aisles, familiar already with the midgets and Jocko and his friends, not to mention the three pals Bert had picked up in the smoker, Bert experienced something like the real thrill of fatherhood. And Jewell herself was not unhappy, after the long strain of bringing her daughter up like a lady. The way everybody went crazy about that kiddie!

The following week when the kiddie toddled on in the afterpiece and sent a hard-boiled audience into sudden gurgles and a burst of wild applause, Bert rewarded Jewell with the sagacious comment that the kid was a born performer and you couldn't get away from it.

"I guess you're right, Bert," Jewell agreed, now resigned to the professional career of her daughter. "It's in her blood."

"You said it, Jewell," was Bert's proud answer. "And with a mother who could do to an audience what you did to 'em tonight, how could she help but be a born performer?" Then he added to himself: "Not to mention what I did to 'em."

Structural Insulation *only the forest can yield*

FROM the heart of the great forests comes Masonite, an all-wood insulating and building material that is lifting comfort standards of homes and industrial buildings to ever higher levels. For wood, with its cell-like fibre construction, has always been used for protection from both heat and cold. And now the same insulating qualities of wood, multiplied many times in Masonite, are making buildings delightfully cool in summer, cozily warm in winter—more economical to heat—easier and more profitable to sell.

Summer cottages that offer a refuge from the hurry and heat of the city will be found ideal if made of Masonite. In either summer or winter homes, Masonite makes attractive partitions because of its natural beauty. It transforms waste space, in cellar or attic, into usable rooms. It insulates factory roofs, saves fuel, and prevents condensation. And, in both new and remodeled buildings it provides sound deadening in walls and floors at the same time that it gives protection from the heat of summer and the cold of winter.

For plastered walls, Masonite Insulating Lath is recommended. It insulates from heat and cold, gives the advantages of sound deadening and crack-resistant walls that stay free from unsightly lath marks.

Efficient factory executives and thoughtful home owners are awake to the advantages of insulated buildings. The Masonite booklet explains these advantages and the economies of structural insulation. It will certainly pay you to read this fascinating and instructive booklet. The coupon brings it. Mail it now.

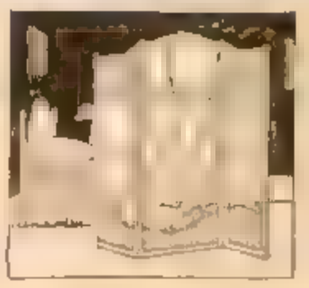
MASONITE CORPORATION
111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

Masonite

STRUCTURAL INSULATION · INSULATING LATH · PRESDWOOD

Masonite Presdwood

A grainless board that has hundreds of applications in industry, building, and the home. Masonite Presdwood is a dense grainless wood board that does not crack or splinter. Its strength and workability make it ideal for paneling or odd jobs. It is naturally beautiful, takes any finish. Industrial executives should ask about special sizes, cut to order at the mill. Builders and homeowners should order from their lumber dealers. Over eighty of its uses are given in the Presdwood Booklet that is sent to those who check the coupon.



Send for FREE Booklet

Mail the attached coupon today. It will bring you the interesting Masonite booklet every home owner or prospective home owner should have.

Masonite Corporation, Dept. 848 C M C
111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your FREE Masonite Booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

☐ If interested in Masonite Presdwood, check here.

A short rest is always good

~ old proverb

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU can whip and drive yourself into an early decline. You can't beat the pause that refreshes when you want a fresh start. Stop at a fountain for an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Learn how a little leisure now and then is practiced by the wisest men. ▼ ▼ ▼ The eight million a day say what people think of Coca-Cola. Just a drink but—what a drink. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own—a tingling, delicious taste—a cool after-sense of refreshment—so good a drink that it makes one little minute long enough for a big rest.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

THE MIXED COURT DECIDES

(Continued from Page 19.

Riddick frowned. "Are you addressing a question to me?"

"Yes, Your Honor. Must I answer that question?"

Riddick leaned slightly forward. "Then permit me to say that the title Your Honor applies only to the magistrate. I am merely the official adviser to him. But in reply to your query, your attorney is completely within his legal rights to ask this question. You must answer him. . . . Mr. Fettie, will you please repeat it?"

"Was Mr. Glendenning speculating with the firm's money?"

"Very well, sir, since you both insist. My partner had lost eighty thousand dollars of firm money. Forty thousand of it was mine. Robert—but I suppose that on an occasion like this I should speak of him as Mr. Glendenning -he had always counseled me never to speculate. That is why his actions came as such a complete shock to me."

The assessor stirred restlessly. Apparently to spare his witness an official reprimand, Fettie shot out:

"Mr. Marder, I must ask you to confine your statements solely to my queries. Now, let me ask you a very important question: When did you first see the defendant, Nyih?"

"Two months ago. He was coming out of Mr. Glendenning's private office. I did not like the looks of this Nyih. I became suspicious, for I knew even then that the firm's business was in a precarious way. I began an investigation."

"You mean, of the firm's business?"

"No. Of Nyih. I have already said that I knew the firm's business was in a precarious way."

"What did you learn about the defendant?"

"That he was employed by a gang of Chinese opium runners."

"From what source, Mr. Marder, did you learn that?"

"From our Chinese comprador."

The assessor lifted a hand. "With your permission, Mr. Fettie, may I interpose a question, since I recall that you did not mention the name of this comprador when you outlined the course of the prosecution?"

"Permission gladly granted, sir."

Riddick asked: "Is your comprador in Shanghai now, Mr. Marder?"

The witness shook his head. "Your Hon— Mr. Assessor, I bitterly regret that he is not. He would have proved a great help to the prosecution of this case. He came to me, frightened nearly out of his wits, one day, not long before the murder. He said that he feared the vengeance of this gang headed by Nyih and that he was going into hiding ——"

"On behalf of the defendant," Riddick interposed, "I cannot allow you to continue, Mr. Marder. That is strictly hearsay evidence. In addition, the court only asked whether or not the comprador is here in Shanghai." The assessor turned his eyes toward the attorney. "You will continue your examination, Mr. Fettie."

Obediently the lawyer went on: "As a result of your investigation of Nyih's activities, Mr. Marder, will you state in what way Mr. Glendenning was implicated?"

"Well, apparently it was the old story, judging by the record of the books and ledgers. Mr. Glendenning had speculated, lost, and in an effort to hide from me the fact that he had —— Must I continue to damage the reputation of my best friend?"

"The hesitation does you credit, Mr. Marder," said the lawyer, "but the assessor has already instructed you on that point. Go ahead, please."

"Very well, if you still insist! In an effort to right his losses, to cover them and to keep me from knowing that he had been embezzling firm money, my partner began negotiations with Nyih, the representative of an opium ring. The method was plain to me. The books showed that several chests of Indian tea were ordered and delivered to us. On rare occasions we blend Ceylon tea with our China brand, but never tea from Bombay. The Chinese Customs are sometimes lax with a firm whose record over a period of years has been as honorable as ours. Tea is ruined by too much handling and examination, as the customs men well know. It would not have been difficult for my partner to bring in opium from Bombay under the guise of Bombay tea."

"Last statement shall be stricken from the record," said Riddick dispassionately. "This court is not interested in your conjectures, Mr. Marder, but only in the results of your examination of the firm's books."

"Now, Mr. Marder," hastily asked the attorney, "when did you last see the deceased?"

"An hour, possibly two hours before he died."

"Was your final conference with him of a pleasant nature?"

Marder frowned thoughtfully. "Yes and no. Mr. Glendenning and I had a whisky-soda together. I wanted to stay for another drink and, if I could without angering him, question him a little about our shaky finances. But he said no, that he had an appointment at the office with a Chinese. I asked him point-blank: 'Is it Nyih?' Mr. Glendenning answered, 'What do you know about Nyih?' 'Enough,' I told him, 'to realize that he's a dangerous and slippery Oriental, and one that I wish you'd send packing.' 'Maybe I will,' Mr. Glendenning answered. I left my partner then, after making an appointment for a cocktail at five that evening. Poor, poor fellow, he never drank that cocktail! I was over at the Shanghai Club when I heard the news of his death."

Fettie said, "That is all, Mr. Marder."

The lawyer looked inquiringly at the assessor. Riddick conferred for a moment with the magistrate; then spoke:

"The court has no questions. But we ask Mr. Marder to remain in the room. We may wish later to exercise our right to question him. Who is your next witness?"

Fettie picked up a slip of paper. "Police Patrolman Number 204, sir."

The bailiff beckoned to a Chinese with a placid, round visage, lolling against the back wall. He was in the blue wool uniform with silver buttons, leather belt and wrapped black tape putties of the International City Police.

There came the usual interchange of questions and answers concerning the policeman's name, rank and station. Fettie spoke through the interpreter, for the patrolman understood no English. Although his questions were straightforward, the attorney's tone was half humorous, subtly indicating that he was dealing with a man honest enough, but of a low grade of intelligence.

"Where were you on the morning of Friday, February tenth?"

"Patrolling Foochow Road between Nanking Road and the post office."

"When did you first see the prisoner—Nyih?"

"Just approaching the hour of noonday rice."

"Where did you see this Nyih?"

"Coming from the doorway of the offices of Gleh-duh-nying and Mah-duh, the two American tea merchants."

"Was the defendant, Nyih, trying to run away?"

The patrolman gave a puzzled frown. "No. He seemed just to be standing there, as if dazed. When he saw me he darted out, almost into my arms."

"Was he carrying a knife?"

"Yes. But I took it away from him." The policeman's voice grew virtuous. "It is illegal to carry knives in the street."

The magistrate held up his hand. He said gruffly in Chinese: "I should like the knife brought into court."

Again the bailiff left the room. He returned with a long blade fastened to a preposterously short, wooden handle. The steel was stained a dull, rusty brown. The cruise-boat women leaned eagerly forward. I confess that a shiver went through me at sight of the ugly weapon. Three people stared at it with complete apathy: The prisoner, his wife and mother.

The magistrate leaned down, fixed the policeman sternly with his eye and asked:

"Was this the knife, O Patrolman?"

"Well, from a distance, Preborn, it looks very like the one I took away from the prisoner," the policeman admitted cautiously.

The magistrate sank back. Riddick nodded for the attorney to continue.

Fettie asked, "When you captured him, did the prisoner say anything to you?"

"Yes. That Gleh-duh-nying was dead, inside the building -murdered."

"Did you ask him who killed Glendenning?"

"Yes. But he made no reply. Then I asked him if he had done it. Still he would not answer. Then I asked him if he had done it with that knife. He kept most stubbornly silent. I itched to make him talk—with my truncheon." The policeman's tone again grew virtuous. "But that was not according to regulations. I put handcuffs on him and entered the building, taking him with me. I found that Gleh-duh-nying was indeed most cruelly slashed and killed. So I took this Nyih to the station house and preferred charges." The patrolman ceased speaking and looked expectantly at the lawyer.

"I have no more questions to ask this witness," said Fettie, his voice slightly unctuous.

Riddick consulted briefly with the magistrate; then said, "Nor has the court."

"With the court's permission," Fettie said, "I shall call a second police witness—Detective Sergeant Tsung."

I stared about the room. I had not seen my ex-student and friend. There was a stir directly behind me and I realized that Tsung had been standing there, probably for some time. Giving me a quick but friendly nod, he walked to the witness stand, a thin, boyish figure in a long robe of neat gray serge. The face he bent upon the prosecutor was mild, even vacuous, an expression, I had good reason to know from Tsung's brilliant collegiate work, that was completely misleading. The keen, quick-glancing eyes were kept in virtual concealment behind thick-lensed spectacles.

Again, the preliminary questions. Then, using the same half humorous inflection that he had employed with the patrolman, Fettie asked:

"You were not, of course, able to locate the comprador of Messrs. Glendenning and Marder?"

"Why the 'of course,' Mr. Fettie?" swiftly demanded the assessor. "Are you trying to coach the witness before the very eyes of the court?"

"I humbly beg the court's pardon. But, when the case was turned over to me by the police, I was told that Detective Sergeant Tsung had been assigned to it; particularly to the task of locating the missing comprador. And furthermore, I was informed that Sergeant Tsung had been unsuccessful in the said task."

Riddick nodded and sank back in his chair.

"I shall frame the question differently," the lawyer went on. "Were you able to locate the comprador?"

"I was, sir."

Fettie started. "Why wasn't I informed of that?"

"Because, sir, I was not able to locate the comprador until yesterday. I requested the head of our bureau to withhold the information until I could give it in court."

"Where did you find the man?"

"In an abandoned house in the Hongkew District."

"Did you subpœna him?"

"No, sir."

"But—but ——" Fettie was sputtering. "At least, you talked with him?"

"I did none of those things, sir. The comprador was dead."

"Dead!" The word, echoed by Fettie, rustled over the room. Then the lawyer asked excitedly: "How long has he been dead?"

"Approximately a month."

"How do you know that?"

"I had the body examined at once by Doctor Tattersal, the port physician."

"May it please the court," said Fettie, his words tumbling over one another in his eagerness, "I should like additional charges brought against the defendant, Nyih—for the murder of the Glendenning comprador."

"That is the province of the coroner's court, Mr. Fettie. Surely you should know enough concerning the procedure of this tribunal not to presume to advance such a suggestion. Your business here is the prosecution of the prisoner for the death of Robert Glendenning." Riddick's voice was acidulous.

Fettie accepted the rebuke without any visible loss of composure. He turned back to the witness.

"Sergeant Tsung, what other facts have you to report as a result of your investigations?"

"I have gone over the books of the firm of Glendenning and Marder."

Marder started at this and stared with dawning recognition at Tsung. A frown had crept across Fettie's forehead. He shot out the question:

"How did you get access to the books?"

"By bribing the firm's shroff to take me on for a couple of days as his assistant."

"A real detective, aren't you! And a public accountant in the bargain!" Fettie's voice was not cajoling now, although Tsung was technically his witness.

Tsung apparently interpreted the lawyer's remarks as questions, for he answered, "I know the rudiments of corporation accountancy, sir. I learned them in Professor Savacool's classes on business administration at the university."

Fettie glanced at me. Also Riddick. The attorney went on, his voice still sarcastic:

"What did you find, speaking now as an—ahem—expert?"

"That the books had been repeatedly altered at different dates over a period of months preceding the murder."

Fettie looked slightly relieved at this, and his tone became more genial: "Then you will corroborate the testimony of Mr. Marder?"

"I was not in the court room when Mr. Marder testified."

"Then I shall phrase the question differently: Did you find evidence that Mr. Glendenning had been trafficking with Nyih?"

"I found evidence, sir, that the firm's money had been taken, yes. Where it went or who took it—that was impossible for me to discover."

"I thought as much," commented Fettie. "The prosecution is through with the witness. Does the court desire to question him?"

Riddick leaned forward. "You say you had but two days in which to go over the books of the firm? Wasn't that rather a short time?"

"Unfortunately, sir, it was. But the shroff feared that he might lose his position if my presence there was discovered. He would not let me remain longer."

The assessor turned to the magistrate, who waved a hand before his own face in the Chinese gesture of negation.

"No more questions," Riddick announced.

(Continued on Page 122)

This colorful roof of J-M Blended Normandy Green blends perfectly with the surroundings

Now—Roofs of Colorful Beauty

within the range of any pocketbook!

DOUBTLESS you have often looked at your roof and wished that its drab, worn dinginess could be replaced with the colorful freshness and safe protection which modern roofing materials insure. The roof of today must afford satisfactory protection against time, weather and fire—and, in addition, by its colorful beauty enhance and improve

Which of these interesting J-M Asphalt Shingle Roofs best suits your home?

the entire appearance of the house.

This is the age of color! We see its cheery note of welcome wherever we go in the modern home—in kitchen and bathroom—on floor and wall—even in the once neglected cellar. And nowhere is colorful beauty more important than on your roof!

BUT—"How much will it cost?"

Perhaps you have delayed having your old roof replaced—have hesitated about the choice of a roof for your new home, because you have felt that the colorful roofing beauty and protection that you desired would be too expensive.

Now, Johns-Manville, makers of the famous J-M Rigid Asbestos Shingles, place roofs of outstanding attractiveness within the range of any pocketbook. You can have exactly the roof you want by choosing from the new *Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles.*

Color—Protection—Durability

Here are new, modern roof colors and effects. Architecturally correct because

A lift of live color in this roof of J-M Romany Reds

A roof of crowning glory—J-M Brittany Blend

Johns-Manville

FIELDSTONE GREEN
A new green shingle of outstanding character Justenough jet black in it to set off the green tones

STANDARD BLUE-BLACK
No more popular shingle has ever been laid than this attractive J-M Blue-Black.

TILE RED
For those who like the warmth of a rich red roof—these brightly toned J-M Tile Red Shingles.

STANDARD RED
One of the most popular types of colorful, harmonious J-M Asphalt Shingles

BLENDED NORMANDY GREENS
These four shingles of perfectly blended greens offer a roof of character and distinctive appearance.

BLENDED ROMANY REDS
These three J-M shingles blend together like the colors of a rare old Persian rug. Life, color and beauty

architects helped to design them. Color experts directed the choice of tones. Romany Reds—Fieldstone Greens, Tile Reds, rich browns—there is a color, style and shape to fit every home—at low cost. J-M Asphalt Shingles are made from the finest of materials. They are heavily coated with a protective surface of crushed mineral and stone. They are fire-resistant and will protect your home for many years.

J-M Asphalt Shingles are another outstanding contribution to the American Home by the world's leading authority on Roofing.

BRITTANY BLEND
This combination of four rich shingles has been chosen for the roofs of thousands of attractive American homes.

Insist on "J-M" Shingles. For new roofs or for re-roofing, consult the J-M dealer in your town. You can rely upon his recommendations and assistance. He will be glad to help you choose the proper color combination for *your* home. And let us send you our booklet on both J-M Asphalt and Asbestos Shingles. Fill out the coupon *now*. You will find it interesting.

J-M—The Hall-mark of Quality

J-M Asphalt Shingles are the product of a famous manufacturer—the makers of J-M Rigid Asbestos Shingles, which are the last word in roofing quality and beauty. J-M Brake Lining safeguards millions of car owners. Throughout industry J-M Insulation, packings, and allied lines control heat and power. In theatres, banks and offices J-M acoustical treatment controls sound scientifically.

JM

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto
(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)

Send me the story of "A Roof for every Pocketbook."

Name .....

Address

RP 55-6

Asphalt Shingles

Leading furniture merchants use C. I. T. service to finance their time payment sales.

C. I. T.
makes Working Capital WORK
for the Manufacturer and Merchant

EVERYONE who sells on long term credit has to decide how best to handle the customer "paper" taken in part payment. Nobody wants working capital tied up in banking customers when it is urgently needed in the business; nor is it often practicable or wise to keep on hand large surplus funds for which there is no steady use.

The modern answer is C. I. T. financing service to turn customer paper into cash and give you the cooperation of the C. I. T. staff of experts in every phase of credit merchandising. It means conserving your own working capital for needs which count most toward larger net earnings.

Write for C. I. T. Plans covering Credit Sales of

Aircraft	Lighting Plants
Automobiles	Mill Equipment
Boats	Oil and Gas Heaters
Contractors' Equipment	Organs
Electric Appliances	Pianos, Phonographs
Farm Machinery	Printing Machinery
Furniture	Radios
Garage Equipment	Refrigerators
Hotel Furnishings	Store Fixtures
Industrial Machinery	Washing Machines
	X-ray Machines

and many other products

COMMERCIAL INVESTMENT TRUST CORPORATION

One Park Avenue, New York

Subsidiary and Affiliated Operating Companies with Head Offices in New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto London Berlin Paris Brussels Copenhagen Havana San Juan, P. R. Buenos Aires . . . Sao Paulo . . . Sydney, Australia. Offices in more than 100 cities.

(Continued from Page 119)

"And now, may it please the court," Fettie said, "I should like to call a character witness. Ah-bou, owner of a rice shop on Honan Road."

"Just a moment, Mr. Fettie," interrupted Riddick. "It is the purpose of this court to get at the gist of a case as quickly as possible. I have already advised you that the transcription of evidence of the defendant's other two trials is before us. We are well aware that the prisoner at the bar was convicted of stealing rice from this Ah-bou. I believe that the interests of justice will best be served if the prisoner be now placed on the stand. Later, if the necessity should become apparent, the court will give you opportunity to introduce character witnesses."

Fettie gave a grumpy nod of assent.

Tsung stepped down from the witness box and took an empty chair at the side of the two Chinese women, next to the wife. He gave her, what seemed to me, a meaning look. She stared blankly back at him and he shrugged, turning away.

Riddick spoke blandly: "Since the prosecution has graciously given permission, the defendant will now take the stand. Nyih being without counsel, the court will conduct his examination. After the magistrate has questioned him, you will be given an opportunity, Mr. Fettie, to cross-examine."

The bailiff touched the prisoner on the shoulder. Nyih rose, shuffled across the few feet of space from his chair to the witness stand and, at the command of the court official, halted.

The burly Chinese magistrate, who had seemingly slept through the major portion of the preceding testimony – if one were to judge by his closed eyes—now definitely roused himself. Bending a harsh gaze upon the soiled, sallow, little man, the jurist fairly snarled:

"O hapless Nyih, have you heard the translator state what Mr. Marder has said about you?"

"Yes, Prior-born," answered the prisoner in a low, firm voice.

"Did Mr. Marder speak truthful words?"

"Yes, Thrice Exalted."

"*Ai yah!* You don't deny what he said about you?"

"No, Favored of Heaven, I do not deny it."

"He doesn't deny it!" said the magistrate in a loud aside to the assessor. "Now, O luckless Nyih, weigh well your words when you answer this: Were you with the dead man the day he died?"

"Yes, Preborn."

"What happened?"

"We quarreled, Magnificence. I am a poor man. I needed opium. He had promised me opium and I had paid him in advance for it. But he had refused to give it to me."

"First, let me ask you: How much had you paid him?"

"Ten thousand Yuan dollars, Exalted. For one chest of a second quality red skin, one chest of Patna and one small half chest of white skin."

"*Ai yah!* You say you are a poor man, yet you pay out ten thousand dollars?"

"That was not my money which I paid, Prior-born. It belonged to the men for whom I worked."

"The men for whom you worked! The smuggling ring! You say you paid the money to Gleh-duh-nying. Why, then, did he refuse you the opium?"

"He said, Excellency, that it had not yet come from India."

The magistrate emitted a loud snort. His method of attack was not new to me. I had seen it in more than one purely Chinese court of law. The Oriental judge was accustomed to browbeat a witness whenever opportunity presented itself, and the woebegone Nyih, by his damaging admissions, was offering this jurist ample chances.

In a louder key the magistrate now asked: "Just because there was a delay, must you take a man's life? Every time a ship is held five extra hours at Woosung, must you deal death and destruction?"

The eyes of the small Chinese were dull. He seemed completely unaffected by the magistrate's sound and fury. He answered slowly, yet with a certain dignity:

"A delay was not the cause of our quarrel, Preborn. The opium had come in. It had come a week before. I saw it carried from a ship to the dead man's godown."

For a moment the magistrate seemed nonplused. The assessor was listening, eyes unreadable. As a matter of form the words of the magistrate and of the prisoner were translated for Riddick, but I knew that he readily understood the vernacular. I wondered what the assessor thought of this small, stubborn Oriental who seemed bent upon incriminating himself. Again the voice of the Chinese judge:

"Very well, granted that he refused to let you have your opium—a drug that is not only illegal in the International Settlement but in all China—is that any reason for brutally taking a man's life?"

"Yes."

A shuddering sigh escaped from the younger of the two Chinese women. Tsung swiftly thrust out a thin, olive hand and caught her forearm. She looked at him dazedly.

"Yes," mimicked the magistrate. "Yes. . . . *Ai yah!* You would murder a man for a broken contract! How many men have you killed before?"

"None, Prior-born."

The judge turned and addressed the court room. "How marvelous! He has never killed any other men! He would have me believe that he has never killed any other men!" The agate eyes focused upon the prisoner. "And I say, O Nyih, that you lie! You have undoubtedly murdered a score of men!" Then, like the thrust of a skilled duelist's rapier, "With what weapon did you perform this dastardly deed?"

Clearly came the prisoner's voice: "With a knife, Magnificence."

The young wife stirred. The knuckles of my ex-student whitened with the pressure of his grasp on her arm. I felt a wave of almost sickening dismay. That ended it. The prisoner had confessed.

The magistrate sank back in his chair and swept his eyes with childlike triumph about the room. Marder looked grave and his face seemed touched with the same pity that I felt. Fettie, however, smiled jubilantly. Patrick MacNamara, the police inspector appointed to assist in the prosecution, but who had sat with oxlike stolidity throughout the trial, gave an audible grunt. He stretched and looked pointedly at the clock as if to say: "Well, that's that. Now I can soon get away and have my tiffin."

The Chinese judge now bethought himself of another point. He leaned forward and asked the bailiff to hand up the knife. The functionary obeyed.

Grandiloquently the magistrate flourished the knife in the air, narrowly missing the assessor's ear. Riddick was forced to duck. Then, stabbing the weapon like an accusing finger in the direction of the prisoner, the magistrate asked:

"Is this the instrument with which you killed Gleh-duh-nying?"

"Yes, Heaven-admired."

"What did you do, O Nyih, after you killed Gleh-duh-nying?"

"I tried to leave the building, Preborn. As I was running away a policeman caught me."

"Did the patrolman speak true words today when he said that the knife was in your hands at the time he captured you?"

"Yes, his words were true, Exalted. I forgot to drop it."

"*Ai yah!* You forgot to drop it! A fine murderer you are!"

Having pronounced this valedictory, the magistrate leaned back in his chair and signalized the completion of this examination by closing his eyes.

Riddick stared thoughtfully, but without apparent animus, at the confessed criminal. Possibly I read into the assessor's mind my own pity and unreasoning sense of thwarted justice over the turn events had taken. After a moment Riddick broke his silence:

"The magistrate has finished and I have no questions. Mr. Fettie, you may take the witness."

The attorney rose, smiling broadly. "The honorable magistrate has conducted his examination so ably, he has got to the roots of the case in such a masterly manner, that any additional facts I might be able to elicit from the prisoner would be superfluous. As the court foresaw, it will not even be necessary to call my character witnesses. Also I shall omit any closing arguments. They are equally needless in the face of this full confession. The prosecution rests."

The assessor then turned to the magistrate. The Chinese judge opened his eyes. Then followed what a Shanghai lawyer had once described to me as the judicial huddle. It was a final whispered conference before a verdict was handed down. But this particular huddle, I realized, could not last for long; the decision was too apparent.

My eyes strayed to Tsung. The young detective was talking in a low but urgent tone to the wife of the prisoner. She sat staring blankly before her, almost like one bereft of her wits.

Was Tsung mercifully trying to prepare her for the inevitable?

Behind me the cruise-boat women burst into conversation. The bailiff walked to the rail and glared them into silence. The two newspapermen rose. The American nodded farewell to me and whispered:

"No use our waiting any longer. A wasted morning, thank the Mixed Court for nothing. Better come along, Professor Savacool. I'll give you a lift part of the way to your university."

I shook my head. "I'm grateful for your offer, but I think I'll stay to the end. I'm rather curious as to why Tsung ——"

I broke off, for I had caught a peculiar bit of byplay. Tsung had given the assessor a long, meaning look. Riddick had caught the stare and Tsung's quick jerk of the head toward the prisoner's wife. The assessor gave a brief, almost imperceptible nod. The judicial huddle continued a moment, then Riddick faced back to the court room.

"The evidence," he said slowly, "in this case seems to point inexorably to one conclusion, and one only. However, the prisoner at the bar has been given no opportunity to introduce witnesses in his own behalf. It is true that he could have demanded that character witnesses speak for him, had he so desired. Instead he has chosen to make no move to defend himself. Such an action can have two interpretations. The first of these is, he realizes himself to be guilty and sees no purpose in drawing out proceedings. The second interpretation I shall come to later. Yet, in order that the fairness of his trial may be unquestioned, the court asks that" – Riddick picked up a paper from the desk before him—"Nyih Mei-lan, wife of the defendant, take the stand."

Tsung turned to the wife and motioned her to rise. A sullen look spread over her face, deepened. She did not move.

The magistrate leaned forward and bellowed down at her:

"Mei-lan, get up! Walk to the box there! Are you not filled with shame, when your husband stands on the threshold of death, that you should not say a single word in his defense?"

The eyes of the wife were not on the magistrate. They sought the prisoner. He was staring back at her. Possibly it was my imagination, but it seemed as though he were pleading with her to say nothing.

Tsung caught her arm, lifted her to her feet. The next instant she was walking toward the witness box, her face apathetic.

After the usual preliminary, Riddick began the examination with the question:

"Why were you unwilling to testify for your husband?"

(Continued on Page 126)

Preferred by those who would pay more if *better* tires could be bought

Here is the daddy of all Super tires—built to answer the greater mileage demands of today.

Others have come since—many of them, and at much higher prices.

But SUPER ALLSTATES are still preferred by millions of tire users who would pay more if *better* tires could be bought.

All the engineering skill—all the great resources of Sears, Roebuck and Co. are in these tires. They represent the finest of everything in material and workmanship.

SUPER ALLSTATES are six or eight ply, depending on size of casing. But there's a lot more to these tires than just a couple more plys. There's a lot more rubber. More strength on the wearing surface. More strength in sidewalls. More gripping surface. Surer footing on the road.

In fact, these tires are so good that Sears, Roebuck and Co. have placed on them an *unlimited guarantee* as to time or mileage.

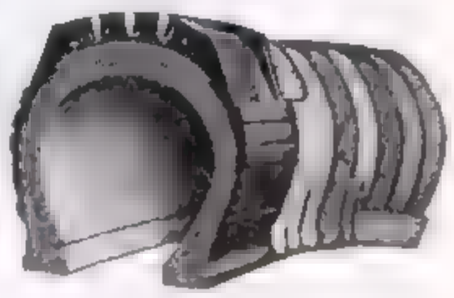
Full balloon SUPER ALLSTATE tires, 30 x 4.50, cost $11.75. Tires 32 x 6.00, cost $19.75. Prices on other sizes are equally low. All prices are slightly higher in the South.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. also recommend to you their ALLSTATE tires, which cost even less than SUPER ALLSTATES. These tires also carry an unlimited guarantee, and never fail to give exceptional performance.

SUPER ALLSTATE Balloons *and* Cords

Cushioned Cords

Thick cushions of new, live, resilient rubber completely separate and insulate the outside cord plys of SUPER ALLSTATE *tires. This eliminates all stiffness...increases flexibility . . . reduces possibility of punctures and enables you to enjoy the easy riding qualities of the true balloon!*



Sears, Roebuck and Co.

RETAIL STORES

This seal identifies only highest quality products . . . no matter how low they are priced

QUALITY SEAL products are for sale in over two hundred and fifty Sears, Roebuck retail stores throughout the country. If you do not live near one of these stores you can send direct to Sears, Roebuck and Co. for full descriptions. ℂ *And remember*—the *Quality Seal* is placed only on brands that offer you outstanding values at exceptionally low prices. Visit a Sears, Roebuck store today, and look for the following *Quality Seal* products—

FOOTLINE FOOTWEAR
WATER WITCH
ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES
POLICE SHOES
E-Z-EST WAY
OIL COOKING RANGES
MASTER-ART
FADEPROOF WALLPAPER
SILVERTONE PHONOGRAPHS
PEERLESS BATTERIES
SILVERTONE RADIOS
NOT-A-KINK GARDEN HOSE
MUNCIE TRANSMISSIONS
ROYAL PURPLE SILK HOSIERY
DIAMOND MEDAL
FOUNTAIN PENS
BEST-MADE LAWN MOWERS
CRAFTSMAN TOOLS
KOOK-KWICK
PRESSURE COOKERS
HERCULES WORK CLOTHING
SUNSHINE DOLLS
ELGIN BICYCLES
SIROCCO
PAINTS AND VARNISHES
SUPREME
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER TOP-VALUE ITEMS

Three generations of pipe DILL'S BEST

SINCE 1848

Three generations of American men have liked Dill's Best well enough to recommend it to their sons and grandsons. J. G. Dill started the business in 1848—the year that James Marshall discovered gold in California. In '49 Dill's Best went along in the covered wagon trek to the gold fields. The pipe lovers of those early days were particularly quick to appreciate a good tobacco and it was they who gave Dill's Best the nucleus of the good-will it has continuously enjoyed ever since.

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND — ESTABLISHED 1848

smokers have said — is America's Best . . .

15¢
-and a pipeful lasts longer

Dill's Best—rubbed or sliced—is now sold almost everywhere in 15¢ pocket-size tins; and can be obtained also in half pound and full pound humidor cans.

FOR eighty-one years Dill's Best has been a favorite among pipe smokers. To this day many contend that no other pipe tobacco—regardless of price—gives the fine, distinctive, natural-tobacco taste and fragrance they get from smoking Dill's Best.

These discriminating pipe lovers smoke only the all-clear, choice leaves of the tobacco plant as they smoke Dill's Best.

In making this good, superior-quality pipe tobacco we take the harsh, bitter, fast-burning stem out of the leaf.

We do *not* then crush, flake and disguise these stems and put them back to cheapen the tobacco and destroy the most delicate natural flavors. All stems are taken out and *kept out.*

In no other way can you get all that the best tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance. This part of the Dill process makes the cost of manufacturing Dill's Best one-third more than ordinary pipe tobacco, since the discarded stems represent about one out of every three pounds of tobacco leaf bought from the planters.

Dill's Best has always been America's best to smokers who want honest, unadulterated, natural-tobacco flavor and fragrance. Higher prices or lower prices have not tempted them away. Their genuine tobacco enjoyment has been practically the only advertising Dill's has had these eighty-one years.

Perhaps you who read this started smoking Dill's Best tobacco because your father or a friend recommended it. If not, you will be well repaid if you start today. We believe *you*, too, will find Dill's Best is America's best.

You will find the full natural-tobacco flavor and fragrance last as long as you smoke. You will find a clean, dust-free tobacco that doesn't clog the pipe, or "bite." Pipeful after pipeful you will smoke all the way to the bottom, and find it sweet and dry.

Dill's Best is also America's oldest brand of smoking tobacco, established in 1848 and better today than ever. You'll now find Dill's Best at almost all dealers. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best TOBACCO

NO STEMS IN DILL'S — NO STEMS IN DILL'S

A REVELATION IN

SWEETNESS AND FRESHNESS

CAMPFIRE MARSHMALLOW SANDWICH SUGGESTIONS. Cut Campfires in strips with a pair of scissors dipped in cold water, or soften them over hot water and combine with mashed dates. This makes a tasty, unusual sandwich filling. Try, too, Campfires combined with chopped nuts, raisins and figs.

CAMPFIRE MARSHMALLOWS GUARANTEED FRESH in the new 1-lb. package at a new low price

You know immediately, by its flavor, when butter is fresh, and when it isn't. Yet can you tell the same about marshmallows, another important pantry staple? Probably not! Few people have ever tasted the true flavor of really fresh marshmallows. Until now, no package on the market was able to preserve this delicate, elusive quality.

Now Campfire presents an entirely new marshmallow package—the Campfire 1-lb. Family Package. Because of a special process of packaging and wrapping, no air or moisture can get into the marshmallows. They are kept fresh as the moment they left our kitchen—*guaranteed to stay fresh until you break the seals in your own kitchen.*

Even in this new, improved package, Campfires cost no more than other marshmallows. Yet Campfire flavor and food value are there as always. Besides a wholesome, satisfying sweet for children, Campfires are an important pantry staple of good cooks. Get them from your grocer, confectioner or druggist.

The new Campfire recipe booklet is ready. Prepared by an expert in domestic science, it describes many delicious desserts, salads, and main courses to be prepared with Campfire marshmallows. Send us 10c for it. The Campfire Corporation, Cambridge, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Montreal, Canada.

For the picnic on the Fourth

Campfire marshmallows carefully packed in the big, handy 5-lb. picnic tin are the perfect thing for your summer outings.

Continued from Page 122

No answer.

"Why were you unwilling to testify?" His voice sharpened.

She gave him a frightened look. "My husband said that I was to say nothing."

"Was he afraid that your answers would incriminate him? Let me make that question more clear: Was he afraid that what you might say on the witness stand would bring about his death?"

"No, my husband knew that he was going to die."

"Then what harm was it for you to speak a kindly word in his defense?"

"My husband made me promise."

"Yes," said Riddick impatiently, "I've gathered that. But why did he make you promise?"

Her voice dropped to a mumble. I had to strain forward to hear the words:

"Starving . . . his mother was starving . . . our boy needed food. If any of us talked, then we'd not get the money ——"

"What money?" Riddick's voice shot out.

The wife turned away from her husband and from the reproach in his eyes.

"We were starving. My husband had been ill for a long time. The foreign doctor said that his trouble was here." She tapped her chest. "He tried and tried to get work, but when he succeeded, each time his strength would fail. One day he said that he did not have long to live, but that he had found a way to keep us all from poverty. His mother, our son, we were to be taken care of -only we must never tell." Suddenly she clasped her hands together and rocked in her seat. "*Aie-e-e-e!* Now I am telling and we'll never get the money! For myself I do not care, but our son will starve!"

"Wait a moment, Mei-lan," interrupted Riddick. "You will not be made to suffer any penalty for telling the truth. Your son will not be allowed to starve. But you must tell exactly what happened."

Apparently she gave no heed to his words. She sat rocking back and forth in her seat, apparently overwhelmed with the enormity of her loss and in fear of her husband's condemnation.

"Go on," Riddick urged.

Dully she spoke:

"My husband was to take the blame. To pretend that he belonged to an opium-smuggling ring. I did not quite understand, for my husband has never known any opium smugglers. My husband did not understand very well either. He was told what to say and to ask no questions. And, after his death, we were to be given a thousand dollars."

The assessor's voice rang out:

"Who told him? Who promised him the money?"

"The man whose place he was to take. My husband was very pleased with his bargain. The price for a substitute at an execution in the native city is only five hundred dollars. My husband was to be given a thousand. With that money, our son would never need fear poverty."

"You mean that your husband did not commit this crime of which he is accused? You mean that he was paid to take the blame?"

"No. He was not the guilty one. Have I not said that he was paid to act as substitute?"

I had heard of this peculiarly Oriental custom whereby a wealthy Chinese convicted of a crime whose penalty was death was able to satisfy justice by hiring another man to die in his stead.

Riddick was silent a moment; then he asked: "Who is the man that was to pay your husband?"

She made no reply to this, but her eye moved unerringly to the plaintiff's table, to Anthony Marder. He was gazing stonily at her, his face as nearly devoid of expression as I have ever seen. Not so Fettie. His unpleasant mouth was agape. Shyster lawyer though he might be, his surprise appeared genuine to me.

Slowly my bespectacled ex-student, Detective Sergeant Tsung, rose from his seat and approached the bench.

"May it please the court, I, as a representative of the municipal police, ask that stay of judgment be granted Nyih Fohming, and that I be permitted to file a motion for a new trial on behalf of the defendant."

"Permission granted," said Riddick without even formally seeking the assent of the magistrate.

With a bow, Tsung went on: "So convinced did I become of the true state of affairs, that I applied this morning to my chief, the commissioner of police, for a warrant seeking the arrest of Anthony Marder for the murder not only of his business partner but of his Chinese comprador, whose body I found gashed by a knife in precisely ——"

"I didn't do it!" Marder suddenly shouted, tearing at his immaculate collar. Gone was his granite composure. His face was writhing with fear. "Nyih has confessed! This—this is a frame-up against me! The man and his wife have framed me! The whole court is trying to frame me!"

"Stop!" thundered Riddick. "You will have opportunity to prove your innocence, Mr. Marder, if you are innocent!"

But Marder did not hear. He seemed swept by panic. With a muttered oath he jumped to his feet and darted toward the hall.

The patrolman who had testified earlier in the day barred Marder's way, but was sent staggering back with a furious buffet on the cheek.

For an instant the way toward freedom appeared open to Marder. Then, directly in the doorway loomed the grandfatherly Sikh with the beautifully twisted beard. Placidly he accepted a blow on the chest from Marder that resounded like a peach-wood temple gong, a buffet that would have downed an ordinary man, it seemed to me. The Sikh did not even stagger. He threw out his great arms, folded them around the escaping man and held Marder powerless.

A voice sounded in my ear:

"*Ai yah!* Were there not some unusual features today, Professor Savacool?"

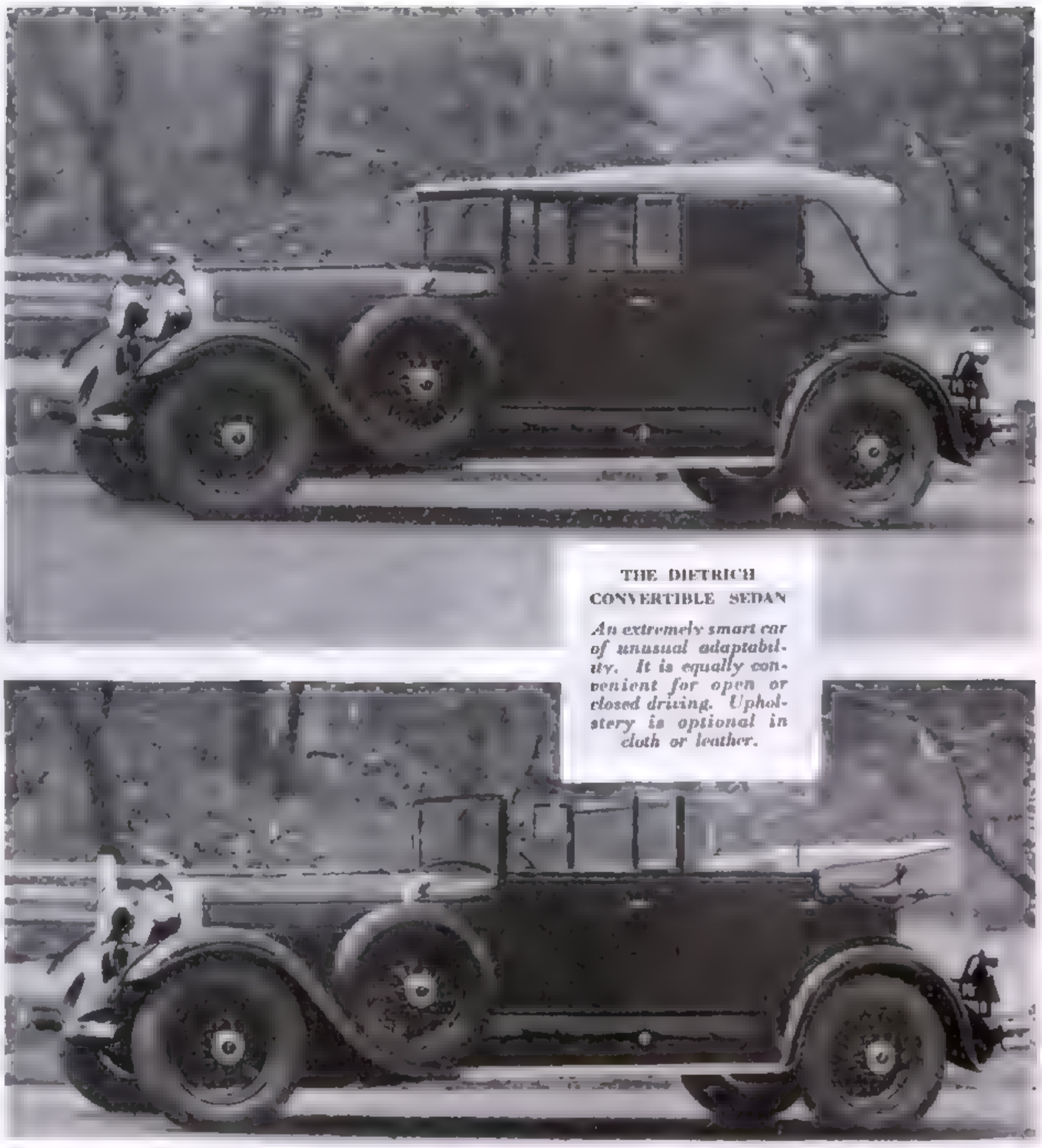
Tsung seated himself at my side.

"But, Tsung," I asked, puzzled, "why did you let this go to trial? You had that warrant; you must have known all along the answer to this!"

"No, professor, I only guessed. I knew the books had been tampered with, but that might have been the work of the dead man. Failing there, I tried the other path. I worked with the prisoner's mother and wife. I discovered that they were hiding something and I learned that they were foolishly fond of the little boy. I remember in one of your classes at the university, you spoke of the greatest religious force in China—you called it: The Cult of the Man-child. The sacrifices we would make in order to preserve the life of an heir. A detective must look for motives. There, I decided, was mine. After that, I had to depend on the Mixed Court to uncover it."

"And the court did."

THERE IS A QUALITY ABOUT IT
EASY TO RECOGNIZE, BUT DIFFICULT TO DEFINE



THE DIETRICH CONVERTIBLE SEDAN

An extremely smart car of unusual adaptability. It is equally convenient for open or closed driving. Upholstery is optional in cloth or leather.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE."

WHEN you see a Lincoln gliding along the avenue, or standing at rest before some well-known door, you may sense in it a quality which sets it apart, a little, in your mind—a quality which causes you to remember it and recall its image, long after the more immediate concerns of the day are disposed of and forgotten.

That quality is not easy to define. You may look for it in the grace and balance of the car, its comfort, its smooth and effortless performance. You may see it in the basic design and engineering, the restrained elegance of its appointments. . . . But as a matter of fact, it is from all these things collectively that the Lincoln derives its character. And the key-note of that character is sincerity.

For the man who knows anything about automobile construction, that word has a very real importance. It means that everything has been done that can be done to make this a fine motor car . . . regardless of cost . . . regardless of time . . . regardless of the care and labor involved. It means "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

As a single instance, take the matter of inspection. There are 7564 inspections on the engine, 2012 on the transmission, 840 on the axles, 15,032 on the chassis, and 4496 on one representative body type—a total of 29,944 for the completed car!

Or consider the construction of the motor. It is made with such extraordinary accuracy—at many points within operating clearances of 1/15 of a hair's breadth!—that you do not even have to break it in. You can drive your Lincoln at normal speed the very first day you own it.

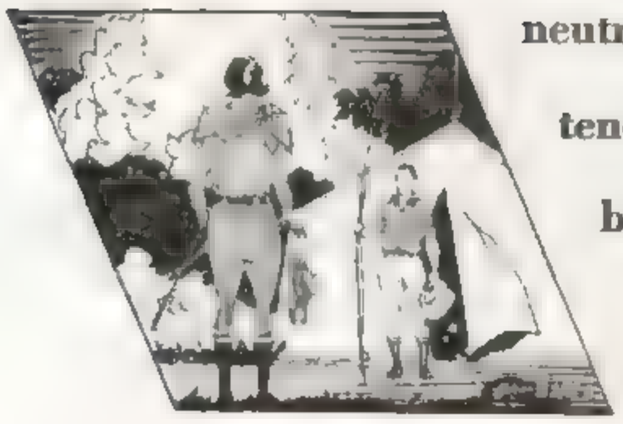
That is what is meant by sincerity in a motor car. And in that one word is summed up the whole principle of Lincoln engineering and construction. To build an automobile without compromise, without concession, in accordance with the highest ideals of efficacy and beauty . . . that is the wish of the makers of the Lincoln . . . their one ambition, and their single aim.

THE LINCOLN

...play—SAFE this summer

NO NEED to worry about sunburn this summer. Forget it. Enlist Pyrol as your bodyguard—then dare the sun to do his worst.

✚ Pyrol cools and soothes in 45 seconds—neutralizes the poison of burn—comforts tender, flaming skin *as if by magic*—and brings a coat of healthy tan.

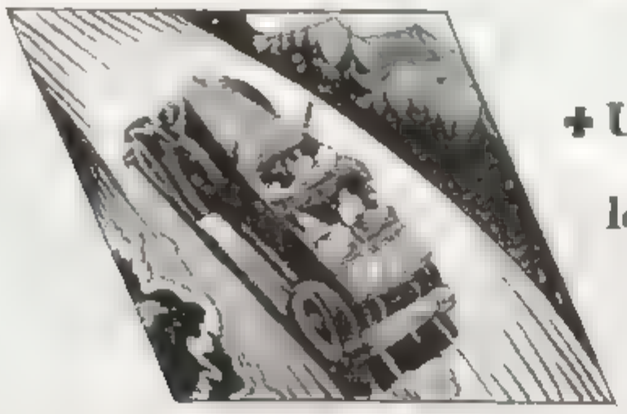


✚ It is practically odorless, pleasant, easy to apply—easy to remove.

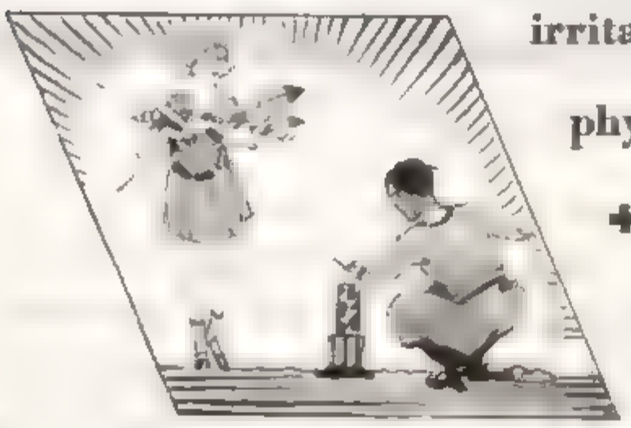
PYROL

PY RO L

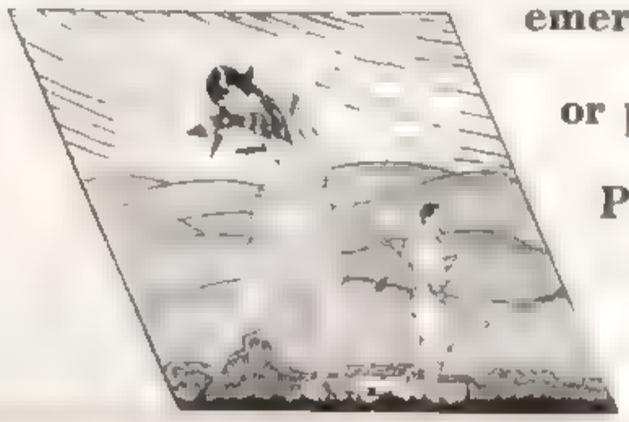
PYROL ... FOR



✚ USED exclusively by many of America's leading hospitals as a dressing for burns and scalds—and equally effective in the treatment of chafing and all forms of skin irritation. Pyrol has been prescribed by physicians for more than 20 years.



✚ Take Pyrol along with you over the holidays. Go armed for your combat with sun and wind. Be prepared, too, for the possible emergency of powder burns, poison ivy or poison oak, insect stings, bruises, cuts. Pyrol relieves soreness instantly, wards off infection—and by stimulating cell growth almost invariably prevents scars.



Physicians have prescribed Pyrol (as Anti-Pyrexol) for 20 years

SUNBURN

THE SUN is a gay deceiver. His warm noonday caress brings sleepless nights of cruel pain. Sunburn is the dreaded killjoy of summer fun.

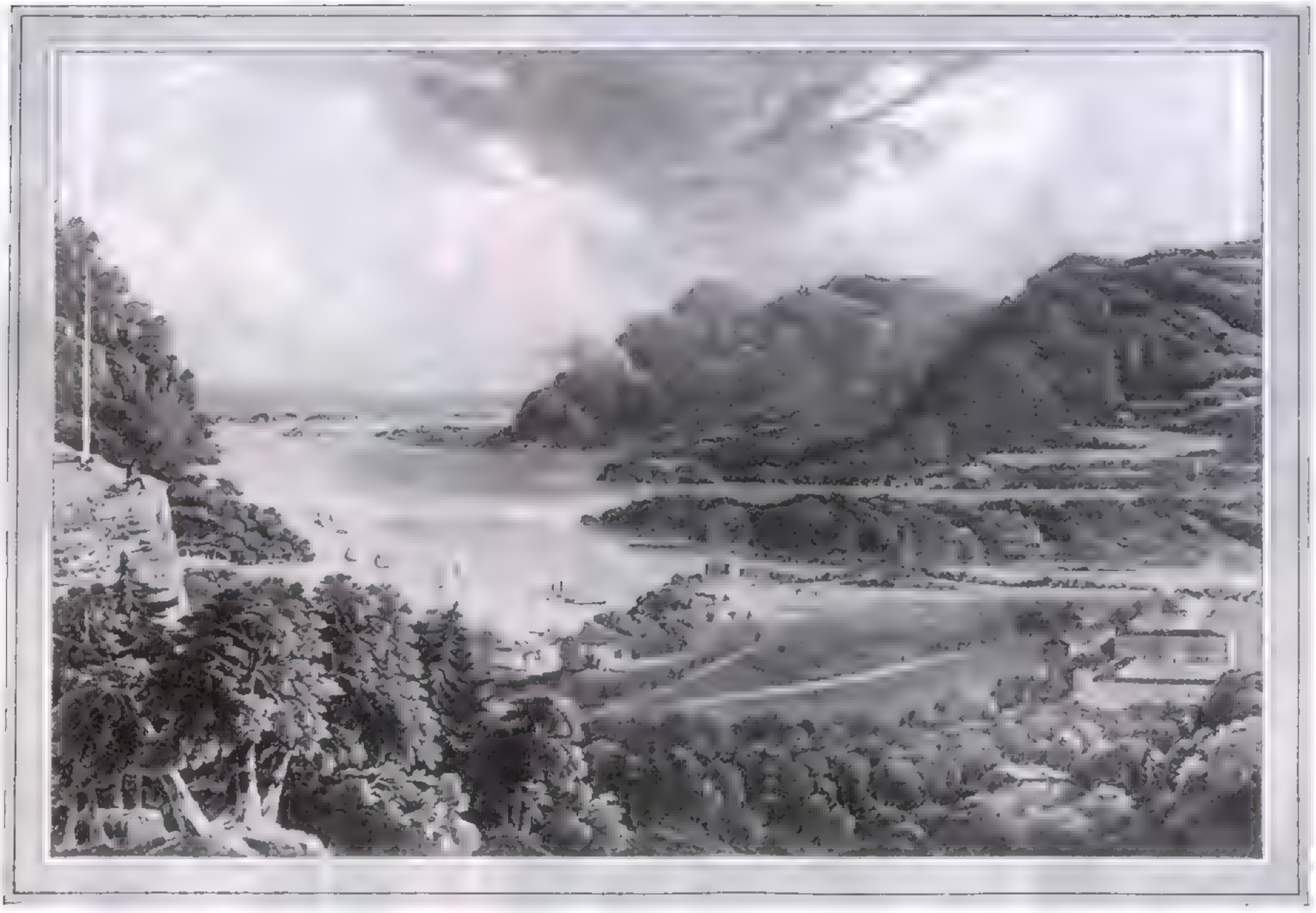
You just *must* get acquainted with Pyrol. Buy three tubes from your druggist today. Keep them always handy—one in the car; one on the kitchen shelf; one in the medicine chest. You'll find it an *indispensable* friend. Nothing can take its place. Nothing else is like it. It never disappoints. You can safely depend on it—always. All drug stores sell it. In convenient tubes.

Relief in 45 Seconds

In the Big Red Tubes 50¢

PYROL

If for any reason your druggist *hasn't* Pyrol, write your name in the margin below, tear it off and mail to us and we will send you a free trial tube. Kip Corporation, Box 1020, Department G, Arcade Station, Los Angeles, California.



THE HUDSON RIVER AT WEST POINT, In the Heart of the Highlands—*From a rare colored aquatint engraved by Robert Havell in 1858. Courtesy of Kennedy & Co., New York*

The only route to New York through the wonderful

HUDSON RIVER VALLEY

The New York Central main line between Chicago and Boston and New York is doubly protected by automatic electric block signals and the new Automatic Electric Train Stop.

All New York Central Lines trains between Chicago and New York, and St. Louis and New York follow the famous Hudson Valley route.

The scenic beauty of this historic river is one of the natural wonders of America. Cutting its way through the Highlands of the Hudson—rich in the history and story of Colonial and Revolutionary times—this great stream is like a Norwegian fjord. The ocean tides ebb and flow all the way from New York Harbor to Albany, a distance of 140 miles.

New York Central's overnight limiteds between the Atlantic Coast and the Mississippi Valley run along the east shore of the Hudson, giving an ever-changing panorama of river and mountain scenery.

Among the sights of the journey are the colorful Palisades, the Sleepy Hollow country of Washington Irving, the storied Tappaan Zee, the majestic Highlands, the picturesque West Point Military Academy, Storm King Mountain, the Catskill Mountains where Rip Van Winkle had his long sleep, the great river steamers, the old Dutch towns nestling along the shores, and the broad reaches of the river below Albany.

The Hudson Valley is the eastern section of New York Central's unique *water level route* between the East and the West. The four-track steel way strikes through the Appalachian Mountains west of the Hudson River at the only low level pass in the entire range. It is this natural advantage that makes New York Central such a comfortable route, as well as one of the world's famous scenic highways.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED · *Chicago* · *New York* · *New England* SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED · *St. Louis* · *New York* · *New England*

BACK FROM UTOPIA

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, quite. It's a step in the right direction. But there is so much more to do."

But Roderic insisted on his enthusiasm. For the first time he was to encounter an entire community harmoniously reducing to practice the most advanced ideas of the time. He hoped he would be able to live there always.

He found Stratford a rather pretty village, centering around half a dozen Colonial houses built on a triangular common and possessing in a wooded valley a perfect natural amphitheater. Between these two points of interest the colonists had made fairly passable roads and set up bungalows a little less pretentious and a little less comfortable than those usually seen on the banks of rivers and the ocean front of the Eastern United States. Roderic was glad to see that the colonists did not go in for what they called "creature comforts" and concentrated on the things of the spirit; since to live in harmony with one's fellow men and to develop one's personality to the full were considerably more important than to sleep on soft mattresses or ride behind a matched pair of bays.

Roderic did not know particularly who was going to be there, but he was keen to be for once in a community where there was no striving for gain and where the good things of the earth were meant for all. To his surprise he found himself, the evening he arrived, involved, and almost compelled to take sides, in an absurd quarrel. Stratford had grown so fast that the rather simple system for the disposal of garbage was becoming a nuisance. In the ideal state, of course, no one would bother about such things and machinery would solve the entire problem. Temporarily, however, something had to be done, and Stratford was divided into two hostile camps—those who wanted to keep on burning in the open and those who wanted to build a communal incinerator. Roderic's host belonged to the second school, so that the problem was presented to him as merely a question between those who had the future of Stratford at heart, and the selfish and lazy element, who did not care what happened to the village, so long as they themselves were comfortable.

The true nature of the quarrel came out only when he met some of the burners, who disclosed the fact that their opponents really owned most of the property in Stratford and wished to build an incinerator, as well as other improvements, in order to attract more purchasers of lots. It was, in short, a struggle between the poets and the free spirits on one side, and people who were, in spite of their liberal pretensions, horribly middle class at heart. The middle class retorted that the burners were unwilling to invest their money for the common good and demanded their pound of flesh as violently as any capitalist. The burners replied that the incinerator was only the thin side of the wedge and that they themselves would never stand for improvements in Stratford which would rob it of its simple, rustic nature. They believed that it was natural for human beings to throw garbage on a dump heap and to set fire to it, but to build an incinerator was yielding to the bourgeois passion for labor-saving devices and was the beginning of a surrender to the industrial system.

What bothered Roderic was the vague feeling that neither side was being particularly enlightened. It seemed to him that essentially both sides were concerned with profit and property, two things which he had hoped not to meet in a community of free spirits. Mr. Irons, the comparatively wealthy member of the colony, usually found himself in opposition to most of the ideas of Lewis Downes, a young novelist, who led the burners. Lewis, who was inclined to be fat, with a baby face somewhat spoiled by a petulant air of perpetual martyrdom, did not believe in the virtue of reticence. "Irons is trying to ditch Stratford," he said sardonically. "He owns about half the property here and he wants to sell it at a good price in order to drive me out."

Roderic, who admired Downes as a true leader in the battle against capitalism, was a little perturbed by this personal note. It seemed to him that if the colony was going to be free, its members ought to be free of rancor and bitterness as well, but Downes explained to him that the whole trouble lay in the intrusion of limited and hostile spirits. Without meaning anything personal, he indicated that Irons, for example, was not the kind of man with whom one could live in a community of free spirits. Mr. Irons was equally impersonal, but he let it be known that, in his opinion, the sort of success which Downes had won—a success to which the approval of the middle class had contributed—was likely to corrupt a man. Downes' hands had dabbled in the pitch of prosperity, and although Mr. Irons regretted to mix his metaphors, a swelled head had been the result.

Most of the summer passed with the garbage question unsettled. The effect on the community was rather disastrous. Under the nervous strain two couples of free lovers, who had been together for five and seven years, broke up, and, at the general mass meeting, Stratford for the first time in its history failed to send a unanimous testimonial of faith to the socialist candidates in the presidential elections. One colonist, who had been most acceptable when he limited his diet to apples and crackers, became suddenly troublesome through the discovery that apples and crackers were ineffective unless the dieter ate them in the dead of night, to the accompaniment of his own voice lifted in song. As several of the families in Stratford were raising small children, the effect of these midnight serenades was unnerving, but Stratford possessed no body of law and no tradition for dealing with the case. Up to that time, everybody in Stratford had been thoughtful of everybody else. It was just Roderic's luck, they frequently told him, to see Stratford at an awkward moment.

This, the first of many communities Roderic was to visit, disappointed him in many ways and apparently disappointed some of the regular members. Nevertheless, it was obvious that they were perfect and that the fault lay somewhere outside—Roderic was to find that the villain in the piece was always an outsider, rather like a stranger who is brought in at the end of a mystery story to take the blame for the murder. Sometimes they called the villain Society, and sometimes Civilization, and sometimes Capitalism; but they never called the villain by any name which could be applied to themselves. They were right and their theories were right, and the reason things went badly at the community was the pressure of the outside world. If money, for instance, didn't exist, then nobody would want money, and Mr. Irons would not be trying to make Stratford more salable; whereas, if cows didn't exist and no one ate meat, everybody would be healthy and even the poets and novelists at Stratford would not be shiftless and lazy and hostile to progress. The real trouble was that all of the adult members of the community were no longer pure, since they had been corrupted by the outside world; and the real hope was that the youngsters would grow up innocent and ignorant of the greeds and ambitions and petty personal desires of the outside world.

The youngsters, however, were presently to find themselves involved in the Great Garbage War. Toward the end of a lazy August, during which an easterly wind had blown the smoke of rubbish fires constantly into the delicate nostrils of the Stratford communists, Mr. Irons determined that a decision must be made, so that an incinerator could be built before next summer. Lewis Downes was convinced that Stratford was not big enough to hold him and Mr. Irons both. It fell to Roderic to suggest a means for solving the question at issue. His proposal was that the matter be put to a vote and that the will of the majority should prevail.

Mr. Irons instantly accepted the proposal, but Lewis Downes declared that voting was meaningless and that deference to the will of the majority was a bourgeois prejudice. The word "bourgeois" had been buzzing in Roderic's ears for a long time, and he was ultimately to suspect that it was used by radicals very much as "bad form" or "socialistic" was used by conservatives. In the present case he did not defend the theory of majority rule and merely pointed out that in three months no other solution had been found. Downes, nervous and exasperated, finally agreed.

"But, of course," he said, "everybody votes"

"That goes without saying," answered Roderic.

"Everybody, mind. None of this bourgeois hocus-pocus about a voting age."

So, in the late afternoon of the last Saturday in August, Mr. Irons and his supporters filed into the woodland theater and took their seats on the left hand. A few minutes later Lewis Downes appeared, unattended. A sneer lit up his face as he got the sense of Irons' maneuver.

"You're on the wrong side of the house!" he cried, coming close to Irons and shaking his finger in his face. "You are conservatives, bourgeois reactionaries, and you belong on the right! The radicals always sit on the left!"

"We are in favor of progress," Mr. Irons answered, "and those who believe in progress are never found on the right."

Roderic, who was neutral, came down the center aisle in the midst of the dispute. "What's the difference where you sit?" he inquired. "I thought we did not care about tradition."

Downes stamped his foot on the soft grass and his voice rose to a high pitch. "I don't care for tradition," he cried. "Tradition is the religion of the bourgeois. This is a symbol."

Mr. Irons protested that it was as much of a symbol to him as to Downes, and it was finally agreed that everybody should march out of the theater and the opposing sides should come in again in a catch-as-catch-can race for seats.

When the confusion was over, Roderic noted, without attaching any importance to it, that the followers of Lewis Downes seemed to have brought more babes in arms than the conservatives. The younger people appeared on both sides, but wherever the burners were gathered, tots of three and four were tumbling about the benches.

By mutual consent, there were only two speeches. Mr. Irons stated the case for incinerators and Downes stated the case against. The voting was to be done by show of hands, with the neutral Roderic as the chief teller.

As soon as the affirmative question had been placed, it was clear that the incinerator had won, as forty hands were raised in its favor. As a matter of form, the negative was put and Roderic began counting. In the gathering twilight he had some difficulty about the back seats, and finally called out, "Will you please keep children and little babies on the ground while the counting is going on?"

"We will not," shouted Lewis Downes. "You count them as well as you count anyone else."

An uproar arose and Mr. Irons and his majority began running—some among the benches of the theater and some back to the settlement to snatch babies from their cradles, in order to bring them to the polls The more energetic ones began driving out little boys and little girls, and Mr. Irons discovered that his own child of five had been promised a quarter if he would vote

(Continued on Page 133)

Close "it" Tight

SCREEN doors equipped with an Everedy Pneumatic Silent Door Closer, or heavier doors equipped with an Everedy Double-Duty Door Closer always shut noiselessly and tight. No screeching, scraping, slamming or banging. Their wide popularity and faithful performance have fully justified the care with which they are designed and made.

EVEREDY

PNEUMATIC

SILENT DOOR CLOSER

THESE points have made the Everedy popular and the Leader for service and satisfaction:

1—Made entirely of brass and steel.

2—Patented Valve permits adjustment for closing speed by a simple twist of the cylinder.

3—Allows door to open much wider than most door closers.

4—May be used on both right- and left-hand doors without mechanical change

5—Simple to install, only a screw driver needed.

6—No tools required to detach when doors are taken down.

7—Silent and sure in action, durable and lasts for years.

The Everedy Silent Door Closer No. 1000 for screen and light-weight doors. Finished in dull nickel. Price $1.00. The Everedy Double-Duty Door Closer No. 2000 for heavier doors. Dull brass finish. Fitted with double springs. Price $1.50.

If your Dealer cannot supply you, send us his name, address and enclose the price of door closer desired and we will mail you one postpaid.

Please Ask your Jobber about our Special Proposition or write us

The EVEREDY COMPANY
FREDERICK, MARYLAND

Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada

Endorsed by Millions of Users As the Standard

THE EVEREDY COMPANY
Frederick, Maryland

Enclosed find $ for which send me, postpaid
Everedy Door Closers No. 1000, at $1.00
Everedy Door Closers No. 2000, at $1.50
(Check style wanted and number desired)

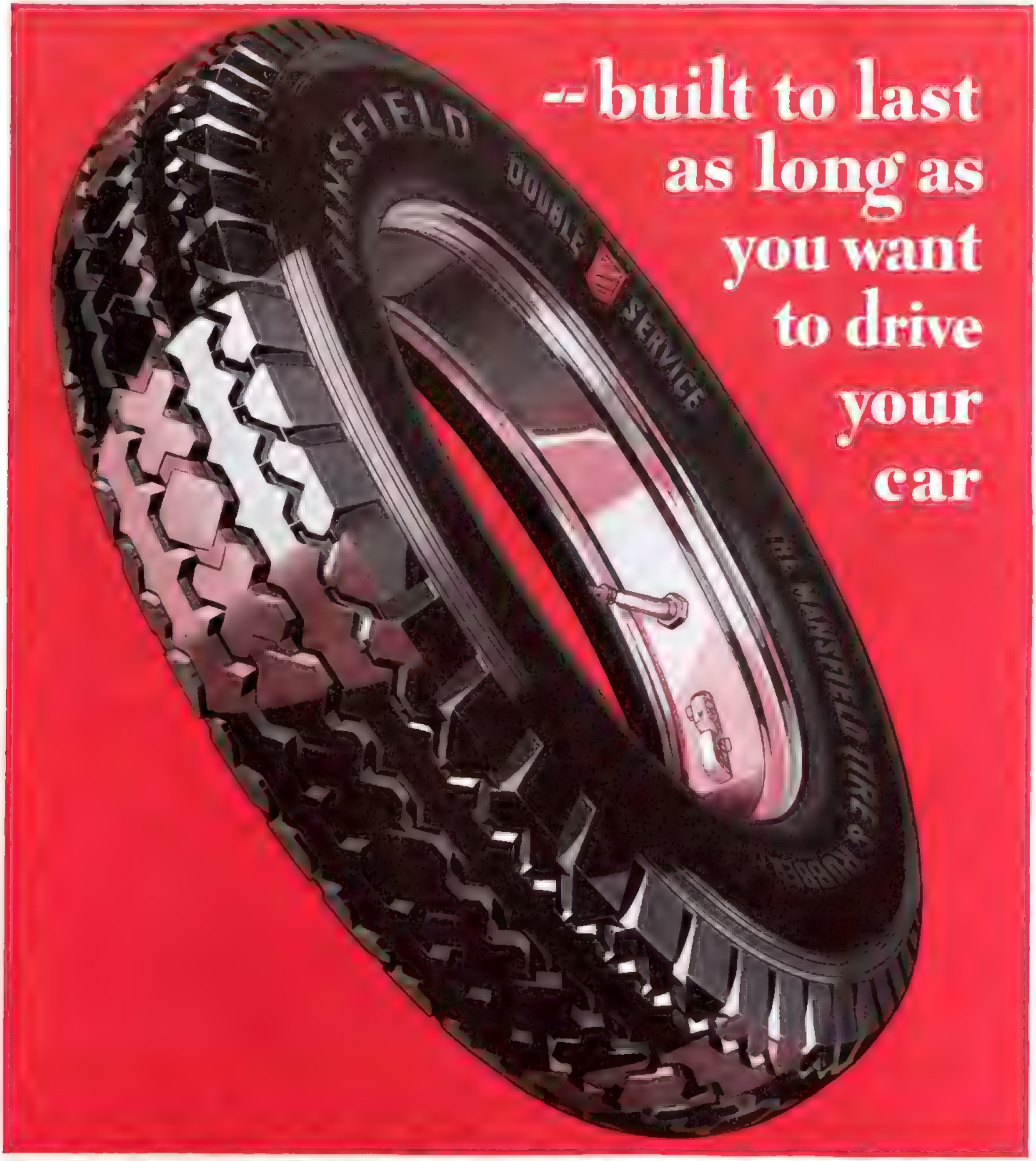
Name

Address

City State

My dealer is (insert name)

MORE MILES *with* MANSFIELDS



--built to last as long as you want to drive your car

MANSFIELD TIRES

THE MANSFIELD TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

(Continued from Page 131)

against his father. Lewis Downes took the stage and denounced the middle-class notion that the age of twenty-one gave any privilege to a citizen and declared that little children, "trailing clouds of glory," were closer to the truth and meaning of life, and better able to decide important questions than any grown-ups could be. Mr. Irons shouted from the amphitheater that the whole thing was a low trick of ward politics. In the confusion a few of the little voters who had been asleep in their mothers' arms woke and demanded to be nursed, and as the rights of the children were sacred, the meeting was promptly adjourned.

Roderic left Stratford the next day. He brought to his sympathetic father his doubts and perplexities, and his father listened gravely until the story was ended. Then he rose and went to the sacred shelf of his library, took down a volume of Walt Whitman and after looking vainly for the passage quoted from memory: "Produce great people; everything else will follow."

Francis Temple was a little surprised when Roderic announced his intention of going to Harvard. It was the conventional thing to do, and he had hoped that his son would strike out on a more unusual route for his education. He did not voice his disappointment, and went up from Templeton as far as New York, to get his son started. On the train, Francis renewed an acquaintance. A heavy-set man with bright eyes and coarse lips was passing into the diner, and stopped beside them, laughing, with the words, "Still sitting in Pullmans, are you?"

"Why, Sasha," the elder Temple cried with evident pleasure, and presently introduced his son to Alexander Berkman. Roderic was thrilled. Here, for the first time, he was meeting a man who had translated every theory into action, who had shot down a capitalist and gone through fifteen years of hell in prison for it. They went together into the dining car, and while Berkman and his father recovered ancient memories and gave each other the news of friends, Roderic sat, almost unable to eat, looking for the light and the truth that could come from this hero.

The movement was getting on well, Berkman reported. The persecution which had followed Emma Goldman after the assassination of President McKinley had now died away, and although she was carrying on a singularly feminine business—Roderic could not make out whether it was cosmetics or hair tonics she was manufacturing under an assumed name—their little magazine Mother Earth was getting quite a subscription list and a society woman in Chicago was arranging a series of lectures at which Emma was to speak, and Berkman expected to sell many copies of his reminiscences. This information came to Roderic in the free moments between enormous mastications of food, over which Berkman smacked his lips with a tremendous, heartfelt pleasure. When they left the dining car, the elder Temple suggested that as the day was warm and they could not sit comfortably in the day coach, Berkman join them.

"You old capitalist," Berkman said, but subsided with a grunt of pleasure into a chair. When they parted, Berkman invited them both to a little party that night.

So for an evening, Roderic was called "comrade" and drank whisky and soda, and wandered about, trying to attach himself to little groups of people who did not believe in formality, held every man to be the brother of every other man and, in a perfectly brotherly and amiable way, gave Roderic the cold shoulder. The basement bookshop in which the party was held was hot, and Roderic suddenly felt that he was being considered a snob because he didn't take off his coat. Berkman was extremely busy and apparently made up his mind to kiss every girl in the room. Roderic was persistently attracted to a rather fresh and pretty girl who seemed able to avoid the hugs of the great bear. He found, to his surprise, that she was not really a free spirit, but was a cousin of one of the workers in the Cause and much preferred sedate little dances in Wilmington, where everyone wore evening clothes, danced well, and went to supper at midnight. Roderic thought this was a very conventional attitude, but he could not help admitting that the young woman who held it seemed as much of a personality as the less attractive girls who all seemed to be repeating the same sentences about freedom, learned from the same book.

Once in a while a man or woman who seemed not particularly attractive would stop and say "Hello, comrade," usually adding, "You are a comrade, aren't you?" to which Roderic, who felt lonely, would reply "Of course," but there must have been something uncertain in his voice, for not even these people stayed long with him. One young woman ordered him to dance with her, but after a minute or two she stopped suddenly.

"What's the matter?" Roderic asked miserably.

"There's no authority in your dancing!"

Roderic apologized. "I learned in a small town," he concluded.

"Oh, you dance well enough. But you don't hold me as if you cared about it."

Roderic was conscious of the fact that from the first minute he had been fighting the woman off. He liked to dance, but he didn't consider hugging an essential—of dancing.

"You're full of inhibitions," his partner announced, and left him.

Roderic went back to the girl from Wilmington a bit depressed. "It seems my dancing is full of inhibitions," he said.

"Come along, then. I'm tired of being pawed and wrestled with." They danced long enough for Roderic to win back his self-respect.

"Did Orphan Annie complain?" the girl asked. "I wouldn't let that worry you. Look at her."

Roderic looked. "What is it?" he asked. "The turkey trot?"

"It's just ugly dancing."

It was, but Roderic felt ashamed of admitting it. He believed that whenever people expressed themselves freely and fully, the result would naturally be beautiful. Probably Orphan Annie, as she was called, had been thwarted and spoiled by some brutality in the past. After his dance he felt he ought to go speak to her, but she turned away as he approached, leaving him to a young woman who said, "You are Comrade Temple's son, aren't you?" and before he could reply, informed him that he knew nothing about life.

She looked hardly older than himself, so Roderic asked, "Why do you say that?"

"Have you ever picketed in the rain for six hours? No. Have you ever been in a filthy cell for a week? No. You leave that to others."

Roderic at last recognized her as the heroine of an episode which had got into the papers. It was something about pulling a strike-breaking policeman off his horse and mounting in his place—she was known as the Joan of Arc of the garment workers' strike—a Russian Jewess, dark and heavy featured, with burning and angry eyes. Her English was still broken, but she was fluent and intense, and again and again, as she continued the recital of her adventures, she said, "There wasn't a paper in New York that didn't have my picture the next day." She had risen out of the ruck of her fellow strikers and was savoring a new personality in herself. Her eyes followed Berkman in his playful love-making. Roderic had an odd feeling that she was giving herself airs.

He was just at the age when the prospect of meeting young and pretty and emancipated women was most attractive, but they did not seem to be there. He heard monologues about beauty from dumpy women in hideous clothes, and, for the rest, the conversations which centered about sex disturbed him a little. There seemed to be some sort of obligation to be impure in thought, if not in fact, and there was a cold and pedantic tone which did not strike him as being exactly pagan or joyous. He was ill at ease, and he knew the reason—these people were all infinitely more free than he was, probably because he was rich and an observer, while they were actually in the heat of battle.

Toward the end of the evening his father said, "You must meet Emma," and they left the gathering to go to her workroom. It was a new experience for Roderic—he met a saint. In the body of a housewife there was a spirit that was all flame; her face was large and the separate features heavily marked, but her smile had tenderness and understanding, and behind the thick lenses of her spectacles, her eyes were warm and friendly. She seemed to have no pretensions, and when Francis Temple spoke of the hard times through which she had passed, she brushed them aside with a laugh which was without rancor against her enemies. She had no pride in her fame and no resentment against the society she attacked. She had the voice of a public speaker, carefully enunciating each syllable and speaking in a peculiarly literary English, but what she said to Roderic was simple and direct: "I think it is a good thing for you to go to a big college. The trouble with most of us is we don't know what we are attacking; we only know what we want. Perhaps you will find a better way." And then she added, "But don't let us lose you."

Roderic felt consecrated. He felt that his life thereafter must be devoted to a single object—to understand the world, so that he could help to reorganize it on a new basis.

With her genius for people, Emma Goldman had uncovered to Roderic his own reason for going to college, giving a rational explanation for his instinct. He was going there to learn everything about that order of society which he was later to destroy. College was the best of the old system; he would enjoy it and then turn against the life it represented. And at the same time he would become the organizer of radicalism, fitting together the various movements, bringing them into relation with one another, and welding them into an instrument of power, a spearhead directed against conservatism and reaction.

In those days magazine writers were attacking the American college because its social life was snobbish and its lack of religion was "blasting at the Rock of Ages." Harvard had always been comparatively easy-going about chapel; and at the time of Roderic's arrival, the great battle between the Gold Coast and the Yard—the rich clubmen and the poor students—had already been compromised. John Reed, as gay and enthusiastic then as he was a dozen years later about Bolshevism, rejected his Gold Coast friends and in a terrific battle smashed their hold on Class Day honors. The myth of undergraduate democracy collapsed and the college authorities were compelled to create a new system. When Roderic came, all the rich seniors were being dislodged from their luxurious quarters on the Gold Coast to go and live with the poorer students in the historic Yard dormitories—which had, however, been modernized for them—and were fraternizing with the less socially gifted ones in a perfect frenzy of clubbiness.

As a good radical economist, Roderic knew that all this was meaningless; artificial social equality is useless without real economic equality. He joined the Socialist Club. It still held the active memory of Reed; it had just sent Walter Lippmann into the world to meet H. G. Wells; it controlled the literary and intellectual life of the college. The Harvard Monthly—buff covered, like the Atlantic, and as sedate—suddenly blossomed into screaming headlines: The college was not paying a living wage to those graceless old women who cleaned the rooms—the "goodys" as they were called. The college was not providing an education, because after two years of French an undergraduate had failed to make a Parisian waiter understand. The college was not tackling the moral problem.

(Continued on Page 137)

COME VIA GLORIOUS ZION CANYON TO SUBLIME GRAND CANYON

THE Grand Canyon is the most stupendous chasm on the globe. It overpowers by sheer immensity. But Zion and Bryce Canyons are equally thrilling.

The walls of Zion Canyon are cut into tremendous temples and towers, rising a sheer half mile into the blue Utah sky.

Bryce Canyon is wholly unique. Its fluted walls, great castles and cathedrals, and innumerable sculptures of human and animal shapes are startlingly real! Colors range from delicate cream and coral to flaming orange and vermilion. A place of eternal enchantment!

See Grand Canyon this summer by this new way! Zion, Bryce Canyon and Grand Canyon National Parks are all easily included in a two weeks' vacation trip at surprisingly low cost.

The tour of the canyons requires only five days by motor-bus after leaving your Pullman at Cedar City. Picturesque lodges and cabins offer splendid accommodations. You can go independently or by an Escorted All-Expense Tour.

Season to October 1. Send the coupon for richly illustrated booklet and full details.

Great White Throne, Zion National Park

C. J. Collins, G. P. A., Dept. 390
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Please send me complete information including cost and booklet: Zion-Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon National Parks. I am also interested in: ☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ Colorado ☐ Escorted All-Expense Tours ☐ California ☐ Hawaii ☐ Dude Ranches

If student, state grade

Name

Address

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST via

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

"THESE NEW ROYALS ARE EVEN BETTER THAN YOU SAY THEY ARE"

This is the universal report from hundreds of thousands of car owners who have driven literally millions of miles on New ROYALS during the past six months.

The Tire of Today for the Car of Today

U. S. R

UNITED STATES

MORE MILEAGE

Note the depth of the tread blocks, and their size.

Thousands of added miles of anti-skid life.

POSITIVE STEERING

responds to every motion of the steering wheel in traffic and parking.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TIRE IN AMERICA

Styled to the minute—the appropriate rolling foundation for the beautiful car of today.

POWERFUL BRAKING

The full face of the tread grips the road.

ANTI-SKID

No better protection against slippage ever designed.

TRACTION

These deep tread blocks and buttresses give you every ounce of pull in your engine.

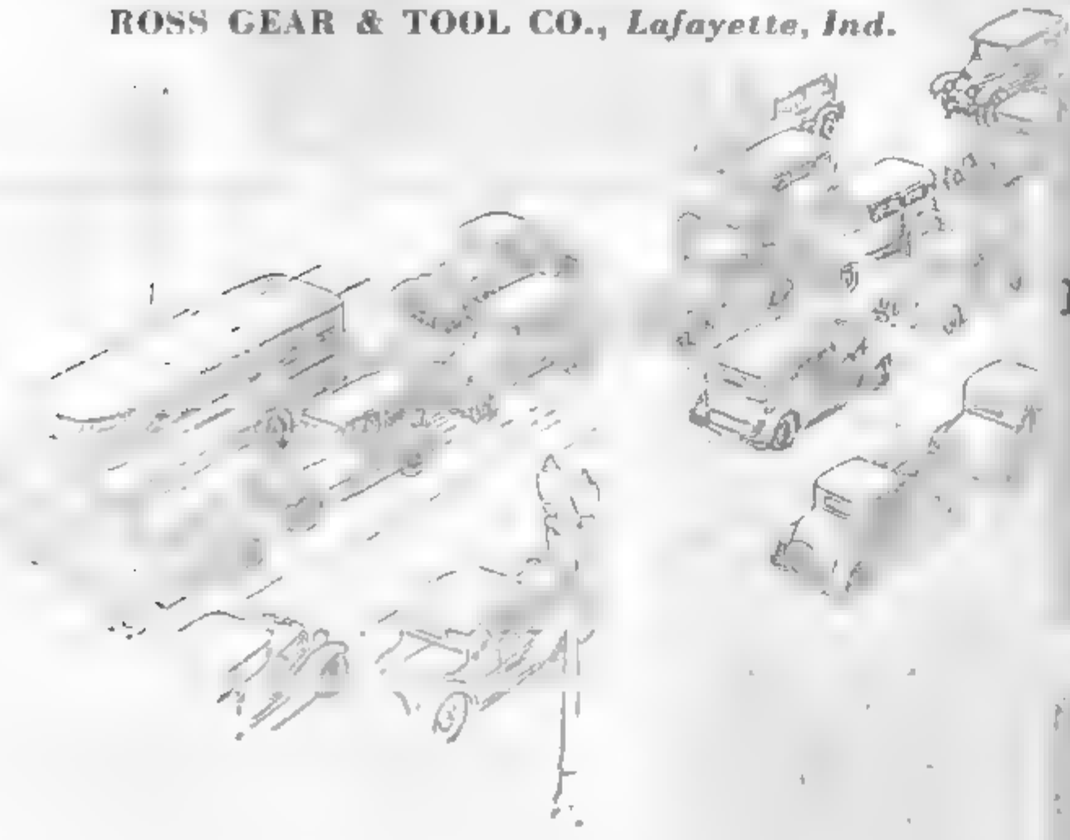
U S ROYAL

RUBBER COMPANY

MOST *Manufacturers* USE ROSS AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Easier, safer control and absence of road-shock, over all roads and at all speeds . . . these distinct and pronounced advantages of Cam and Lever Steering have won for Ross this decided preference in the automotive industry.

ROSS GEAR & TOOL CO., *Lafayette, Ind.*

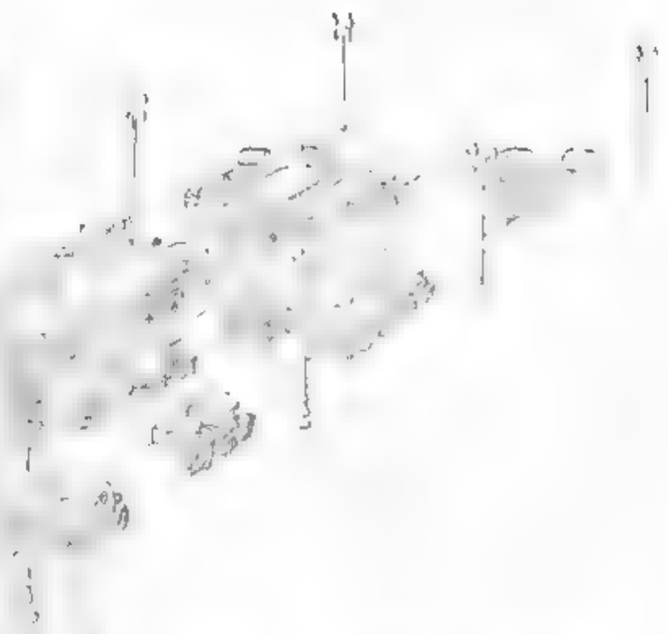


21
MANUFACTURERS OF
Automobiles
USE ROSS

76
MANUFACTURERS OF
Trucks
USE ROSS

30
MANUFACTURERS OF
Buses
USE ROSS

11
MANUFACTURERS OF
Taxicabs
USE ROSS



THESE CARS ARE ROSS-EQUIPPED

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the importance of steering and want you to have what they believe to be the best. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever steering Gear as standard equipment. As do also 60 manufacturers of trucks, 30 makers of buses and 11 makers of taxicabs

Auburn	Gardner	Nash Standard 6
Chrysler	Graham-Paige	Peerless
Imperial	Hupmobile	Reo Flying Cloud
Cunningham	Kissel	Stearns-Knight 6
Du Pont	Kleiber	Studebaker
Elcar	Locomobile	Windsor
Franklin 130	Marmon	

YOU CAN PUT ROSS IN THESE CARS

Check and mail this coupon

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind.
Please send free booklet on Steering and facts about Ross Replacement Gear. I have indicated below the name and body style of the car I drive

☐ OVERLAND 4 ☐ DODGE ☐ OAKLAND
☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ HUDSON
☐ OLDSMOBILE

Other Make _____
Body Style _____ *Year* _____
Name _____
Address _____

There is only one CAM & LEVER *Steering Gear*

ROSS

ROSS *Cam & Lever STEERING

** Exclusive with ROSS*

(Continued from Page 133)

Economics and sex were riding high and Roderic was in his element. In his first year he investigated the activities of the Widow Nolan—the extraordinary man, since dead—who coached virtually all rich men and athletes for their exams with great success and at a good price. The exposé was published in the Boston papers. To Roderic's dismay, a dean thanked him, saying that while the hands of the authorities were tied, he was glad the subject had been brought to light. The dean's sincerity baffled the young muckraker; obviously, the old man didn't see that Roderic had undermined the entire teaching system. He looked about for more infuriating subjects, for the smugness of Harvard had to be pricked. Instead of going to football games, he collected data on the finances of undergraduate sport.

These practical affairs made him a Socialist for a time. It was all very well for Professor Gay to show that capitalism was a natural growth and for Taussig to imply that, given free trade, the present system was the best of all possible arrangements. Roderic and his friends cried "No, no," from their seats at the back of the lecture room, and took out their resentment on the harmless young instructors, who—most of them knew little economics and wanted only to be let alone. They heckled these aspirants for the Ph.D. and made their lives miserable, but they could not break down the obstinacy of the Economics Department, which calmly discussed socialism as if it were only one of many suggested reforms, and not the proved solution of every economic problem.

It was not all theory. Unofficially, the Socialist Club attended the Lawrence strike, and Roderic's assignment was to discover the names of Harvard men serving in the state militia. Their presence was considered a blot on the Harvard seal and the club was convinced that the Corporation of the College held stocks and bonds in the Lawrence mills and secretly connived at the use of Harvard men as strike breakers.

Being in action at Lawrence was more exciting even than marching to the great Debs rally. With all the publicity about Harvard reds, this demonstration was certain to annoy the president, and the Marseillaise was vigorously sung as the parade passed his house. Regrettably, Debs' train was late and other speakers were repeating stale arguments until the gaunt, tired man appeared.

Roderic was overcome with emotion. The thousands in Mechanics Hall rose to cheer a Messiah; beaten wage earners and young intellectuals surrendered to Gene Debs' honesty and good heart, and wearily he responded to their emotion. Roderic sat in agony. The Gene for whom he had been whipping up an enthusiasm for weeks seemed much more conscious of his enemies than of his ideal, repeated the list of ancient grievances, and promised under socialism only a wider distribution of the good things of capitalism.

Suddenly Roderic saw that at heart he himself could never be a good Socialist. As a criticism of the existing system, socialism was the best thing offered; but for the future, no!

On the way home Roderic said to a friend, "But all he wants is so dreary, so middle class."

"That's enough to start with," was the answer. Roderic agreed. The trouble with socialism was that it was all a beginning; its goal was insignificant.

He rediscovered his job—to provide a goal for all radical movements.

The courses at college, to be sure, contributed nothing. Economics was taught as if Marx were a pamphleteer and McKinley a prophet; history stopped in the 1880's; literature was the art of fine writing, not related to life. Roderic had no taste for science, and the courses in fine arts, he thought, were fiddling while Rome burned. He wanted to get up in class and cry out, "Can't you see that in ten years—in twenty years—this whole world you're talking about will be smashed? You talk as if your politics and your morality and your economics would go on forever!"

William James was dead, and the "tough-minded" students he had hoped for were hard to find. In his detached manner, with remote, not unkind eyes, and a faint trace of foreignness in his accent, George Santayana was warning young men against excess of enthusiasm, suggesting that to the true philosopher and man of the world almost all action is a little displeasing. Once he asked gently, "Aren't we all more or less Socialists now?"—and the members of the club assumed that he meant we were all members of the Socialist Party in good standing, with dues paid. But Santayana rarely meant what other people thought he meant. He discussed everything calmly and seemed to believe almost nothing. Roderic rebelled against this skepticism, when there were so many exciting things to believe.

The other professors were even less helpful. They did not even stir their students to resentment; merely went on teaching what was in the books, totally out of touch with the movement of life about them. Irving Babbitt, a reactionary, once made an epigram. He was lecturing on the need for obedience, and someone asked whether disobedience was not natural in the human soul.

"Sin is natural in the human soul!" roared Babbitt. Roderic knew it wasn't true—he knew that sin is only a bourgeois prejudice—but he considered it witty.

He managed to keep up his grades, but his chief interest lay outside his studies. People came to Harvard and delivered messages: Horace Traubel gave the impression that Walt Whitman had had nothing to say and that Traubel was his interpreter; John Cowper Powys startled the undergraduates by the suggestion that books were real, connected with life—and sent them to read Henry James; Mrs. Pankhurst provided momentary excitement when the use of a hall under Harvard's jurisdiction was refused and she had to speak—harshly and brilliantly—outside the sacred precincts. The radicals heckled Lowell about that and considered his answer mere evasion. Walter Lippmann came down to announce that at last there would be a liberal magazine,

CAREFREE PICTURES

ALL SATIONS
ALL CLIMATES
ALL WEATHER
ALL CAMERAS

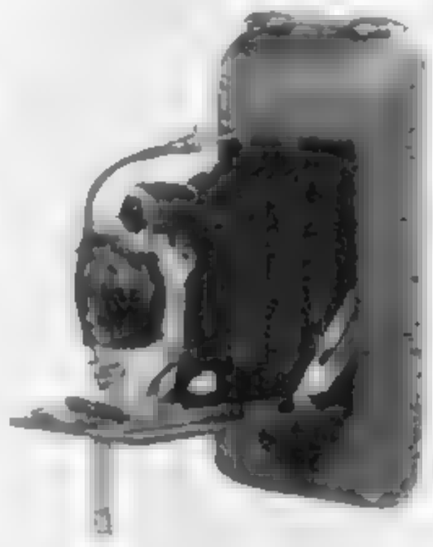
Film

PUT a roll of Agfa film into your camera. And you've signed a declaration of independence from the weatherman and his predictions. "Fair and warmer"—"Rain and colder"—"Partly cloudy"—it's all one to you. The world success of Agfa Film is based on its established reputation as an all-weather film.

Take your next batch of pictures with Agfa. Try it out under light and weather conditions that would mean "nothing doing" if you had ordinary film in your camera. A bold challenge—one which we wouldn't dare offer if Agfa had not already been tested by millions of camera enthusiasts of every nation under the sun.

Just one roll will prove it. Remember—use Agfa and return triumphant from every snap-shot excursion!

ANSCO Readyset
ROYAL



FOR real style there is nothing to surpass the Readyset Royal. Finished in mellow ostrich-grain leather with russet bellows, tastefully etched shutter plate and visible Anastar lens, it fully lives up to its title—America's most beautiful camera. And, remember, the Readyset Royal has all the simplicity of Ansco's exclusive Readyset principle. No focusing. No adjusting. Just Open—Aim—SHOOT

Agfa Ansco Corporation Binghamton New York

Agfa PRODUCTS

ANSCO

This is the new Jantzen for women. The neck is lower, the trunks slightly shorter. Conveniently buttonless in sizes to 42; larger sizes with unbreakable rubber button.

With its youthful, slenderizing lines, Jantzen is the epitome of smartness, the choice of fashionable people everywhere. Whether the foundation of a colorful beach ensemble or the single garment for active swimming, Jantzen meets all requirements.

Tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool, a Jantzen graces your body lightly, comfortably, smoothly . . . without a wrinkle. And due to the magic of Jantzen-stitch, a Jantzen always holds its shape . . . both in and out of water. See the new models . . . the *Sun-suit*, the *Twosome*, the *Speed-suit* (for men) . . . at leading stores everywhere. Colorful, color-fast hues for every type . . . blonde, brunette or titian. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills; Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada, Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Address Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 58, Portland, Oregon, for free 'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide'

The New Republic—and to encourage young Harvard to write for it. And Roderic gave a dinner to Emma Goldman.

A descendant of a former dignitary of the college had recently been exploited by the Hearst papers in Boston for his radical views. Naturally, he took the position of host at the dinner, which was held in the ladies' room of the Harvard Union, across the street from the home of President Lowell. There was also a young couple who were married under a tree because they believed in eating nuts, and a representative group of poetic or pedantic socialists from the club, as a demonstration for the headline HARVARD BOYS DINE ANARCHIST LEADER.

The dinner was a success, but Roderic found that intellectual warmth and lightness were somehow lacking. Miss Goldman was saving her voice and everyone felt that it would be impolite to talk shop—shop being anarchism and art, the topic of the lecture that night. By a brilliant inspiration, the subject of sex was introduced, and although everybody was slightly embarrassed, everybody also was determined to be frank. With very little experience of the normal nature of sex, the young undergraduates talked rapidly about psychopathology, and the names of Havelock Ellis and Krafft-Ebing were freely mentioned. Roderic felt himself a little subdued before this display, and was rather relieved when, after each one had brought forth his favorite bit of borrowed science, a dead silence fell. It was broken by the abrupt and unsolicited confession of one of the young men that he was not pure in thought, after which the tension dropped a little bit and a few stories were told, to the visible agony of the young vegetarian couple, whose diet had, unfortunately, not been considered in arranging the menu and who, therefore, stared pitifully at empty plates.

One vacation Roderic spent at East Aurora; a second visit, for he had gone there as a child with his father. On that earlier occasion, the boy was making a sacred pilgrimage; his father was one of Elbert Hubbard's first Immortals and Roderic was for a long time the only boy in Templeton who wore the bronze insignia of the Roycrofters. Around the fire at the Inn gathered the only writers in America who were emancipated and had a future—people who had known Robert Ingersoll and the "good gray poet," whom they called "Old Walt"; the conversation was light and free, and Hubbard was all things to all men. Roderic was enchanted; and his father found himself under contract for twelve pages of advertising which The Fra would write and sign.

Roderic had cherished the memory of East Aurora. Although his ideas had gone beyond the Philistine and he knew that Hubbard's economics were faulty, he remembered the pleasant gayety of the place and its people, and after the harsh contacts of Stratford and other groups, he longed for suavity and harmony again. "Why should the rotten conservatives have all the graces?" he asked, and returned to East Aurora to find the answer.

Fra Elbertus instantly offered Roderic the editorship of a new paper he was going to get out. Roderic determined to give up college and wrote a long editorial on the hypocrisy of American business and set it into type. The next day he came upon Hubbard "antiquing" a fresh Stetson by the simple process of pushing holes through it with a nail and rubbing the hat in the dirt. Totally unembarrassed, the Fra explained that at the approaching Roycroft Convention, always alluded to as "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," he would have to appear in a dirty slouch hat or "they" would not like it. "They" were the prosperous followers of Hubbard who imagined that he was an advanced thinker.

A few weeks later the new magazine appeared with Hubbard's own name as editor and without the editorial attacking American business. Roderic conceived a faint dislike for East Aurora and decided to go back to college. The Convention, it seemed to him, brought together nearly all the second-rate liberals in America, most of them making a great deal of money by watering down the ideas of others to make them palatable to the middle classes. Their ideas—and Hubbard's—were Emerson and ragtime, when they weren't Voltaire and water. And at so many dollars a day the Inn made money; the books with limp-leather oozing over the sides made money; Hubbard was becoming the star ad writer of America; it was all too successful; and Roderic had the radical instinct to know that whatever is successful is a fraud.

This was the first time that Roderic ever entirely gave up an enthusiasm, and it nearly killed him. Here was a radical experiment—as people believed, not recognizing the practical side of Hubbard's business—which had gone wrong. And it was the essence of radicalism not to go wrong. The effect on the faithful was as if the suspicion had come to Chauncey Depew that the Republican Party was negligible. Roderic met then the figure which was to walk for years, a pace behind him, on his journey through American radicalism—walk behind, draw alongside, and fall back again—the figure of disillusion. At Stratford things had gone wrong; human beings had proved imperfect, but they still had fought for ideals. Roderic never forgave Hubbard. What hurt him most was the knowledge that in a sense Hubbard had been right.

By the beginning of his senior year Roderic knew that for him college had been a mistake. The regular course of study had given him a smattering of useless knowledge; his activities outside had thrown him from one enthusiasm to another without definite focus. The typical thing was an evening at the home of Percy Mackaye, who was then in the backwash of his first reputation and had not yet begun the work in pageantry which later brought him prosperity and fame. Mackaye had been deeply impressed by the achievement of Alexis Carrel in keeping alive the heart of a dog, and all through the night and the day preceding his party, he had been writing a poem called The Heart in the Jar. Hardly were half the guests arrived, when he proposed to read it. Tall and spare and ungainly, he lowered himself into a small chair beside a green-shaded naphtha lamp and read, with Gothic gestures, a poem full of the highest sentiments about life and about science, but, so far as Roderic could see, without poetry. As he finished, he shot his two index fingers almost into the face of the young critic, Kenneth Macgowan, with the query, "Well, what do you think of it?" Macgowan, baffled, was betrayed into a bourgeois reply. "It's a little hard to classify, isn't it, Mr. Mackaye?" he inquired, and a snort from an unidentified poet in the shadows closed the incident. Mr. Mackaye's brother, generally reputed to be the thinker of the family, said something about production, and the poet, putting aside his manuscript rather sadly, declared, with an abrupt gesture, "If we could only get people to cooperate ——" and seemed to consider that the principal problems of economics were thereby solved.

That was the blight on all things at college. They ended nowhere. The only people who knew what they wanted were a small group of radicals, and by the time Roderic was a senior, all the traditions of Reed and Lippmann and Macgowan and Moderwell had gone. A few students of economics remained, and once when Roderic tried to explain Nietzsche's idea of the superman, they crushed him with the remark that "it wouldn't work." The Harvard Monthly had slipped into the hands of young æsthetes who wrote poems about the moon; the professors were all dead on their feet. Even Copey's famous soirées were being crowded with dull little writers, to whom Copeland was magnificently rude, and football players to whom he was magnificently and ironically polite. It was no place for Roderic. After the mid-years he went to New York.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Seldes. The next will appear in an early issue

. . . . . porch gossip!

Every product stands or falls by what one neighbor tells another . . . and many a truth is told on porches about radios and radio performance!

There is where the famous expression, *"Kolster is a fine set!"* was first used! And there is where many decisions to buy a Kolster were first made!

For women are interested in radio *enjoyment*—not mechanical details! And such enthusiasm—*from neighbor after neighbor*—was proof enough of Kolster satisfaction!

But if someone in your family is a wireless expert—and wants the Kolster facts—*here they are* . . . Kolster has every improvement that's new in radio—including instant tuning, shielded grid tubes and extra size dynamic reproducer!

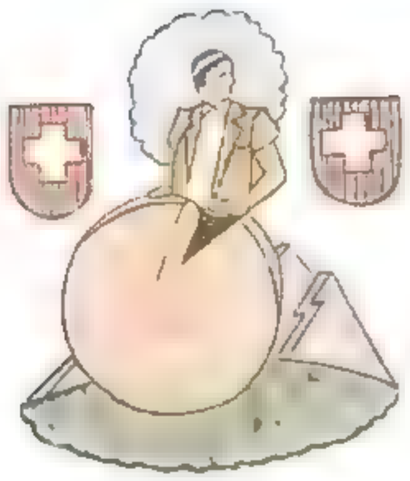
Why not settle the question once and for all? Ask a Kolster family in your neighborhood for their opinion! Then arrange with your dealer for a thorough demonstration at home! *Satisfy yourself!*

Saved at Sea! Thousands of lives have been saved at sea through the use of the Kolster Radio Compass. Dr. Frederick A. Kolster, its inventor, is also the designer of Kolster Radio receiving sets. What finer tribute could be given to Kolster dependability?

Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.

KOLSTER RADIO

Copyright by Kolster Radio Corporation, 1929



LES NOMBREUSES IMPRESSIONS DU MOT
SWITZERLAND SUR LA CROÛTE IDENTIFIENT LE FROMAGE
À L'INIMITABLE SAVEUR

The many imprints of "Switzerland" on the rind identify the cheese whose flavor cannot be copied

Of all products bearing a trade-mark or label, none means more than the word "Switzerland" as it appears imprinted many times on the rind of a Switzerland Cheese.

No other cheese can be thus marked. What's more, no other Swiss "style" cheese can have the nut-like, appetizing flavor of Switzerland Cheese. For no other country has the same climate, water, herbs and forage that Switzerland has to create this delicious "taste." The makers of Switzerland Cheese have long been aware of these natural advantages. That is why they make each cheese with utmost care and proudly mark it "Switzerland."

The opportunities to introduce Switzerland Cheese in menus and dishes are many. In addition to the pleasure of eating it by itself—omelets, fondues, salads, sandwiches and cold-cut platters are all improved by using Switzerland Cheese. By cutting the cheese in shapes other than thin slices, pleasing effects can be secured for different dishes. Furthermore, when you eat the thicker cut, you taste more of the rare flavor.

Every picnic lunch is an opportunity to enjoy Switzerland Cheese. Take along a pound or half-pound piece and cut it in thick portions to serve with salad, fruit or beverages

Ask for Switzerland Cheese by name and look for the many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. This exclusive identification mark protects you from getting so-called "Swiss Cheese" or that which is "imported" from countries other than Switzerland. The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from cream to butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the rare, true flavor of Switzerland Cheese never varies. Switzerland Cheese is sold and served everywhere. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

An interesting and beautiful booklet in colors is being distributed free to those wishing it—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It." If you address the Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson Street, New York City, a copy will be mailed you. Every hostess will be delighted with the many unusual recipes which are offered for hot and cold dishes.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED

The men make the cheese and the women get the wood

Maybe these youngsters are going on a picnic

THE TOAD AND THE PUDDLE

(Continued from Page 17)

name of something that you might want—valet, chambermaid, ice water or something—and you moved a hand like a clock hand to the place that had the name of what you wanted and pressed a button, and you got it. It took Andy to think up things and tell them with a straight face, as if they were gospel truth. But although the major knew that Andy was the biggest liar in seven counties and that you can't believe all you read in print, there were other travelers who had tales to tell; and, altogether, Major Wilgus had become vaguely uneasy and his vast pride in his house became tempered by doubts. Always solicitous for the comfort of his guests, he became tentatively apologetic. "I reckon, sir"—the "suh" and the rest of Major Wilgus' *r*-slurring diction may be taken for granted—"I reckon, sir, that you won't find our limited accommodations what you have been accustomed to up North; but if you'll kindly overlook our deficiencies we will endeavor to make you as comfortable as our primitive means will allow."

Of course he was immediately assured that there were no deficiencies to be overlooked and that the heart of man could desire no better place to stay and the wide world afford no better. That would restore the major's confidence and expand his chest to its normal chestiness—for a time. Then the doubts would come creeping back. And so it went on until the fatal day when a shoe salesman from Boston, a ginger-haired, pasty-faced hunk of codfish, as the major subsequently described him, was so ill advised as to reply, too graciously, that he was sure that the major did the best he could, considering, and that a person would be indeed unreasonable to expect a great deal in a place like this, so remote from ——

He stopped without completing his sentence. Anybody would have stopped. There was something in the major's expression that checked him as effectually as a slap on the mouth. With that expression at command, more than one man has wondered why, when the major was in New York—but that's ahead of the story. And it must be remembered that the major, like the Douglas at Tantallon, was in his own hold and with all his vassals at his side—rolling the whites of their eyes apprehensively. 'Dolphus particularly. That poor fool of a salesman reddened and paled and began to stammer something about it being a joke.

Major Wilgus didn't break forth fiercely in the Douglas manner, although he maintained his expression.

"There are jokes, sir, that no gentleman permits himself," he remarked. "You were, perhaps, about to say that we are remote from Boston, where, presumably, a great deal may be expected. I admit, sir, that when you wrote the name of that city on my register I did not expect jokes reflecting on my house and the town in which I reside, sir. But whether we have failed to give you entire satisfaction or not, I recommend you very strongly to try another hotel in another town. Beulah is likely to afford you more congenial society and surroundings. A train will be leaving in about two hours, sir."

Thereupon the major turned his back on the culprit and went into the parlor, where Miss Cora Belle was performing upon the Erard square piano for the benefit of young Bob Tavernay, the old general's grandson, who at that time was seeing a good deal of the young lady. A fine, handsome young fellow Bob was, and a gentleman from the soles of his highly polished riding boots to the top lock of his curly black hair. Capable too. He had been doing great things for the old plantation since General Bob turned over the management to him, although he had recently been neglecting it to some extent to ride into town and indulge his growing love of music. There were several other music lovers around, and they were equally particular about the polish of their boots and the cut of their clothes; but this time Bob and the performer had the parlor to themselves.

The young man, who had been bending over the keyboard—possibly to watch Cora Belle's finger technic—straightened up at the major's premonitory cough. Cora Belle swung around on the piano stool.

"Howdy, major!" said Bob with a respectful half bow and his pleasant smile.

The major told him howdy in return. "Go on, Cora Belle," he said to his daughter. "Don't stop. My breast is powerful savage and needs a right smart of soothing this minute."

The Boston man stepped out on the gallery to look for 'Dolphus, who had been waiting to carry his sample cases over to Bart Moseley's store. No 'Dolphus in sight. As a matter of fact 'Dolphus was already busy, disseminating the thrilling news that dis yer trash had p'intedly insulted de majah, and de majah had suttenly gin him a hot talking to and odahed him outen town. After waiting for some little while, imperfectly soothed by the concord of sweet sounds proceeding from the parlor, the Boston man gave 'Dolphus up and tried to find another porter—vainly, for the news had spread among the leisure class in the shady spots, and all he got was excuses and derisive laughter as soon as he had turned his back.

Eventually he went to the store and asked Bart if he wouldn't step down to the hotel and look at his samples, explaining that the old chump with the soup-strainers, this Major Whats-his-name, had evidently told his help that the gent from Boston had the smallpox. "The old bladder has cert'nly got it in for me," said the salesman. "As good as told me to get out of town. What do you know about that!"

"So I heard," said Bart soberly, stroking his lantern jaws. "So I heard."

"But he wouldn't have the nerve to stop you looking at my samples there?"

Bart brushed back the long strand of hair that drooped over his right eye. "Well, sir," he drawled, "I wouldn't undertake to say what the major had the nerve to do, but the fact is I've got a bone in the back of my leg that my doctor is afraid is the tibia, so it wouldn't be wise to exercise it in the manner you mention, if you'll excuse me."

"Would you look at 'em if I brought 'em up here?"

"It would be a shameful waste of your valuable time," said Bart. "You see, I don't want any of your shoes, and while realizin' that it's a pleasure and no trouble for you to show goods, I've seen thousands of 'em in my day, and it ain't the entertainment it used to be, just lookin' at 'em. If Major Wilgus advises you to leave town, I reckon you won't lose nothing by leaving. We've a considerable respect for the major's judgment here."

"I see," said the salesman bitterly. "He's the big toad in this little puddle of yours. I guess you're mistaken about that bone being in your leg. I'd say it was in your head."

Bart followed him to the door and watched him walking briskly back to the Wilgus House. Bart shook his head sadly. "I'm more than ever convinced that the major was right," he murmured.

The salesman walked like a man with a purpose. It was his first visit to New Galicia and it would be his last, but he was not going to leave it skunked if he could help it by giving Bart's business rival, Burgess Anderson, the bargain opportunity of his life. 'Dolphus was not to be found around the hotel and the major had gone out, so there was nothing for it but to lug his cases up to Anderson's himself. It was a warmish day, the way was long and uphill. As the salesman approached Anderson's, he saw Major Egbert Follansbee Wilgus coming out of that establishment. He set down his cases, for the seventh or eighth time, and wiped his streaming brow. The major came on under full sail, as it were, majestic and severe—and passed without a word or a look.

Fortunately the depot was not far from the store and after a brief but highly unsatisfactory interview with Burgess Anderson, the salesman took his cases there and checked them. It used to be very amusing to listen to the station agent's account of what the Boston man had to say, but it wouldn't do at all to set it down here.

Two weeks later, Major Wilgus stood on that same station platform, surrounded by Miss Fanny Wilgus, Miss Cora Belle Wilgus, a group of the town's élite and, at a respectful distance, as many of the population at large as were able to leave their occupations—no inconsiderable number. The incredible news that the major was leaving New Galicia for weeks, possibly a month; that this was to be no mere trip to Memphis or New Orleans, but farther even than to St. Louis; that he was actually going to New York—'most as far as the cyars could take a body—this really incredible news had set New Galicia humming. But there the major was, undeniably, and there was his hand baggage in care of 'Dolphus, on whom Miss Fanny was keeping a heedful eye; and there, over yonder on the truck, was the major's Saratoga trunk. Suttenly looked lak he wouldn't back out now. Nossuh, Miss Fanny ner Miss Cora Belle ent gwine. Dey's come to see de majah git off safe. Mistah Bob Tavernay, he's come to see de majah gits off safe too. Hyuh-hyuh-hyuh-hyuh!

The mysterious thing about this departure was the object of it. The major had been entirely reticent. Not even Dave Owens knew what he was journeying for. When he had asked, the major had replied, "Business, Dave, business." So when Dave was pumped he could only make the same reply—with an air of knowing all about it.

The whistle of the locomotive sounded in the distance. "Well, here she comes!" There was a general stir. Miss Fanny signaled to 'Dolphus to be ready and, in an undertone, spoke to the major of underthings. "Cousin Evelina said that Calhoun wore woolens all the time he was in Philadelphia." Cora Belle clung to her father's arm and hugged it. Tears were in her beautiful cornflower eyes. Bob Tavernay, standing quite near her, yearned to wipe those tears away and express the tender sympathy with which his heart was swelling by pats on the girl's slim shoulders. So did Dick Watts, Hollis Wentworth, Jeff Arkwright and others of the musical set. They watched her with hungry eyes as the major embraced and kissed her.

Then the throb of wheels on the rails, the onrushing bulk of the train and the grinding of the brakes as it stopped. Quick handshakes, a peck from Miss Fanny and another hug and kiss from Cora Belle. "Good-by, honey! Good-by, Fanny! 'By, Bob! 'By, Dave! 'By, Doc good-by, everybody." The major climbed aboard amid an answering chorus: "Take care of yo'se'f, majah!" . . . "Watch out for those Yankees, major." The truck trundled along to the baggage car as Major Wilgus disappeared, followed by 'Dolphus with his bags. In a moment or two 'Dolphus bolted out again, and the major reappeared. A noble figure in his fresh linens with the nosegay of geranium and phlox in his buttonhole, baring his thick thatch of gray hair at the farewell shouts, pulling his viking's mustache and waving back at the hats and handkerchiefs. Then the train bore him away, and five minutes later the platform was deserted.

Major Wilgus had not easily torn himself away from his familiar surroundings. He had never been greatly troubled with the wanderlust, and such itching of the foot soles as he had suffered in his younger days had been alleviated from time to time by Memphis and New Orleans. At sixty, the inertia of age and custom had altogether disinclined him from further adventure, although he would not have admitted it even to himself. Here, he would have reasoned, was clear proof to the contrary. He was setting out on a journey longer than he had ever taken—of thousands of miles, and quite of his own volition. It was not necessary, and so far as pecuniary profit was concerned, it would possibly result in a large expenditure of money on his return. But there would be compensations. When he got back he would know that these tall stories of the super-excellence of the Yankee hotels, their labor-saving devices, their luxurious appointments and their swift and efficient service were the gross exaggerations of braggarts and liars—or that there was still something lacking in the Wilgus House that would add to the comfort of its guests. In the latter event, there might be some humiliation in the discovery, but the improvements that he would install would place the Wilgus at the peak and summit of perfection, high above the carping insinuations of low-down, blue-bellied Bostonians.

"Tickets!" said the conductor brusquely.

Major Wilgus looked up, astonished. He saw a tall, lean, elderly, uniformed man regarding him severely through a pair of rimless glasses that pinched a toucan's beak of a nose. A gray stubble of a mustache made no attempt to conceal the sour droop of this person's mouth; his complexion was bilious; the whites of his eyes were not white, but yellowish. The major had been expecting a cordial greeting from Cap Brunton, who had been on the branch ever since the road was built. Cap wore specs with silver rims whose bow was wound around with woolen yarn to pad it from his jolly red nose; Cap was broad and rather duck-legged; he had a noble paunch that his massive gold watch chain seemed designed to keep within becoming limits as well as to sustain a large jeweled Masonic emblem that dangled from its center. Cap was kindly and sociable, Cap had manners; he would never have snapped at a man, and here this person was doing it again and with an added touch of acrimony.

"Tickets!"

The major flushed and moved in his seat to get at his breast pocket. "I heard you the first time, sir," he said, with simple dignity.

At Montecule, old Bob and young Bob sat at the big San-Domingo-mahogany dining table which, although all its leaves had been removed, was still absurdly large for two people, especially if they sat formally at either end of it—something that old Bob always insisted on. He was rather a stickler for formality: The exact and proper placing of people, of the silver candlesticks and the rest of the service, for formal dress—and address. He was invariably spoken of as "Bob," a familiarity bequeathed to the later generation by the gray-coated veterans of his division, but nobody would have dreamed of using that affectionate recognition of his prowess as a fighter to General Tavernay's face. He was a very old man now, but although he came into the dining room supported by the arm of a servant, he sat erect in his uncomfortable chair, not relaxing in the least, until the cloth was removed and the decanter of port placed at his elbow.

"I hear you rode into town today, Robert," he said, bending his still black eyebrows on his grandson.

"Yes, sir," the young man answered. "The Laura Lenox will be in tomorrow morning with plenty of room for our cotton. I think it will be just as well for me to see it loaded. I'd feel easier in my mind."

"*Sans doute*," said the general dryly. "Not the shadow of a doubt. My compliments to Major Wilgus."

(Continued on Page 144)

Like a mountain breeze... Keen

"Canada Dry" adds to the joyousness of summer holidays

ROYAL summer with its pomp of greenery and sun holds many happy days. In the afternoon while woodland and field lie bathed in golden calm, there's a shady spot on the porch made more inviting with "Canada Dry." When the dewy grass glistens in the early light, there's a place in your car on that all-day picnic for plenty of "Canada Dry." And for a dance, for a game of bridge, there's the real refreshment of "Canada Dry."

Expert chemists guarantee the purest ingredients to make "Canada Dry" an ideal summer beverage

Truly, a marvelous beverage to drink all the summer through! In the heat of the day it's as cooling as sweet summer rain after drought . . . refreshing as the breeze which blows before a thunder shower . . . sparkling as the play of light on blue water . . . mellow as a lazy canoe ride through calm inlets . . . and as gay and carefree and joyous as many a bright vacation!

Drink "Canada Dry" this summer! It is a better, purer, finer beverage. It is made from high-quality Jamaica ginger and other absolutely pure ingredients. It is blended and balanced with skill. The proportions are exactly determined. Hourly check-ups prevent variation from those proportions. Daily tests are made under laboratory methods to assure purity. A secret process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its uniform sparkle long after the bottle is opened.

And the final result . . . mild, mellow, delicious, with a subtle ginger taste . . . is what you know as "Canada Dry"—the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

You see, the care with which "Canada Dry" is made results in "quality" . . . that something, that fifth essence, which brings it the approving nod of connoisseurs the

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY

Take along a handy Hostess Package on that picnic. Use "Canada Dry" in the punch you make for a buffet supper. Serve it to friends on the lawn as they watch the fireworks. Order it with your meals if you go away for the holidays.

and Refreshing

THE FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

wide world over . . . at famous hotels and clubs . . . in New York, London, Paris, at the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . on great transatlantic liners . . . wherever, indeed, people of the world gather.

Its distinction has won it a favored place in countless American homes

In short, "quality" . . . distinction . . . prestige . . . heralded the story of "Canada Dry" long before it was obtainable in this country. Six years ago, travelers returning from Canada brought back tales of a wonderful beverage. They spoke of a marvelous ginger ale unlike any they had ever tasted before. It was "dry," mellow, with an ineffable taste of ginger, subtle and delightful. And friends would listen, smacking their lips, and ask, "Isn't there some way to get this ginger ale in this country?" But the answer was always, "No." Finally, so insistent became the demand that "Canada Dry" was brought to this country. Here it won friends until now the fame of this fine old ginger ale literally encircles the world.

Such marvelous flavor is matched with purity, for leading physicians recommend "Canada Dry" and leading hospitals serve it. Its purity recommends it to parents too. It is good for your stomach and good for you too. Here is one of the safest, most delightful beverages you can serve to the family!

Stock up the refrigerator with "Canada Dry." Buy a generous supply of Hostess Packages to take in the car on picnics. Send some to your summer camp.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1929

(Continued from Page 141)

"The major has gone to New York. He left on the train this afternoon alone—a business trip," Bob informed him.

"Ah! That's news. Business trip, eh? A shrewd business man, Major Wilgus. The ladies are left to themselves then. I'm afraid they may find it dull in his absence. A striking personality like his will be missed." He sipped his wine, savoring it upon his palate before he swallowed. "Still there will be the guests—commercial gentlemen, and so forth." There was a delicate inflection on the last that indicated an aristocratic disdain of commercial gentlemen. "A pity you found it necessary to sell that cotton with the market the way it is," he added, rather inconsistently.

"It's not such a bad market, sir," said Bob. "Of course it will be better, and then we'll get a thumping good price for what we are able to hold, but we had to sacrifice those few bales. Too bad! But needs must when the devil drives."

"That's the trouble with us," the general complained. "I'm not criticizing your management, Robert. The devil would have driven me into a deuce of a hole if it hadn't been for you, but we shouldn't have to sell. We need more land and we need more money."

"We'll get both in time, sir," Bob told him cheerfully. "We've got a start on the land already, and as soon as we get the rest of our indebtedness paid off, we'll have money to spend and to lend and a little over to throw to the dickey birds."

This optimistic view seemed to irritate the old man. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "You've bought forty acres, and we used to own the best part of what the Cathcarts have got now, besides Montecule. If we had that land back again, we'd be counting more than these picayune profits. 'In time,' you say. My dear boy, you are overlooking the perhaps unimportant fact that I'm facing eternity, not time, and I'd like to see you settled and prosperous before time ceases for me. *À propos de bottes*, you haven't been over to Cathcart's lately, have you?"

"I called about three weeks ago, sir. Gay party there. Friends of Celia's from Lexington and St. Louis."

"I know. They were here today. Celia's grown into a very lovely young lady. I think she was disappointed not to see you, but I explained that you had a great deal of business in New Galicia lately." He smiled ironically; then, looking up at the chandelier as if he had noticed it for the first time, he said: "Celia will have a substantial *dot* I believe—and the plantation will naturally come to her. You should be more neighborly, Robert."

Young Bob laughed. The general's black eyebrows nearly met in a frown.

"But I'm serious, my friend. A line of Tennyson occurs to me—that north-country-dialect thing: 'Doan't 'ee marry vur munny but goa wheer munny is.' Perhaps I don't quote correctly but the advice is sound. The Cathcarts are newcomers, comparatively, but they are a good family nevertheless—apart from money; and you are frequenting the wrong house, in my opinion. However, we will drop that subject."

But young Bob was not content to let matters rest there. "*À propos de bottes*, I might remind you that the Wilguses are a very good family; and while I would never marry for money, there is little doubt that Miss Cora Belle will inherit what the major has." He spoke laughingly. He had never thought of Cora Belle in connection with family or filthy lucre. It was enough that she was Cora Belle.

"Including the hotel?" asked the general sarcastically. "Shall you call it the Tavernay House? I picture you rubbing your hands, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest. You might have our crest on the crockery. Oblige me by not laughing, and consider this also. Business is an uncertain thing. Business enterprises fail. Money is poorly invested and lost. Companies go up in smoke and banks smash; the one stable thing is land. Land! Tell me why Major Wilgus is making this journey to New York. You cannot; but I am not altogether imbecile, also I hear things and form my own conclusions. We shall see. But I said the subject was closed. Shall we go out on the veranda for our coffee? Then lend me your arm, if you will be so good."

There were many in New Galicia who heard things and many who adopted the conclusions drawn therefrom by others. It was a fact that Dave Owens had said that money was never so tight and hard to get; also that he had put off an applicant for a loan "until Major Wilgus gets back." It is true that Dave always found money tight and hard to get and that it was his custom to consult Major Wilgus regarding loans; but to that was to be added the testimony of Miss Fanny herself, that, for days preceding his departure, the major had been acting curiously unlike himself, as if he had something unpleasant on his mind—spells. Questioned, he had denied that there was anything wrong with him, but she knew him too well to believe him in this. She thought these spells might have something to do with his going away. Now, use your headpiece. What mostly troubles a man? The answer is that it is either a woman or money. At the major's age, it couldn't be a woman. Very well. Where do you find the most money in the world? Wall Street, of course. And where is Wall Street? You know as well as I do that it's in New York. Well, there you are. Draw your own conclusions.

The rumor spread. It got back to Miss Fanny and confirmed her worst suspicions, which she confided to Cora Belle. She even cried about it and told Cora Belle that heaven only knew what would become of her if the major was ruined. "You'll marry, of course," she said. "Perhaps you won't make as good a match as if your papa was still rich, but you can be sure somebody will be glad to take you if you haven't a penny. I feel positive that Mr. Oscar Birkwell would jump at the chance and you might do worse. The three children are really very nice children and forty isn't old."

"I'll insist on dear Oscar offering you a home with us, honey," Cora Belle assured her, giggling. "I know he'll do anything to please me."

Cora Belle worried a little nevertheless; but it was for her father, not for herself. She was rather fond of the old boy and she knew that any such reverse of fortune as her aunt pictured would distress him terribly. It is doubtful whether she realized the full extent of the distress or thought much about the matter then, for there was her dress for the dance that the Cathcarts were giving that very much occupied her mind. Miss Pinney, New Galicia's leading modiste, was already busy with it, and it would demand concentrated consideration to the last stitch. For that reason she had denied herself to Dick Watts and Jeff Arkwright, who had called almost simultaneously that afternoon. There was to be another fitting the next morning, and Bob Taverney would be riding into town too. Well, she supposed she would have to see him for a minute or two but he had been warned not to count on more than that. Perhaps she would not be able to see him at all.

But she did, and she saw—of all people—old General Tavernay, who had come with Bob in the surrey. The old man had even stayed to dinner, at Miss Fanny's urgent invitation, and had afterward sat in the parlor while Cora Belle played and sang to him very sweetly. She sang The Sands o' Dee and Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms and then a gay little chansonnette about Étienne and Héloise. Bob had been packed off on some business errand about which he went very reluctantly. But the old general was charming and most appreciative of the music—which was really a passion with him, as it was with his grandson. He counted himself unfortunate not to be able to get to New Galicia oftener to be entertained so delectably; but now that Miss Celia Cathcart was back, he expected that his musical craving would be indulged very frequently indeed. Cora Belle saw him smile meaningly at Aunt Fanny, who almost winked in response.

"She's very musical and her voice has been well trained," he said, alluding to Miss Cathcart. "Bob's voice isn't so bad as it might be and blends with hers in their duets very nicely." He added that his piano was rather *passé*—like himself—and he supposed that he would now have to commit the extravagance of buying a new one.

When Bob returned, the general rose and expressed his regret that they were obliged to go. His farewells were elaborately polite and his thanks to the ladies for their hospitality and the pleasure that they had given him were profuse and put Miss Fanny in quite a flutter.

"Don't you think he was perfectly adorable, my dear?" she asked her niece as soon as their visitor had departed. "Such a manner! Such grace and charm! Don't you love him?"

"No," replied Cora Belle, very decidedly. "I don't." Pressed for a reason, she said she knew perfectly well that she had played several wrong notes, that her voice shook abominably, that her French accent was deplorable, that the piano was an old tin pan and that she certainly might have arranged her hair more becomingly.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Fanny.

"It isn't," said Cora Belle. "He made me feel something was the matter with me every time he smiled and I felt it must be true."

It became quite evident that young Bob Tavernay had no such feeling or he would not have ridden all the way back from Montecule to ask Cora Belle if she wouldn't please be so kind as to marry him at the earliest possible moment. He may or may not have had that intention when he started from Montecule, but it wasn't long after Miss Fanny had been called from the room that his purpose crystallized. He looked so handsome and so earnest and his voice was so pleading that it was very hard for Cora Belle to speak as coldly as she did when she refused him.

"But why, Cora Belle?"

"Must I give a reason?"

"I think you should if it's only that you don't love me, Cora Belle because—because I've been thinking and hoping that perhaps you might—a little, Cora Belle, dear. Don't you, Cora Belle? Will you look me in the eyes and tell me that you don't -a little?"

He smiled, coaxingly, but the color was leaving his face.

"Not enough to marry you," said Cora Belle. "Besides which, my voice has never been trained, and I don't think yours would blend with it very nicely. And then, I'm just the innkeeper's daughter. I don't think I'm worthy of the honor, Mr. Tavernay."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bob. "What—why —— Has my grandfather ——?"

"Your grandfather was perfectly adorable," said Cora Belle. "Please don't be persistent, Mr. Tavernay."

But Bob was sorrowfully obliged to be persistent. It was, he said, more important that there should be no misunderstanding between them than that any foolish conventionality should be observed. Cora Belle had said something quite incomprehensible to him with an air of significance, and he wanted an explanation. If he had been traduced, it was his right to be given an opportunity to justify himself; if he had offended her—and heaven knew that he would sooner cut off his right hand than do that—only tell him what he had done so that he might repair his fault.

Cora Belle didn't consider that necessary. She could hardly see how there could be any misunderstanding when she had spoken quite plainly. She had not supposed that a gentleman would misunderstand. In short, a demon of perversity seemed to have possessed the girl since General Tavernay's visit. She was normally just and kind.

"I know I sing very badly," Bob began, "but surely, Cora Belle ——"

"I wish you would go," said she.

And Bob, believing her, took his hat, made her a polite bow and left without another word.

Major Wilgus was back. The news ran through New Galicia like wildfire one morning, 'Dolphus carrying the flaming torch. The major had arrived the night before in a drizzle of rain, alighting in the dark on an empty platform. No cheers from welcoming crowds, no sign of the band boys; it was only by chance that the hack was still waiting in the forlorn hope of a fare. How was he looking?

'Dolphus shook his head. 'Dolphus had a stiff neck as the result of the head shaking he did that day. "Po'ly, suh, po'ly! He suttenly acted lak he had a misery when he got off de cyars, en he ent no betteh dis mawnin'. Gabe didn't reconize him ercount he's wearing one er deseyer stiff yankee hats en de same kine er clo'es; but de majah started cussin' him, but he didn't cuss natural, 'co'din' to Gabe. He roared lak one er deseyer bulls of Abashin. Gabe, he hopped mighty spry but de majah, he rumble and grumble all de way erlong home."

There were several others who found it difficult to recognize Major Wilgus. It was not so much the exotic derby hat and closely fitting dark suit that he wore on his first public appearance as his look of profound gloom and his curt, almost surly response to the cordial greetings of his fellow townsmen. Benevolence seemed to have fled forever from his countenance, giving place to an expression of belligerence. There seemed to be a large-sized chip precariously balanced on his shoulder. After a few days he discarded his dark clothes and returned to his linens, but there was no lightening of his gloom, no softening of his manner, even in the family circle. It was hard for Cora Belle to coax a smile out of him, and her music had no longer charm to soothe his savage breast.

Cora Belle was looking none too well, the major thought, although she assured him that there was nothing whatever the matter with her. She had come upon him unexpectedly as he was sitting at his desk twirling one end of his mustache and frowning ferociously at nothing. Cora Belle threw an arm across his shoulder and kissed him and then, with a tender forefinger, tried to smooth the deep furrow between his brows.

"What's troubling you, father, dear? Can't you tell your little girl?"

"Nothing at all, honey. What should trouble me?"

"I don't know; but it's something. Is it a money trouble?"

"Lord, no, child! Whatever put that into your silly head?" His astonishment was so real and his denial so instant and obviously truthful that a wave of relief swept over Cora Belle. "I've got more money than some folks have hay," the major went on. "What's become of young Tavernay? I haven't seen him around here, and he was in town yesterday."

Cora Belle said indifferently that she hadn't seen him for some time herself. That wasn't altogether true, for she had seen Bob pass the house a hundred times more or less, and as recently as the day before. He had seemed to hesitate, slackening his pace as he glanced at the parlor windows and at the windows of Cora Belle's room above; but she had been careful not to allow the curtains to move, and he had not stopped.

"The less we see of him the better," said the major, the furrow between his eyebrows deepening. "Those Tavernays seem to have got an idea that they're the only

(Continued on Page 148)

The popular hostess knows the appeal of ICE-freshened food

"YES, and I'm simply *longing* to know how she does it. *How* can she manage to give things such a delightfully different flavor? Why, even the water tastes much better here than at home."

What set has not its favorite hostess? Guests and games may seldom change. But what a difference in homes, and hospitality—and *refreshments!*

Whether it happens to be after-bridge sandwiches, a noonday luncheon, an evening dinner, or a midnight "bite," there are a certain few homes where you are always especially glad to be invited. You remember for days how *good* everything was!

ICE *Can "Make" a Party* . . .

The successful hostess knows how to make ICE the "life" of her party. Long before guests arrive, ICE is preparing the way for culinary triumphs that are sure to win compliments. Raw foods that have been kept in a good ice box right up to the time of preparation have much better flavor and greater food value when cooked, than foods that have been deprived of good ice refrigeration.

And what can better express the spirit of hospitality and whet the appetite more effectively, especially during hot summer months, than ICE used abundantly on the table? ICE tinkling cheerily in the glasses; ICE covering the butter, radishes, tender green onions, freshly sliced tomatoes; ICE garnishing fresh fruit cocktails, salads and sauces; and a big bowl of cracked ICE ever on hand, during meals and after, suggesting a reserve of hospitality that can never be overtaxed.

The Secret of Good Refrigeration

Cold alone does not keep food fresh. But ICE in a good refrigerator keeps air cold enough without being too cold, dry enough without being too dry, moist enough without being too moist. And it promotes constant circulation of air, which eliminates odors and prevents unappetizing interchange of food flavors.

Be sure your refrigerator has sufficient ice capacity to insure ideal refrigeration, with a surplus for the table and other desirable uses. See, too, that it is tightly fitted together, well insulated, and scientifically planned and built for proper air circulation. Your ice company will be a big help to you in selecting a good refrigerator.

SAVE WITH ICE

FREE "HINTS" COUPON

National Association of Ice Industries, (42)
163 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send your rotogravure folder, "*ICE* in Table Service."

*Name*_____

*Street or Box*_____

*Town and State*_____

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES

The Super Quality RIVERSIDE

In our opinion ----

The Finest Tire Ever Built!

We guarantee it *unconditionally* for 30,000 miles!

Montgomery Ward & Co. is proud to present this tire—the finest RIVERSIDE in 18 years of quality tire-history. No words can do more justice than the plain facts . . . . No extreme advertising phrases can mean as much as the simple statement that this tire definitely assures every owner of complete immunity from major tire troubles and expense *for at least 30,000 miles.*

Prices of a few popular sizes:

30,000-mile Balloons

29 x 4.40	6-ply	$10.75
30 x 5.00	6-ply	14.95
30 x 5.50	6-ply	18.50
33 x 6.00	6-ply	20.35
32 x 6.50	6-ply	21.65
32 x 6.75	8-ply	27.25

Other sizes to fit all cars, at proportionate savings.

Complete stocks at all Montgomery Ward & Co. stores

THE SUPER-QUALITY RIVERSIDE is monarch of the Riverside line. It is purposely a tire of supreme quality . . . . So good that few of its purchasers will ever wear it out!

On the manufacturers of the SUPER-QUALITY RIVERSIDE we imposed just two restrictions—that they use only the *finest materials obtainable;* and that this tire must *outlive* a 30,000 mile guarantee!

This exceptional tire is superlative by every standard of measurement. In size it is so much larger than ordinary tires we recommend its use *only in pairs,* never singly. Proven quality tread—extra thick, with extra deep-cut non-skid blocks. A design that is acknowledged to be one of the most attractive ever produced. It will appeal especially to the man who prides himself on owning equipment "as fine as money can buy."

The guarantee behind SUPER-QUALITY RIVERSIDES is absolutely unconditional. It is a *lifetime* guarantee against defects of material and workmanship. In addition, it covers all kinds of wear and all kinds of damage, including rim-cut, blowout, stone-bruise, rut wear, and curb damage . . . . for 30,000 miles! No time limit—no restrictions of any kind. To our knowledge, the longest and strongest *definite* guarantee ever placed on *any* tire! Only superlative quality can justify such a guarantee.

SUPER-QUALITY RIVERSIDES, as well as our First-Quality 16,000 mile RIVERSIDES, may be purchased at any of our hundreds of retail stores, or ordered direct by mail from any of our branches. Simply mail or telegraph us size, quality and quantity desired, and your tires will be sent immediately, C. O. D. postpaid.

The first RIVERSIDE tire was sold in 1911. In the 18 years intervening, more RIVERSIDES have been sold direct to car-owners than any other tire in the world . . . definite evidence that RIVERSIDE is one of the greatest names in the industry.

We have selected this remarkable tire as one of the outstanding examples of the value Montgomery Ward & Co. offers in more than 40,000 different articles of merchandise.

The Spirit of Progress, adapted from the famous statue surmounting the Ward tower in Chicago, has for generations been a guiding inspiration of Montgomery Ward & Co. It is our mark of quality and identifies our advertisements, our store and many of our exceptional merchandise offerings. Let it be your guide to quality and savings.

MONTGOMERY

© 1929 M W & CO

NINE GREAT MAIL ORDER HOUSES AND

WARD & CO.

CHICAGO—KANSAS CITY
ST. PAUL—FORT WORTH
OAKLAND, CALIF.
PORTLAND, ORE.
DENVER—BALTIMORE
ALBANY

HUNDREDS OF RETAIL STORES

"ARTISTRY"

Just as the great sculptor must possess a profound knowledge of anatomy, so must the skilled clubsmith have a scientific understanding of golf as an expert player knows it. Out of such comprehensive knowledge as this the new Grand Slam Clubs have been built.

You cannot be content with old clubs when they are placed alongside the new Grand Slams, with their beauty of design and color and their promise of greater enjoyment and playing skill.

Grand Slam irons are furnished in all standard models, and in four matched groups. By an ingenious method of indexing, irons may be selected, one or more at the time, and a complete set gradually formed. Grand Slam woods are made in five matched sets for men, and one set for women. Prices for iron clubs are $6 to $10 each, wood clubs, $9 to $20 each.

To the right are Mashies No. 5, No. 6 (Spade), and No. 7 (Niblick).

Write for our new catalog, a valuable handbook for every golfer. Hillerich & Bradsby Co., *Incorporated*, Manufacturers, 480 Finzer St., Louisville, Ky.

GRAND SLAM Golf Clubs

(Continued from Page 144)

people around here that amount to anything, excusing the Cathcarts. We're poor white trash, Cora Belle. So you're feeling all right, eh?"

But despite her assurance he spoke to Miss Fanny about it. Miss Fanny agreed that Cora Belle had seemed a little under the weather—ever since the Cathcart ball. She had felt so poorly that she couldn't go and had to send her regrets at the last moment. And the poor child had the loveliest little dress for it. She would have been the belle of the evening! "But I want to speak to you about Rhoda. She's feeling insulted over having things locked up from her and she doesn't like to be asked about what's left over."

That was the new régime. From a rather careless, good-natured master, Major Wilgus was rapidly becoming a suspicious, prying, exacting and intolerant tyrant, prone to terrifying outbursts of wrath. Reforms had been instituted, and Miss Fanny strictly charged to see that they were carried out. One of the first sufferers was Uncle Ned

"What are you going around in those disgraceful slippers for? Get right out of this dining room and don't come in it again until you've got something decent on your feet, you miserable old scarecrow. You hear me? What are you gaping at?"

"Yassuh, majah. Yassah. I has to favah ——"

"I don't want any argument about it. You heard what I said. Git!"

Poor old Ned shuffled out dejectedly and presently enlisted the sympathies of Miss Fanny, who bearded the lion in his cubbyhole. The upshot of the matter was that Ned had new slippers which, gigantic as they were, tortured him inexpressibly for days until, in desperation, he carved and sliced them to accommodate his bunions. It hurt the old man's pride in the unmarred, shining splendor of these barges, but the operation was successful.

What the deuce was the matter with the major?

All over town they were asking that question in one form or another. To many, the matter was plain enough: He had gone to New York to get the Yankees to loan him some money and they had looked him over and asked him where he came from and then told him they were sorry but he'd have to excuse them. Now the major was back, pinching and scraping, making one servant do the work of three, and a dollar go as far as five, on the chance of pulling through. He couldn't be expected to feel good, but it did look like he'd have given Bud Perten a little time on that note. Bud was honest and would always pay if you struck him when he had any money.

It was a fact that the bank was getting pretty careful about making loans, mighty exacting about security and insistent on prompt payment. Before New York, it was always the major who tempered Dave Owens' cold-bloodedness, but now their rôles were reversed; the major told Dave, as he had told Miss Fanny, that he was too easy.

"This is a business institution," he said. "Business is business; you seem to be forgetting that."

"That's all right, major," Dave replied. "But you've got to have people to do business with, and they won't do business with you if they ain't got a friendly feeling for you."

"Oh, won't they!" The major laughed, loudly but unmirthfully. "You're mistaken about that, Dave. If it's to their interest they will, no matter how you treat 'em. The trouble with you, Dave, is that you haven't traveled."

"I don't need to travel further than last month's balance sheet to see how our deposits have fallen off."

"They'll come back to us, you'll see. Small change—little picayune accounts."

"'Mony a mickle maks a muckle,'" Dave quoted; "and old General Bob's account amounted to something. If young Bob had withdrawn his, too, we'd have had a sure-enough run. We were teetering on the edge when he threw his heft on our side."

"Nobody asked him to," said Major Wilgus. "Young Tavernay can take his account and go to the devil with it, and I'll take an early opportunity of telling him so. They figured on having a Tavernay on each side of the fence."

That conversation took place some weeks after the aborted run on the bank. None of the solid citizens of New Galicia had given credence to those rumors of Major Wilgus' financial embarrassment; his solvency was too easily proved, but the affair started a feud. To what lengths it would have gone is uncertain, but having got it well under way, old General Tavernay went to sleep in his chair one evening and didn't wake up.

As a mark of respect, Major Wilgus and the ladies attended the funeral, which was a large and imposing one with all the pomp and ceremony of woe and some sincere, if not passionate, mourners. Young Bob Tavernay was one of the latter but the preoccupation of his genuine grief was not so great as to prevent him from seeing Cora Belle. Holabird, the solemnly decorous director of obsequies, would have conducted the major to the seats reserved for the eminent in the great hall of Montecule where the flower-banked casket was placed for the services. Heretofore, Major Wilgus would, unhesitatingly and of right, have taken his seat there, but now he shook his head frowningly at Holabird and mingled with the comparatively obscure at the rear. Yet, half hidden as Cora Belle was by the flabby bulk of Mrs. Simon, the Montecule overseer's wife, Bob saw her, and something very wistful came into his eyes. Somebody whispered to him, diverting his attention; but though his glance had been but momentary it had met Cora Belle's.

Cora Belle had to cry into her handkerchief. The Rev. Philip Wayne was speaking and was quite affecting in the eloquence of his tribute to our deceased brother. Furthermore, there was a sadness in Bob's face that went to Cora Belle's heart. He looked careworn too. "This valiant soldier, devout Christian, admirable in all his relations, to his family and to his neighbors. We knew him a devoted friend, a generous enemy, charitable to the poor and honorable in all his dealings." Others than Cora Belle wept at that. In such a moment, in the awful presence of this pallid piece of human clay, how petty, how trivial was pride, how base a sentiment was jealousy!

Why, thought Cora Belle, had she so flouted the man she loved when he came to her offering love? What did it matter if that poor old man had thought this or that of her? Why shouldn't Celia Cathcart want Bob? Any girl would; but Bob wouldn't be to blame. Why had she treated him, and herself, so cruelly? Pride melted in her as she looked at her sorrowing lover. Again his eyes met hers, with the same wistfulness. He wanted the comfort of her sympathy, and she gave it to him, and more—with her eyes.

Now they were passing before the casket. Major Wilgus rose and whispered to Miss Fanny, who also got up. Cora Belle shook her head at her father's gravely inquiring look and remained seated. Bob was standing apart at the head of the bier, and Mr. Cathcart stood by his side and once laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. Celia and her mother had already passed on; Celia had wept during the services, and Cora Belle tried hard not to think that her emotion was shallow if not feigned. She saw Major Wilgus stand for a moment looking at the dead face, his own grave but inscrutable. He did not look at Bob, but, followed by Miss Fanny, came back to Cora Belle and then they went out to the carriage in which presently they were driven to the grave.

When the earth had been cast upon the coffin and the services concluded, Major Wilgus turned away, avoiding the group among the departing mourners who lingered to shake young Bob's hand and murmur condolence. He walked to where the carriage was waiting, nodding here and there to acquaintances in the brusque way he had recently adopted. Aunt Fanny, hesitating for a moment, felt her arm clutched. "Come!" said Cora Belle, pulling her around. "We must speak to him."

The group parted before them, giving place, and Cora Belle held out her hand, not wincing at the instant grasp that almost crushed it. She looked into Bob's eyes, baring her repentant soul.

"Bob," she cried. "I'm so, so sorry."

Nothing more was needed between these two. At least, so far as a mutual understanding and renewed faith were concerned. There was no real necessity for the letter from Bob that was delivered to Cora Belle by the girl Julia the next day—except to explain that its contents would have been imparted viva voce if Major Wilgus had not met the writer as he was entering the hotel yard and convinced him that his visits would not be welcome—to the major. There was really no need of much that Cora Belle wrote in reply—or that part of it that begged forgiveness. She knew that she was forgiven.

Other letters were exchanged; one of Cora Belle's sadly confessing that her confidence in her father's amenability to reason had been rudely shocked. The major was obdurate. Pig-headed was no name for it. A pig may not have a great deal of intelligence but he applies what little he has to his simple needs, while Major Wilgus did little more than grunt at Cora Belle's efforts to persuade him to be sensible. Even Miss Fanny admitted that her idolized brother must be out of his mind and gave aid and comfort to Cora Belle in a practical way, carrying her niece with her to call on various ladies of her acquaintance where, by a curious coincidence, Mr. Tavernay of Montecule often happened to drop in. With such chaperonage, the meetings of the young people could hardly be called clandestine.

Bob was thankful for but dissatisfied with this arrangement, and Cora Belle sympathized with him; but what were they to do? "You mustn't ask me to marry you without papa's consent, darling," said Cora Belle. "That may sound silly and like the Middle Ages, but I can't help it. I'm not afraid of him in the least, but I am right fond of him and I wouldn't for the world, with you thrown in, hurt him as that would hurt him—unless it were absolutely necessary."

"But isn't it absolutely necessary, honey-sweet? Are we to go on this way all our lives just because he's a—because he's unreasonable? He'd forgive you, Cora Belle."

"We haven't spent much of our lives this way," Cora Belle reminded him. "Aren't you enjoying my society as it is? Dear me! I was flattering myself ——"

"There's one thing right there," Bob broke in. "When you say things like that I can't even stop your mouth properly. And in a minute or two Aunt Fanny will get up and go ——"

"I'll tell her that she mustn't neglect you so much."

"—— and take you with her. If the major would only listen to me or say something I could bite into! If he would take that everlasting chip off his shoulder! What have I done? What's changed him?"

"You haven't done a thing, and the chip on his shoulder isn't just for you; it's for everybody. But I can tell you what he said the last time I went down on my knees to him and begged him not to sunder two loving hearts."

"Well, Cora Belle?"

"He said, 'My child, you're of an age beyond parental control and you are not compelled to consult my wishes. All I have to say is that Mr. Tavernay shall not cross my threshold, and if you marry him I shall no longer regard you as my daughter. The Tavernays have always been of the landholding aristocracy and whatever the Wilguses may have been, I'm a degenerate

Continued on Page 150

Milk-fed— Mirro-fried!

Now *there's* something to eat! Chicken—crisp, delicately browned, with tender meat beneath. Done to a turn, mind you, but how juicy! The groove-fitted cover of this Mirro Vapo-Seal Skillet keeps those juices in.

And flavor—you'd scarcely believe chicken *could* taste so good.

In fact, it couldn't, cooked in anything but this heavy Mirro Skillet. It holds heat—and spreads it evenly—all over. *It seals in moisture and makes even an old chicken taste like a broiler.*

There never was a finer skillet. You will use it for pan frying, of course. And broiling—what a zest it puts in pan-broiled steaks and chops. It is deep enough for small roasts—and just as useful for sautéed vegetables, pop corn and delicious candy.

Two sizes — $4.25 and $4.95

[A little more in Far West and South]

This massive, beautifully bright Mirro Skillet is moderately priced at first-class hardware and department stores. It will economically introduce you to the delights of Waterless Cooking. See it—try it—or send for the free and interesting book offered in the coupon.

The VAPO-SEAL

The heavy cover (A) fits the groove (B) and seals the moisture in

MIRRO

THE FINEST ALUMINUM

FREE

WATERLESS COOKING RECIPE BOOK

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Co.
Manitowoc, Wis.

Please send free "What's New in Cookery," with latest waterless cooking recipes. 6-29-29

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State*

It's NAME is THERMOS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

MADE *ONLY* BY THE FOUNDERS OF THE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA

AND that name is your assurance that *this* vacuum bottle will unfailingly provide you with the comfort of hot or cold liquids *when* and *where* you want them.

Thermos Products are available in all sizes and for every purpose—including the $1 pint Thermos Bottle shown here, quart bottles, coffee pots, jug sets, pitcher sets (in nickel, Bakelite, decorative colors and silver plate), and a variety of food jars, ice jars, picnic kits, motor kits, lunch kits and school kits. Your dealer will show them to you.

The name "Thermos," your guarantee of *real* Thermos Service, is prominently displayed on the tag and label of every Thermos Quart or Pint Bottle and stamped on the bottom of *all* Thermos Products. Look for the name—it is your protection against the substitution of other goods when you ask for Thermos.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
366 Madison Avenue, New York City

Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco Norwich, Conn. Huntington, W. Va.
In Canada: Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto

Look for the Thermos label and the trade mark name stamped on the cup and the bottom of the case—they guarantee your satisfaction
THERMOS
VACUUM BOTTLE
$1

It's PRICE is

(Continued from Page 148)

scion of my race, a low-down tavern keeper who has failed even in that disgusting occupation so far as keeping a well-equipped, modern tavern is concerned.'"

"He's mad!" exclaimed Bob. "Stark, raving mad—crazy as a loon!"

"That would be another reason against our marrying," said Cora Belle. "I may be insane myself. In fact, I think I must be, because he went on to say that if I chose Hollis Wentworth, or Dick Watts, or Jeff Arkwright, he would give me his blessing and a liberal dowry, besides leaving me all the rest of his property when he had no further use for it. I suppose I was crazy not to promise to give you up. Well, Bob, darling, we are both young and we must be patient and wait. Are you willing to wait a few years for me?"

"Honey, I'd wait a million years."

"Perhaps it won't be quite so long as that," Cora Belle told him. "I'm thinking of refusing to eat—excepting what Julia can sneak up to me—and going into a decline. If that doesn't soften papa's heart and make him relent, I shall know that it's no use waiting any longer."

As it happened, there was no occasion for Cora Belle to go into a decline. At the very moment that she was confiding this ingenious little plan of hers to young Mr. Tavernay, Major Wilgus was sitting at his desk, twirling his mustache and frowning at his thoughts. Presently he seemed to make an effort to dismiss them and picked up a copy of the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche. Adjusting the spectacles that he found necessary for very fine print, he looked the paper over, glancing down its columns idly, and turning page after page casually—until his eye fell upon a headline that aroused him to instant interest:

CHAIN OF HOTELS
WILL EXTEND
TO SOUTHLAND

At the first line of the following item of news, Major Wilgus, who was not a profane man, uttered one of those good, mouth-filling oaths recommended by Hotspur Harry Percy and brought his clenched fist down on the desk with a bang. Scowling, he continued to read to the end and then he re-read the item, muttering wrathfully at intervals, after which he looked at the date of the newspaper and glanced at the calendar on the wall. For some minutes after that, he remained wrapped in thought and then took up the telephone and called a number.

"Major Wilgus talkin'. That you, Orcum? Where's Venner? . . . Yes; tell him I want to see him right away—as soon as he can get here."

He called the exchange and, rather less curtly, asked Miss Sally Wagner to see if she couldn't please get him Colonel Barron at Memphis—"the hotel, Miss Sally; the Rapidan. Thank you."

Miss Sally had particularly good luck and in a very few minutes announced that Colonel Barron was on the wire. Major Wilgus had just finished talking to the genial colonel when Dick Venner, the marshal, came in. The major at once invited him to step behind the desk—for a little private and confidential conversation. He seemed to be in a more cheerful humor. The answers that Colonel Barron, manager and proprietor of the Rapidan, had made to his questions seemed to have been entirely satisfactory. The ensuing conversation with Venner, being of a private and confidential nature, will not be related, but that also seemed to satisfy the major. After Dick had gone, the major paced the office for a little while, his head bent and his aspect thoughtful. Coming to a halt before the desk, he stared at the two placards that had recently been hung on the wall, to the amazement of New Galicia. One of them read: Guests Without Baggage Must Pay in Advance; and the other: We Do Not Cash Checks. Major Wilgus raised his hand as if to tear them down, but checked himself and turned away.

Presently Miss Fanny and Cora Belle returned from their afternoon calls, and the major greeted them quite pleasantly and hoped they had enjoyed themselves. Cora Belle sighed, her eyelids drooping languidly. She wasn't feeling very well. The sun perhaps. After she had gone up to her room, the major resumed his pacing. Now and then he struck his left palm violently with the clenched fist of his right hand, smiled with exceeding grimness; then he lit a cigar and went out on the veranda and sat down. Sidney Parks, the clerk—a nice little man who has not been mentioned hitherto, being much overshadowed by the major's personality—Sidney, returning from an errand, saw his employer—so he said "rubbing his hands and grinning like a chessy cat." He wondered what had happened in his absence.

When the four-ten train stopped at New Galicia on the afternoon of the next day, three passengers with a good deal of impressive hand-baggage descended from the Pullman coach. The foremost of the three was an impressive sort of man, being bulky, exceedingly well tailored and a trifle over-begemmed and having an air of stern authority. After him came another well-dressed man, somewhat younger, who wore nose glasses and carried a portfolio tucked under his arm. The third of the party was a Japanese, laden with coats. Having alighted, the very important looking individual surveyed the station and New Galicia's main street disapprovingly. His was not the type of nose that could be turned up, but the elevation of his eyebrows conveyed his dissatisfaction just about as well. "Humph!" he ejaculated; and then, turning to the younger man, "Barron must have been lying or crazy. Well, see if there isn't a bus or a taxi or something to take us to this hotel."

Old Gabe Foster came shambling up at this moment and pulled off his hat, whose tattered condition was emphasized by the fresh red rose stuck in its frayed band. "Hack, boss? Hyar's yo' hack, suh. Lemme take yo' grips."

The big man's cold glance passed over Gabe's antiquated surrey and decrepit horse. "Let that baggage alone," he commanded sharply. "Holtz, isn't there a bus or something, for heaven's sake? See if there isn't something."

Dick Venner, who with his satellites, Jeff Orcum and Tod Wheeler, happened to be on the platform, slouched forward. "If you-all are going to the Wilgus House, I'm driving my cyar there, and you and the othah gentleman are welcome to ride with me. Yo' servant can take yo' plunder along in the hack."

It was plain that Dick's mud-incrusted flivver was not regarded with any great favor, but it seemed that the big man could do no better, so he accepted the offer. Dick had to crank his machine for some time to start the engine, so that, after all, the baggage arrived first. On the way the big man told Dick that it seemed to him that the town needed to wake up and show a little enterprise. He thought a taxi to meet the trains would pay. Why didn't Dick trade his car in for a decent one and try it? Well, Dick had another job that demanded his attention. "Humph!"

"What kind of a place is this Wilgus House?" was the next question. "I may stay overnight, although I don't think it's very likely, by the look of things."

"Well, suh, there's worse places to stay overnight than the Wilgus."

"This man Wilgus do much of a business?"

"I reckon, suh, Major Wilgus will be able to tell you bettah'n I can," Dick replied, and stopped the car at the yard gate. "Here we are, suh."

The baggage was being carried into the office when the party arrived, and neither 'Dolphus nor old Gabe was of the silent, noiseless kind of workers, whatever the Japanese may have been. There was a good deal of racket over the business; still,

(Continued on Page 153)

Nature never combines an oak with a birch

Neither does Nature combine crude oils of different base into a finished lubricant.

Different types of crude oils have their own peculiar qualities. Each contributes toward perfect lubrication. The problem of securing the best qualities of paraffine crude and naphthene, of blending these two into an oil having properties of both, has finally been solved.

Our chemists have made a two-base oil which is ideal for the modern high-compression, high-speed motor—the new Gulf Supreme Motor Oil.

It resists heat and wear; minimizes carbon formation and in every way lubricates for the best performance of your motor.

Let your motor try it

Fill your crankcase with Gulf Supreme Motor Oil of the grade your car requires. Any Gulf dealer, "at the sign of the Orange Disc," will supply you with this two-base oil. Then notice the difference in the running of your motor and the quality of the oil.

Fair Retail Price
30¢ per Quart
for all grades

GULF SUPREME MOTOR OIL

At the sign of
THE ORANGE DISC

Gulf Refining Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

District Sales Offices

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA
ATLANTA NEW ORLEANS HOUSTON LOUISVILLE

Spur Tie

Spur Tie has a built-in patented H-shape Innerform which can be patted into any desired shape, yet prevents curling or wrinkling. A genuine Spur Tie has this red label on back of knot

FREE

You'll enjoy this fascinating, intimate little book, "Off the Lot." Full of charming photos. Tells all about motion picture stars—how they made good and what they do between pictures. For your copy, write to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65H Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

ALL TIED FOR YOU

50¢ 75¢ $1.00

A good tie for a good time. The sparkle of sunny tints, breezy, smart. A Spur Tie stays tied. After a frolic, it's right where it ought to be, not dangling under one ear.

A sport shirt and a Spur Tie go together—comfort and class—informal but correct. Spur Tie is a hit with golfers—you see millions on the beaches.

Most men and all women like a bow tie. It has pep. But it is hard to tie. A Spur Tie looks the way you wish you could tie a tie yourself—the snappiest tie in the crowd.

The secret of its "all-day elegance" is the patented H-shape Innerform—a flexible chassis which shapes the tie into any degree of fluffiness you like.

Try a Spur Tie—you'll like its racy style, exclusive patterns, class.

* * *

Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65H Bedford Street, Boston, Mass. New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue. Pacific Coast Stock: 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal.

(Continued from Page 150)

Major Wilgus, sitting at his cubby-hole desk, writing, seemed quite unaware of it. He was so absorbed in his occupation that he did not even look up when the important-looking stranger strode to the register and coughed importantly; but he did vouchsafe a brief but severe glance when the man rapped with his knuckles for attention.

"Don't do that, sir," said the major sharply, and resumed his writing.

Cap'n Joe Moses, of the Laura Lenox, which was now at the dock, was leaning against the desk and there were two or three guests of the house present, besides Dick Venner, who was transferring his marshal's star from his left suspender to a more conspicuous place on his vest. They all seemed to be highly amused. 'Dolphus, in the background, permitted himself an audible snicker. Cap'n Joe shook his head at the big man. "No way to do," he muttered huskily. "No way to do. Cain't you see the majah's busy?"

The other snorted. "I'd like a little service here," he announced, loudly, addressing Major Wilgus. "How long do I have to wait for it?"

"No mannahs! No mannahs!" Cap'n Joe commented in the same husky undertone, again wagging his head sadly. Grins spread. Winks were exchanged. Jeff Orcum and Tod Wheeler lounged in, unobtrusively, like late-comers in church. Major Wilgus carefully blotted what he had been writing and regarded the importunate new arrival with a fishy eye.

"You will have to wait until I am ready to attend to you, sir," he said icily.

"I'm Carl E. Rugger, of the Rugger Hotels—if you ever happened to hear of that name, my friend. I'm not accustomed ——"

"I'll take a look at that bill of lading now, Captain Moses," said Major Wilgus, whereat Carl E. Rugger turned a purpling face on his companion and said emphatically that he would be damned. He repeated the ejaculation with added emphasis.

"Excuse me a moment," said the major to Cap'n Joe. "I'll have to attend to this man right away." He turned to Rugger. "Now, sir, what is it you want?"

"I did want accommodations overnight for myself, my secretary and my valet, but I'm damned if I do now," Rugger replied with barely suppressed fury. "What I want is to get out of this infernal hole, but I suppose I'll have to wait for the midnight train, so if you're not too busy with affairs of state, you can show us to a couple of rooms and take up our baggage. We will have dinner served in my room. Holtz, you can register."

"One minute," said Major Wilgus, as the other was turning away. The major rose from his chair, and never was he more magnificent, more awe-inspiring. He seemed to expand with a sort of austere majesty, positively to tower over the man he confronted. "Listen to me, sir," he said. "I have no accommodations of any sort for you. This is a house of public entertainment, but I am not obliged to receive riffraff who come in here cursing and swearing and using abusive language. Whatever you are accustomed to, I am not accustomed to that and I don't tolerate it, sir. You ask me if I ever happened to hear of you. I have, sir. I even had the disagreeable experience of staying at your New York hotel and of making a complaint to you of the insolent behavior of your clerk. I encountered your secretary there also. I wish you had brought that clerk of yours with you as well. And now you will please remove yourself and your baggage from my premises."

"I remember you now," said Carl E. Rugger, more purple than ever. "Why, you" Rugger certainly had a vocabulary "you various and sundry, I've a notion to slap your face."

Right there, action began. There are many who refuse to believe that a man of the major's weight and age could possibly have vaulted the barrier that separated him from Rugger. They are willing to believe that he might have climbed over it, but even in the face of unimpeachable testimony of eyewitnesses they cannot be persuaded that he leaped. Yet so it was. His foot may have rested for the fraction of an instant on the top of the desk—indeed the fact that 'Dolphus picked up from the floor the inkwell and the potato that held the pens indicates that the clearance wasn't perfect; but nobody can deny that he went over the top in a highly creditable manner.

At the same moment, however, Dick Venner laid a heavy hand on Rugger's shoulder and the latter was so foolish as to swing at Dick's jaw. It would be hard to describe what followed, in sequence or in any other way, the participants in the mêlée being too numerous and too active in their movements, but, as Dick Venner said, it was "a right smart of a ruckus." It didn't last a great while and wouldn't have lasted quite so long if it had not been for the Japanese, who gave Cap'n Joe and Tod Wheeler about all they could handle before he was subdued. The major was disappointed, having his prey snatched from him by Dick Venner, but he did get a rather satisfactory crack at the secretary, and, after all, it was something to be unscarred and unrumpled at the finish and to give dignified directions as to the disposal of the bruised and tattered wreck that was Rugger, together with the other disturbers of the peace.

They put the three of them in the calaboose, each in a private and exclusive cell. Dick Venner had to be called to remonstrate with the chief culprit, which he did through the bars of the cell. "We aim to make you as comfortable as possible, suh," said Dick, "but you have p'intedly got to behave and quit bellering. Lawyer or no lawyer, you-all won't get out of here befo' the co't sets in the mawnin', but I'll get you a lawyer and I'll get you a piece of beefsteak for your eye if you're good. Either that or I'll tu'n the hose on you. And if you don't want thirty days on the chain gang, I'd advise you to apologize to Majah Wilgus befo' you're tried."

Considering that he had to thank his prisoner for a split lip, it was right clever of Dick to give this advice. Rugger didn't follow it, but when the major made his appearance in the police court the next morning the hotel magnate must have had certain qualms. The deference accorded to the major was marked. Everybody seemed to be bowing to the old scoundrel, shaking hands with him, clearing the way before him. Even Cal Sommers, Rugger's own attorney, rose from his chair and grinned as he placed another chair for the old —— Who was this Wilgus? On what meat did he feed to have grown so great? Here was the judge coming in and he, too, was smiling and bowing at Cæsar! What chance was there of obtaining justice here?

Not a chance! He and his fellow martyrs escaped the chain gang; but only, it appeared, by the hypocritical intercession of their enemy were they released on the payment of small fines. Major Wilgus, addressing the court, said that he had no wish to press the charges of disorderly conduct, assault and battery and resisting officers of the law as relentlessly as he might, in view of the fact that the culprits—the man Rugger particularly—were from a city where the Southern traditions of courtesy and gentlemanly conduct were not strictly observed, where, in fact, the most flagrant breaches of polite behavior were not only tolerated but in many instances commended. "I think, your honor," Major Wilgus concluded, "that they—the man Rugger, particularly—have had their lesson and that justice may be safely tempered by the court's mercy."

There was loud and prolonged applause, which must have been immensely gratifying to the major, and when court adjourned there was quite a demonstration in which as many of the New Galicians as could get near enough warmly congratulated him on his spirited resistance to Northern aggression and on his subsequent magnanimity to the bumbled aggressor.

Was the major pleased? Tickled to pieces! Responsive? Pray believe it! The man was transformed—the old Major Wilgus once more, beaming and benign, conscious of power and prestige, but modest withal; regal and yet democratic, with an eye and a smile for all.

Young Bob Tavernay had ridden in from Montecule and was among those present, but well in the background. He was talking to Zack Siebert near the door when the major was leaving. Probably nothing was more indicative of Major Wilgus' regained self-assurance, as well as change of heart, than his "Howdy, Bob!" when he met the young man's grave regard.

Bob's face lit up wonderfully. "Howdy, major!" he returned.

There was an instant's pause, perhaps, and then their hands met and gripped. In the twinkle of the major's eye Tavernay read all that heart could desire, including consent and a father's blessing

"Going my way, Bob?"

"If I may walk with you, sir."

But here Dave Owens interposed. "Excuse me, Bob, excuse me, major. I'd like a word or two with you, major, sir, before you go, if you aren't coming to the bank."

Major Wilgus said to Bob: "You saunter on; I'll overtake you."

Bob laughed happily. "The way I'm going to saunter, you'll have to be mighty spry to catch up," he said.

As it happened, Bob and Cora Belle had quite a little time for conversation in a dim corner of the ladies' parlor before Major Wilgus returned to the house. Most of what they said may be easily imagined, but that part of it relative to the miraculous change in Major Wilgus' attitude may quite properly be related. It was Cora Belle who spoke of it as a miracle.

"I don't know, honey-sweet," Bob said. "I've a little theory of how-come, but I may be wrong. Remember that salesman who spoke right disrespectfully about the house before your father went to New York? Well, I wonder if that didn't have something to do with his going. The major's a sensitive soul. You are, too, for that matter, my loveliest, dearest darling, and I realize I've got to be mighty careful what I say to Mrs. Robert Tavernay of Montecule ——"

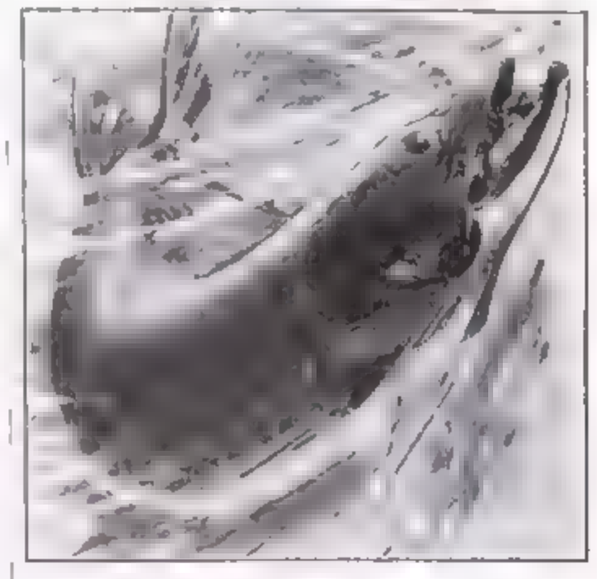
"Just talk to her like that," suggested Cora Belle.

"Being sensitive," Bob presently continued, "he may have begun to wonder whether the Wilgus was as good as he thought it was, and then whether he amounted to as much as he had been led to believe. I reckon that while he was up North he was extra sensitive. I'm putting two and two together—what he said to Rugger yesterday and what he said to Judge Weems this morning. He may have taken a heap of notice of things that he wouldn't have noticed here—or not so much; so that when he came back he was raw and smarting and suspicious. Then there was the bank business and the poor old general. I figure that he got his system all poisoned up by the insults, real or fancied, that he had received, and that ruckus yesterday blew the poison out. He got even—which is a powerful satisfyin' thing, and he showed New York and proved to himself that he was still king of New Galicia—God bless him! Ain't that likely, sweetheart?"

Whether likely or not, Major Wilgus never explained. It might have been a touch of liver complaint, which is said to affect the temper and disposition, or it might have been what they are now calling an inferiority complex. But whatever it was, the major got rid of it and it never returned

Another thing: Within a week, Uncle Ned was wearing his old carpet slippers in the dining room—unreproved.

PFLUEGER
FISHING TACKLE
Leaders Since 1864



Do You Like A Scrappy Fight?

Here is something that will take your mind off business a scrappy fight with a fightin', tearin' Muskallunge, Bass, Pike, or whatever it is where you go.

Send for the Pflueger Tackle Catalog and with it a copy of Pflueger Rods, Reels and Tackle for every kind of fresh or salt water fishing.

You will find no other fishing tackle in the world like Pflueger—the product of three generations of experience. Ask the sporting goods dealer in your town.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. COMPANY
E. A. Pflueger, President
Dept. SEP-6 AKRON, OHIO

Pflueger SUPREME $25.00

Pflueger SUMMIT Level Winding Reel—Anti backlash. $10.00

Pflueger AKRON Level Wind Reel $6.00

Pflueger MEDALIST Reel Single Action—Stationary Click—Satin Nickelum—Gun Metal Enamel. Right or left hand angler. Sizes $5.00 to 12.50

Pflueger ALPINE Level Wind Reel
No. 1685 $10.00
No. 1650 $15.00

Pflueger Muskill Muskallunge Bait Spotlite Finish)

Pflueger Luminous Tandem Spinner

Let Us Send YOU Free Our Pocket Catalog No. 148

heaviest fish on record caught, etc. Let us send you a copy

The Enterprise Mfg. Co., Dept. SEP-6
The Pfluegers, Akron, Ohio
Gentlemen: Please send me the Pflueger Pocket Catalog as advertised in The Saturday Evening Post
Name
Address

A Cheese Dish can be DAINTY—yet healthful

SOMEHOW we seem bound to think of healthful foods as heavy foods. But we should make an exception in the case of cheese. True, cheese is one of the most healthful of foods and can furnish body fuel for the most arduous toil, yet because it is so readily adaptable to the lighter forms of our palate pleasers, it has been aptly termed our most versatile food.

Since people began to give some thought to food values and have learned that eating should be done with a thought to health as well as pleasure, they have been consuming more cheese—especially Kraft Cheese, for here is a healthful food that can be eaten for either health or pleasure, or both.

Kraft Cheese has long been recognized as being both good and "good for you"—flavor of unvarying deliciousness and as easily digested as the pure whole milk from which it is made. So if you wish to make sure of getting such quality, such flavor, remember to say Kraft before you say cheese.

Toasted Rarebit Rolls

½ lb. Kraft American Cheese
¼ cup cream
Salt and paprika to taste
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Fresh bread

Grate the cheese by forcing it through a coarse sieve; put it in the top of a double boiler and stir occasionally until the cheese is melted and smooth. Add seasonings and remove from fire. Cut very thin slices from a large loaf of fresh bread, trim the crusts; spread each slice with the cheese sauce, roll up like a jelly roll and skewer with two or three toothpicks. Place the rolls on the rack of the broiler, put it under a moderate flame and watch carefully, turning the rolls, until they are brown on all sides. Serve hot.

Tune in the following Radio Stations for Kraft Cheese Programs:
Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11:00 a.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time or 10:00 a.m. Central Daylight Saving Time
WJZ, New York—WBZA, Boston—WBZ, Springfield, Mass.—WHAM, Rochester—KDKA, Pittsburgh
WJR, Detroit—WLW, Cincinnati—WGN, Chicago—KWK, St. Louis.
Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, 10:00 a.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time
WOR, Newark
Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:30 a.m. Pacific Time
KOMO, Seattle—KHQ, Spokane—KGW, Portland—KPO, San Francisco—KGO, Oakland—KFI, Los Angeles

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese is one of the few ideal foods for children that a child will really relish. There is no coaxing—except for more. Child Specialists and dietitians say it should be included in the menu at least once a day. For "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese supplies in bountiful measure the calcium and Vitamin A so essential to straight bones, strong teeth and healthy child-growth.

Home Economics Dept.
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation
404 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," to the address below

Name

Address

FIVE YEARS MORE OF FLYING

(Continued from Page 15)

aerial service and private flying. Each kind of activity requires, as a rule, a different type of machine, just as surface transport employs the railroad for one purpose, ships for another, motorboats or motor cars for something else. Thus we find the designers working along various lines.

The most urgent demand is for better transport machines. In the highly, or as some like to term it, over capitalized state of the industry, the promoters, the big holding companies and other groups controlling American aviation recognize the need for an immediate display of earning power. They know that most of the invested capital involves air transport and they are counting upon the air lines to return the larger share of profits promised the investors.

Then, too, the municipalities are expecting the quick and extensive development of air transport. They are beginning to shout for it now. Public flying fields have been established in 400 cities and towns. About 900 similar projects are under way this year—all on the promise that passenger, mail and express service will grow by leaps and bounds, that the big machines will come flocking into the airports and warrant the heavy outlay of tax funds.

Private flying and aerial service, it is admitted, will require longer periods for development. If air transport does not materialize and soon reach sizable proportions, thereby spanning the hiatus between the promise and the growth of the other flying activities, public sentiment is bound to cool off. Airport development will cease. Airports will revert to hay fields and real-estate sites, and commercial aviation will be where it was when it could produce nothing new because it lacked a market.

Much has been said about the growth of air transport, and some phases of it have been remarkable; but taken as a whole, it is nothing when compared to what it might be and may become.

We now have in the United States about 23,000 miles of airways, a fourth of the total world mileage. Half of it is lighted for night flying. But what is that in a country of this size? Against the 250,000 miles of railroad lines and 268,000 miles of motorbus routes in operation, it is only the starting point.

Potential Air Mail

There are less than 500 airplanes in regular transport service on the American lines. Those in Europe are so heavily subsidized that they are not worth consideration on this score, when speaking of practical development. Of the 500 machines here, less than 100 are carrying passengers. The others are employed solely in the transport of mail and express.

Though it is true that some of the lines have been making money, the operators are not deceiving themselves. They know that their rates are too high, that their service is anything but good. It is not always fast and it cannot be relied upon, especially during bad weather.

About 3,600,000 pounds of first-class mail were flown on the air routes in 1928, a threefold increase over the preceding year. The daily average of five tons has now jumped to ten. The lines are flying about 7,000,000 pounds of mail this year. That, however, is less than 2 per cent of the total first-class mail, and it does not include the parcel post, which runs into hundreds of millions of shipments annually.

Last year about 16,000 shipments of express were transported by the air lines operating under contracts with the American Railway Express Company, which handles the bulk of that business. Air express is gaining, but so slowly that it does not count in the total of 180,000,000 shipments over the railroads every twelvemonth.

After careful surveys the operators have concluded that one letter out of five is potentially air mail and one express package out of every twenty should be air express. They take into consideration the relative importance and the distance which a letter or a parcel must go to reach its destination; so they are planning to secure about 20 per cent of the mail and 5 per cent of the express. But, among other things, they need better airplanes.

They are now receiving between eighty cents and three dollars a pound for mail and between sixty cents and three dollars a pound for express, the rates based on the length of the route. They consider the rates justifiable under the circumstances. The lines are only beginning to develop, and with the present small volume of traffic, they need the money to defray expenses incident to expansion, extension of the service, new equipment and more personnel. But they know that even should they be able to drum up more business at present rates, it will not be long before the government agencies step in and reduce them. To prepare for that they need equipment which pays more profits than the average machine now struggling over the airways.

Time Will Tell

All the planes have been too slow, though a few of those now going into service are faster. Until recently they made only 110 miles an hour under favorable conditions, and that did not suffice. Time lost combating head winds and the usual hour consumed between airport and post office cut down delivery until it was little better than that of the railroads and motorbuses.

Taken collectively, the planes have been incapable of carrying heavy loads. They have had too high landing speeds, and when loaded they have been set down in emergency fields and other out-of-the-way places only with the greatest difficulty. The mail plane has been a laggard sister ship of the military types, and in a sense this applies to all commercial machines.

While thinking about the future we must consider that commercial aircraft have had a chance for development only during the last two or three years. In the United States public lethargy and lack of landing fields combined to retard aviation, and the best designers long after the war were kept at work on Army and Navy machines. They remained war workers.

In Europe conditions have been no better. Government subsidies, on which the factories still depend for practically all their income, have compelled the designers to devote their efforts to military features. Until this year almost everything in the air here and abroad has been fashioned, when not actually copied, from designs developed out of some national war chest.

Instead of changing the design, the manufacturer has procured load-carrying capacity, cruising range and increased speed simply by installing engines of greater power. And these planes have been discarded after one or two years of service as something a bit better could be found to take their places. It has not been an economical system.

At present a majority of the lines are using four different brands of mail and express planes because they represent improvements over the past. They include the Boeing-95, the Curtiss Falcon, Pitcairn Super-Mailwing and the Stearman Speed Mail. Each has a distinctive feature—the Curtiss claiming the highest speed, cruising at 140 miles an hour with a load of 750 pounds; the Pitcairn bidding for low landing speed honors—about forty-five miles an hour—and the other two designed to carry 1000 pounds of cargo. They indicate the development of the near future.

If the operators have their way, the mail and express will soon be traveling 500 miles nonstop, a half ton of cargo to a plane tearing along over its invisible right of way at 160 miles an hour. And the designers are now working to that end. Some of them believe they will attain 180—three miles a minute.

They point to the new high-powered engines and prospects for motors of still greater power, new methods of construction which, with stronger materials and auxiliary parts, will enable a plane to withstand the terrific strain of high speed under heavy loads. The fast military planes—some of which even now make about 200 miles an hour—promise to lead the way, as they have done in the past, in securing structural strength; it remains for the designer to make provision for his loads and at the same time keep the landing speeds within reason.

But no sensible operator expects his fast express planes to be wholly dependent upon their own aerodynamic efficiency. The trouble has been, and is today, that the proper field facilities have been lacking. Many of the more elaborate airports have been extremely dangerous. Fields have been enveloped in fog at the hours of landing. Some have been wet and soggy in the slightest rainstorm, while others have been too small.

In any plan for the future, adequate landing fields are anticipated as a matter of course. They must be provided. In that event the operator plans to run fast express without getting off the course. He intends to equip his machines with every kind of navigational device.

Counting upon aerial beacons and emergency fields which now are provided for clear-weather flying, he is beginning to acquire radio for blind flying at night or in storm and fog. Radio beacons now installed on some of the routes actually direct a pilot and warn him when he is off his course. For example, he is swerving to the left. He hears a dot and a dash—the warning. He swings back and hears another dot and a dash—by that he knows he is to the right. He turns back to the left, and when the dashes blend into one dash he knows he is on the straight and narrow path that leads to where all good pilots want to go—airports.

When They Lose Their Way

Until recently he had to get his weather data before leaving the field, and because the weather can change inside of half an hour he often found himself in trouble before he could avoid it. Now they are giving him the weather by means of radio. He has another set for voice transmission and his radio beacon is interrupted as a signal for him to tune in to a higher wave length and hear the news. He merely switches on a remote tuning control which adjusts the receiving set, and using the head phones, he talks with those on the surface.

For some time to come he must depend upon his wheel brakes and the extent of his field to make a landing, whatever the conditions.

At present he cannot use radio to help him set his plane down in the proper spot. He manages well enough when he can see the field, and it is flood lighted at night. But he cannot see his field in a fog at any time.

As far as the lighting experts are able to determine, they have gone just about as far as they can go in the development of penetrating light; and the best of the lighting facilities are of little help to a pilot coming into a field in thick fog. As yet, radio offers no help in that quarter. But the engineers believe that ultimately they will be able to provide a radio beacon to guide him into his field, where some sort of sonic altimeter will tell him just how far he is above the surface, and where. Such a development will automatically remove the greatest menace and the chief problem remaining in aerial navigation—how to get down safely.

"What do you do when you lose your way?" a young lady asked a pilot who had been entertaining an audience with all the

(Continued on Page 157)

92% of all cars are factory finished with McAleer's Polishing Products

Just a rub with McAleer's and the old car looks like New!

Almost every car on the highway begins to show the outward effects of at least two months of heavy driving. Does yours? Use McAleer's and see how quickly, how easily you can restore its Springtime glow!

McAleer's Polishing Products are the choice of the automotive industry itself—they are used on the majority of new cars built in America today. Now they are available to you for use in your private garage.

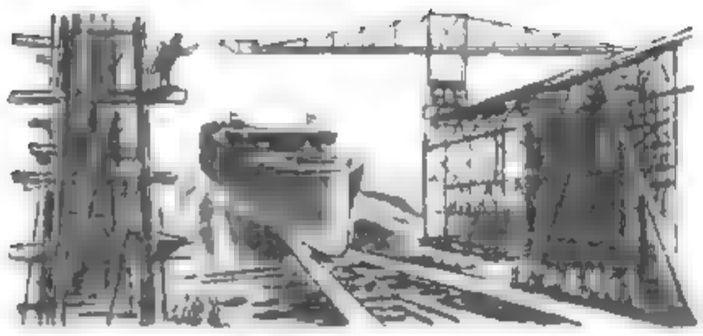
Polish your car yourself (a bit of cloth and McAleer's) or have it done by the wash-rack nearest you. But—insist on McAleer's.

McAleer's Polishing Products

SAMPLE PACKAGE 10c

McAleer Manufacturing Company
Lyndon at Prairie Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c for a sample package of McAleer's Polish and Cleaner, and Polishing Paste.

Name
Address
City State

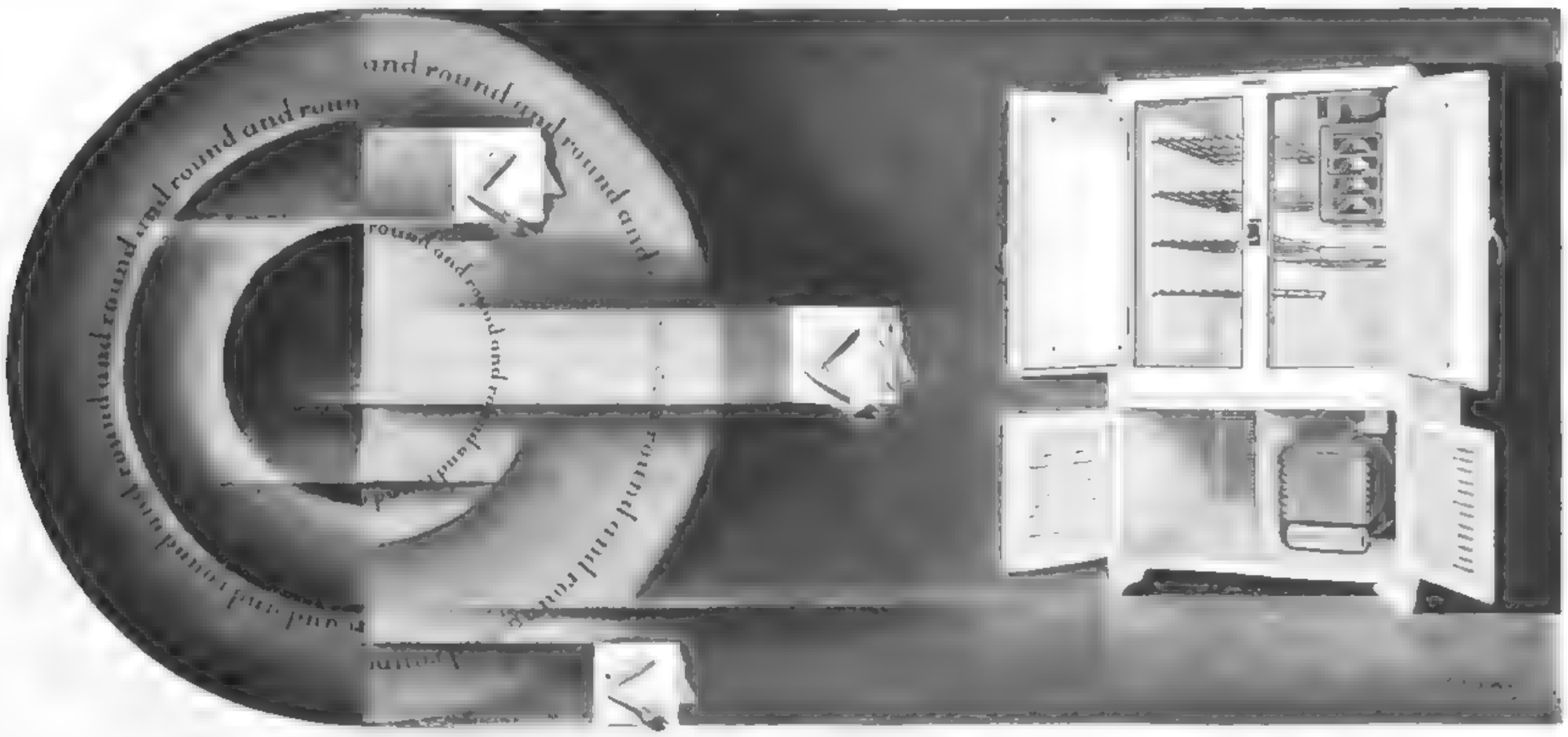


Down the ways she glides

made swift and efficient

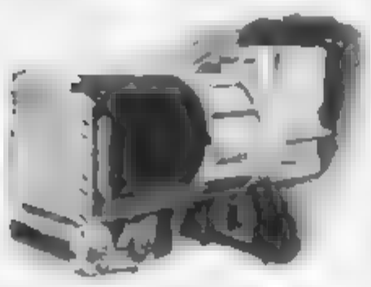
by a great engineering principle

NOW APPLIED TO ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION


and round and round and round and
round and round and round and round and
round and round and round and round and
round and round and round and round and

50,000 tons of steel will flash through the waters like a thing alive! Power—terrific driving power—will carry her from continent to continent.

The engines which propel the newest ocean liners have proven the supreme efficiency of the rotary principle of power generation. Now this greatest of engineering principles gives astonishing efficiency, simplicity and compactness to the operating unit of the Holmes Electric Refrigerator.



Note the astonishing compactness and simplicity of the Holmes hermetically sealed rotary operating unit.

Eliminating one by one every belt, gear, pulley, piston or chain, the Holmes rotary operating unit is not only revolutionary in its simplicity but amazing in its compactness. It allows space in *every* model for a convenient storage compartment—and this with the unit in the cabinet, not in the cellar.

Holmes Electric Refrigerators are supremely beautiful. With their lustrous, lifetime exteriors, their seamless pure-porcelain lining, their exquisite, satin-finished hardware, they are a brilliant addition to any kitchen. Large shelf space, because of the very compact evaporator. Unusual heat insulation. Ample ice-cube capacity. You can have this most advanced electric refrigerator for a small initial payment. If you do not find a dealer near you, write Holmes Products, Inc., 205 E. 42nd St., New York City; Works: Bridgeport, Conn.

HOLMES
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

© 1929, H. P. Inc.

(Continued from Page 155)

nice things in aeronautical progress. "I mean to say, what do you do when you lose your way and you cannot find it again?"

"Oh, we just stay up there, hanging around, looking for it," he replied.

"And then, if you don't find it?"

"That's the difficulty; there's a lot of fellows up there tonight, been flying around for years, just trying to get down."

On various occasions the mail pilots coming into the Eastern terminals have found themselves far out over the broad Atlantic, and they actually have had to fly around until they managed to strike land.

With the development of navigation apparatus and the proper airports to solve many serious problems, the designers plan to achieve higher speed by improved streamlining, rounding off or eliminating anything on a plane that impedes its progress in flight. Streamlining affects everything offering the slightest possible resistance to the air. Resistance set up by the engine is being gradually overcome as ways are invented to incase it in a streamlined nacelle, under a hood or behind streamlined parts; and, further, streamlining the engine itself.

Slowly But Surely

The practice of withdrawing into the body or wings the entire undercarriage, landing gear and wheels will probably become general, provided that the mechanism involved can be built much lighter than at present, for it is now too complicated and heavy for the fastest machines. Nevertheless, the engineers believe they can so improve the streamlining of all planes that from fifteen to fifty miles an hour will be added to present speeds.

Though the operators are depending upon the higher speed and increased carrying capacity of the planes to develop patronage and return a profit, they like to think of the other, the outside agencies, which are speeding up delivery.

The Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce is making genuine progress in lighting the airways for night flying. The recent completion of the Western part of the transcontinental system, by permitting night flying wherever necessary, quickened delivery time between the Atlantic and Pacific by more than a day, and now the schedule is thirty-two hours across the country. The operators believe that in five years the time will be materially reduced.

Military machines have made the flight during the hours between dawn and dusk. Larger planes have made nonstop flights between New York and Los Angeles in less than nineteen hours. By improving surface facilities, developing the schedules to avoid waste of time spent transferring cargoes from one machine to another at the junction points, by means of better weather information, and this given to the pilot by radio while he is in the air, coast-to-coast deliveries may soon be made within twenty hours.

Speeding up the service must attract a considerable quantity of mail and express which is now sent by train because of the uncertainty and loss of time in handling between the flying fields and post offices. The development of airports nearer the centers of cities, the use of automatic mail and express tubes and other devices for transferring cargo from the airports to the distributing centers will reduce the time of delivery. Insurance rates will be lower. The premium on air express is now 15 per cent. Greater reliability and increased traffic will reduce it considerably. Better planes, a generally improved service and reduction in all rates, the operators believe, will give them the larger quantity of urgent mail and express eventually.

In the preparation of this article a number of the leading figures in air transport were asked to summarize their plans for expansion during the next five years.

"Greater efficiency and the gradual popularization of the service are doubling the business on the existing airways," said one. "The extension of the routes will open up new territory annually for years to come. In five years every town and city in the United States will have some kind of air transport. We shall have hundreds of machines operating over routes where we now have but one or two planeloads in a whole day. The machines will leave the airports at least every hour, possibly two or three at a time, both day and night."

A financier prominently identified with air transport is planning for whole fleets of hundreds of planes, each machine costing from $15,000 to $30,000.

"Airplanes now involve relatively large sums of money because they are not being produced in quantity," he said, "but still our transport planes have been making profits. Some machines worth $20,000 are now earning twice that amount annually, and the average plane has not been carrying anywhere near its load capacity. If we can make money at present, surely we can do it in future, for the overhead cost of ground organization, traffic promotion, hangar and repair equipment will be more widely distributed."

The general manager of a line which has been carrying passengers for several months admitted that the problems in that field are more numerous and difficult because they concern the safety of human beings.

"We have proceeded very slowly with our passenger carrying," he said, "for the simple reason that we have no desire to kill people. But watch us grow. Wait until we get our new equipment."

Though the lines last year carried 50,000 passengers on scheduled flying routes, the business was confined to less than half of the companies. The others either lacked the proper planes or were not satisfied with the equipment available. In spite of the fact, there was considerable talk about the superiority of American passenger transport over that in Europe. Actually, some of the European passenger lines were far better organized than the majority of those in the United States. And as a general rule they possessed better machines for that purpose. But the scene is now shifting to this hemisphere.

Ideal for Flying

The geographical characteristics of the United States make it the most ideal place for such traffic. The size of the country and the number of important centers located hundreds of miles apart make travel necessary. We have fifty important cities to one in any European country—important, that is, from the viewpoints of industry, politics, pleasure resorts and social intercourse. By that we may assume that, given the proper facilities, aerial passenger transport will progress as rapidly here as anywhere else.

Though the 50,000 persons flown last year amounted to nothing as compared with the 800,000,000 carried by the railroads and 321,000,000 who traveled from one town to another on the intercity bus lines, still it represented a fivefold increase over 1927. This year the operators expect to carry about 200,000 passengers, possibly more.

They are beginning to operate vastly improved machines. The twelve-passenger Ford metal transport and the fourteen-passenger Fokker are at present in general use. More recent is the Boeing machine carrying eighteen persons. The Keystone Patrician also seats that number. All these planes are powered with three engines. They are giving a varied performance depending upon the weight of the loads and the distance required for them to fly before coming down for fuel. They are better planes than anything produced in the past.

Overwater craft have been developed to equal extent, without, however, accommodating such heavy paying loads. The Loening, Fairchild, Fokker and Sikorsky amphibians carry between eight and twelve persons. But all of the planes are small models by comparison with the real passenger transport of the near future. Much larger machines are being built today, here and abroad.

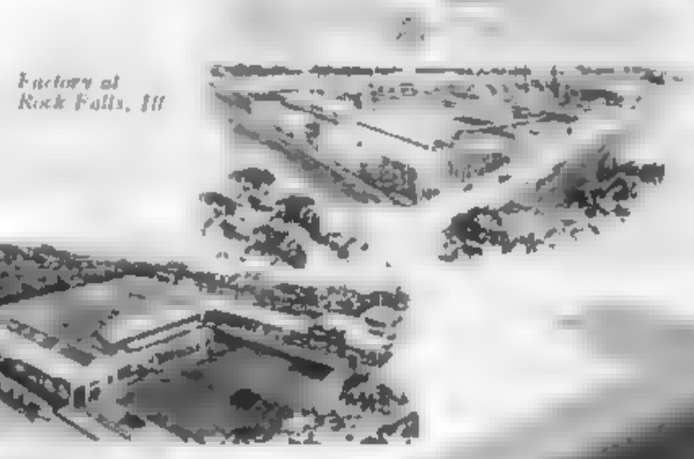
An American tourist was admiring one of those fine old English lawns. He said to the gardener, "This is the most beautiful lawn I have ever seen. I'd like to know how you do it. What is the secret?" "Well," said the gardener, "it's not so difficult, sir. You just seed it and fertilize it and trim it and roll it and you keep that up for about two hundred years and by and by you begin to have a really fine lawn, sir."

THE continuation of effort in the production of "really fine" things does count. Here at Russell, Burdsall & Ward's we have been concentrating on the perfection of bolts and nuts for forty-eight years. Something of the striving of the founders of this business for the *best* method of making a worthy product has carried through three generations of workers. Today this welding of old-fashioned thoroughness with modern mass production methods is responsible for the world famous Empire New Process Bolt and the three large plants back of its production.

RUSSELL, BURDSALL & WARD BOLT AND NUT CO.
PORT CHESTER, N. Y. ROCK FALLS, ILL. CORAOPOLIS, PA.
Philadelphia Chicago Detroit San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle Portland
ESTABLISHED 1845

EMPIRE
BOLTS · NUTS · RIVETS

Main factory at Port Chester, N. Y.



Factory at Rock Falls, Ill.

Factory at Coraopolis, Pa.

The Greatest Luxury of all

IS there any delight to compare with a cool, cool breeze in hot weather? Is there any luxury at so little cost as a Robbins & Myers Fan? A fine fan, a perfect fan, the R&M is the product of 31 years' precision manufacture. Quiet running. Strong. It needs a little lubrication every year or so, and no other attention. Aluminum bladed, adjustable, it delivers exactly the breeze you want—"a gale or a capful." All good dealers sell R&M Fans. Telephone for one now.

Robbins & Myers, Inc.
Springfield, O.: Brantford, Ont.

Robbins & Myers Fans and Motors

Fokker, who has been a pioneer in this field since his arrival in the United States some years ago, is now building a fleet of aerial transports to carry thirty passengers sitting up in all the luxurious surroundings found on the best trains. These planes will be the first of the night air liners, for they will carry sixteen passengers in berths similar to those in Pullman cars.

The body of the machine, which contains the passenger quarters, will be thirty-four feet long, nine feet wide and eight feet high, with electric cooking in a steward's pantry and other conveniences. Anybody who has followed the development of large machines will admit readily enough that these new planes of Fokker's, traveling at two miles a minute for more than six hours at a stretch, represent considerable improvement. But they, like the others, only indicate what the designers hope soon to make an everyday possibility.

The new Fokker machines probably will be the first of the big craft to enter service. They are being built to operate on the routes of the Universal Air Lines and the Western Air Express, taking in many cities between Cleveland and the Pacific Coast, and soon to span the continent.

They will be followed closely by all-metal flying boats imported from the Dornier factory in Germany—machines carrying twenty-five persons, and purchased by a company for a fast passenger service between the key cities on the Great Lakes and other waterways. It is significant that Claude Dornier should introduce the big metal flying boat here. He is the pioneer in all-metal construction. During the war he designed and built the largest flying boats then seen, and they were used with success on the North Sea patrol.

A number of thirty and forty passenger planes are scheduled to be in the air within the next six months. A big flying boat is under construction at Buffalo, developed from the Navy XPY-1, which in performance has equaled anything in Europe. The new ship will hold about thirty persons. The Keystone-Loening amphibian, a big flying boat with wheels, now being built at Bristol, Pennsylvania, will operate from either land or water and carry thirty-two passengers.

The Curtiss Company is working on the design of a transport to speed thirty fares over the transcontinental air lines. In England, Handley Page is completing a series of biplanes to fly forty passengers on the Imperial Airways route between London and Paris.

All Wings and No Body

The Ford Motor Company is planning for much larger machines. Ford has been a leader in all-metal airplane development since 1924, when he took over the designs and construction methods devised by William B. Stout. He has progressed from eight to twelve passenger types, and is now projecting craft which, it is said, will carry more than fifty persons.

Several American designers are experimenting with machines or models which possess new features either in type or design. Bellanca and Vincent Burnelli have employed the principle of making the body of an airplane function like the wings in contributing to the lifting powers of the machine. Burnelli's plane, built on that order, is now undergoing tests. It carries twenty passengers in drawing-room comfort. The underside of the body is virtually a center section of the wing, and in this the designers have approached the idea, long imagined, but never put into practice, of having an airplane all wing and tail, with no body to mention; the engines, passengers and everything else being housed inside the wing.

The tendency to use the wings for something besides lifting and sustaining surfaces is about the only radical change promised in the design of big airplanes during the next five years—that is, as far as appearances go. It is noticeable that today even the largest machines contemplated run true to present-day types. They are either monoplanes like the Fokker, Ford, Dornier and Junkers, or they are biplanes—double-winged ships—like those of Curtiss, Handley Page and any number of others who have stuck to biplanes for their various and oft-disputed technical advantages.

In place of three engines, which have characterized the transports in recent years, the new ships will have four motors, two on either side. But then, they also serve only to indicate the growth in size, and they are not at all final types.

Still larger machines may astonish the world during the next few months. For some time Dornier has been working secretly in his factory on Lake Constance, devoting all his experience to a huge metal flying boat which he hopes will carry 100 persons. He expects to have it completed and in the air this summer. Twelve big engines, aggregating 6000 horse power, will provide the greatest propelling force yet used in heavier-than-air.

Germany also has the largest overland plane now under construction. Junkers, another pioneer and a responsible manufacturer of commercial planes, is building a machine which, like the Dornier, is designed to carry eighty passengers. The engines are inclosed completely inside the monoplane wing, which at the center is nine feet thick.

Engines for Lifting

Italy, too, is staging a reëntry in the big-plane field. One of her ablest designers, Caproni, is back at his old task of attempting to build a big oceanic flying boat, which, besides wings superimposed one above the other, will have whole sets in line with one another, tandem fashion. He launched such a craft a few years after the war, but it was wrecked during a trial flight. Caproni is convinced, however, that there is something in his design. The wind-tunnel tests with models indicate many possibilities, though at the same time they bring to the attention of an expert observer many problems of an aerodynamical nature.

But if some of these big passenger planes get into the air this year, as planned, it will mean that they will be thoroughly developed for commercial service in about two years or three. They will require that period to have the inevitable bugs eliminated by means of the refining process. Still, the designers are confident that the 100-passenger plane is entirely practicable, provided it has the right kind of accessories and proper surface facilities from which to operate.

As with all other planes, motor power is a principal factor in determining the success or failure of a big, a gigantic machine. With that assured, the designers believe they can surmount all other obstacles. Several are now working on the problem of getting these big craft in and out of small fields. One group is devising a system whereby a series of engines will lift the plane and another will take it on during flight.

The idea is to have four very light motors of from fifteen to thirty horse power installed vertically on the upper wing of a biplane. This top wing will be retractable so that it can be slanted upward during the take-off. After the propellers on the small engines have pulled the machine off the ground almost vertically, the wing will be turned back to normal, and the machine, again an ordinary biplane, will be sent forward as the powerful engines are set roaring.

Such a plane, if it becomes a reality—and one of the most efficient organizations in this country is trying to make it so—will also be capable of landing in small places; in other words, giant machines will be able to operate with heavy loads at a greater safety margin. The propellers will be reversible, and the method employed to raise the plane will also serve to make a slower and more vertical landing.

Another project already under development is to make the wings of such variable chord and camber that they will possess the necessary features to facilitate fast flying

(Continued on Page 161)

"Faulty Brakes are no excuse"

YOU are expected to have good brakes. Your own safety, that of your family and of the thousands who use the streets demand safe brakes.

Are your brakes equal to the traffic emergencies that constantly arise? Do they respond instantly to a touch? Do they bring you to a stop with velvet-like smoothness in both wet and dry weather or after car washing?

Or . . . do you have to jam on the brakes and hope that *this time* your brakes will hold? If they ever slip or squeak or grab they are unsafe—they are *not* perfect-contact, true-circle brakes.

Line-O-Brake gives you braking Safety. It refills your brake lining so that you have one hundred per cent contact with the brake drums. Line-O-Brake is a plastic asbestos braking material used by outstanding service stations since 1927. It is a scientific engineering development that custom moulds a perfect contact braking surface on each wheel. It eliminates squeaking, slipping and grabbing.

The spinning brake drum quickly vulcanizes this plastic asbestos into the lining, moulding it into a true circle that conforms exactly to the brake drum, filling every depression and pore, and forming a new, safe, waterproof, heat-resisting braking surface.

Gone are the rivet depressions and water pockets in the lining that cause slipping; the high spots and exposed rivets that cause squeaking; the glazed, charred surface that causes grabbing. You have velvety smooth stopping, instant response to the brake pedal in any kind of weather, on any kind of pavement—perfect brakes equal to any emergency.

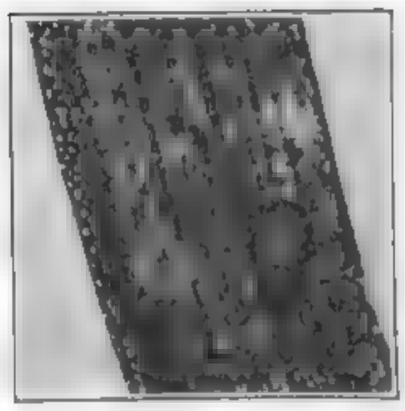
So for safety's sake, use Line-O-Brake. It lengthens the life and increases the braking power of new brakes as well as old. A $1.00 tube treats eight brakes, open or enclosed. Apply Line-O-Brake yourself, or—better yet, ask to have your brakes Line-O-Braked and checked for adjustment. See your garage, service station, or accessory dealer today. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon below.

LINE-O-BRAKE DIVISION
Liquid Veneer Corporation
Buffalo, N. Y.

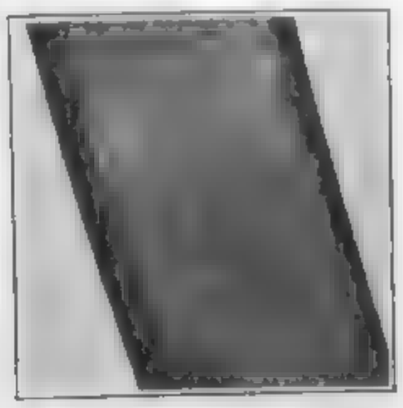
DEALERS AND SERVICE STATIONS. See your jobber today or write us for complete information and Service Booklet on "True-Circle Brakes."

Purgo is the scientific cooling system purge. Clogged radiators, like sluggish human bodies, need cleansing. Purgo routs all six cloggers that gum-up cooling systems—it pops up your motor 75 cents for a can that treats any size radiator Get a can today See your dealer or use the coupon.

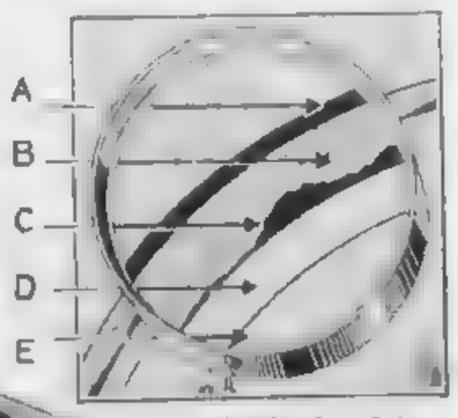
Liquid Veneer Corporation also makes Radiator Neverleak, for sealing leaks permanently; and Washine, the wonderful new time-saving cleaner-polish.



Section of a brake lining that slips and squeaks. Note exposed rivets rivet depressions and exposed wires



Same lining after "Line O Braking" New true-circle braking surface with 100% contact. A safe brake, silent and dependable.



A—Brake band to which lining is riveted

B—Brake lining with low, worn spots.

C—How Line O Brake builds up low spots

D—Clearance space between lining and drum. Note its perfect uniformity.

E—Brake drum now concentric with "Line O Braked" lining

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION,
5813 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Enclosed is $ ... Send me:

.. tubes of Line O Brake @ $1.00, enough for 8 brakes. (West of the Rockies and in Canada, $1.25 per tube.)

.. cans of Purgo @ 75¢.

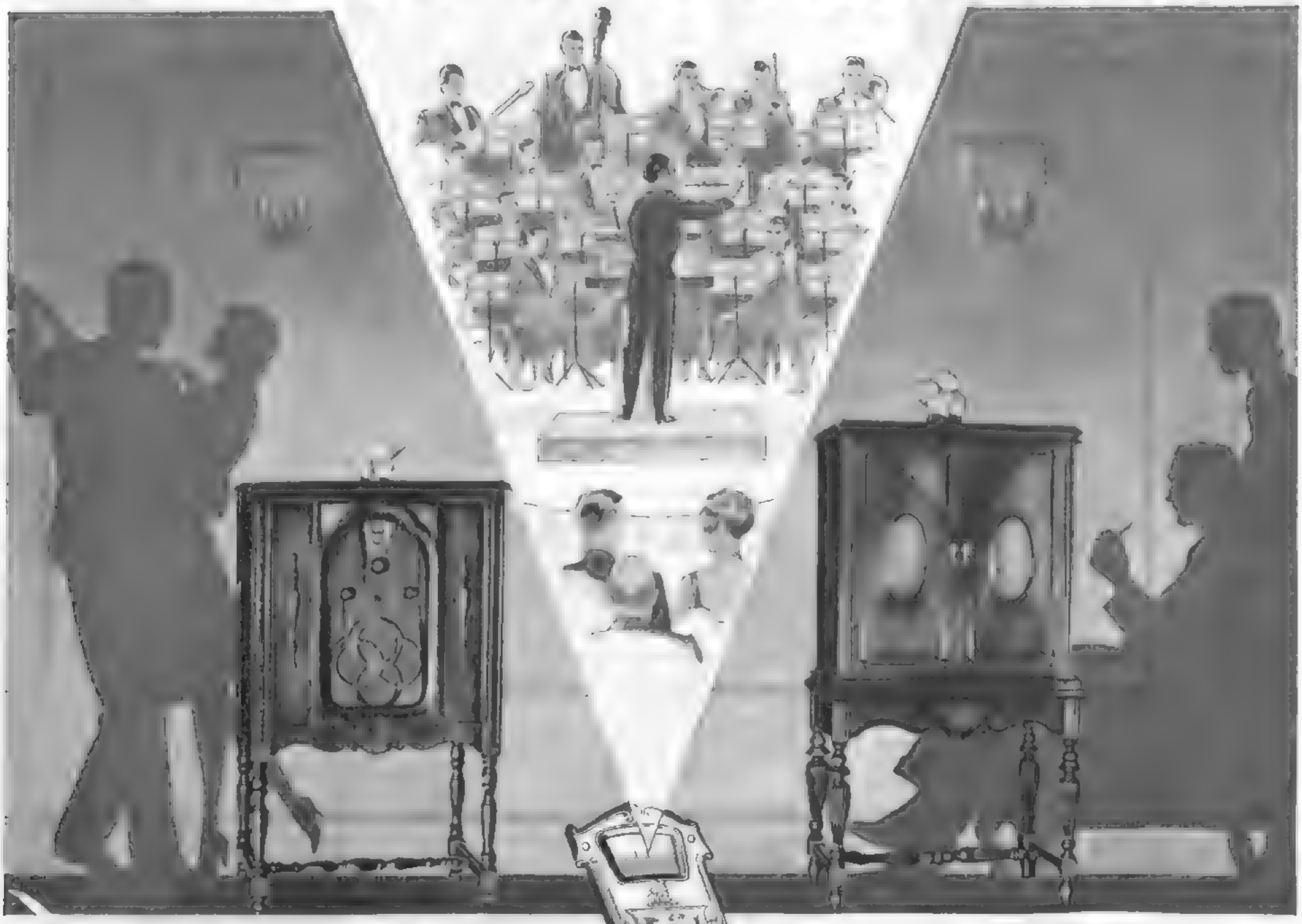
Name

Address

City State

LINE-O-BRAKE
PLASTIC ASBESTOS LINING

C·A· Earl Radio



When Reception Conditions Are *Difficult* . . . . . It's Then You Need a C. A. EARL

Soars to new heights of achievement

Any good radio will give good service on certain stations, or when "the air" is comparatively clear and all conditions are normal.

But when reception is difficult—that is when you appreciate the Hair-Line Super-Selectivity of the C. A. Earl Radio.

For example. It is afternoon. Trolleys and electric elevators are in operation all around you. Every station in America is competing for the air. The station you want is sandwiched in between two more powerful rivals. It makes no difference—*if* you have a C. A. Earl. Dial the station you want, and you find yourself enclosed within sound-proof walls. Not a murmur from the outside world comes to disturb your enjoyment. So far as you are concerned, there is only one program being broadcast, the program you want.

Let your C. A. Earl dealer demonstrate this Hair-Line Super-Selectivity. Ask him about the nationwide tests that prove the C. A. Earl's performance under the reception conditions peculiar to your particular section of the country. A postal card brings the name of your local dealer and our illustrated catalog.

The C. A. Earl Orchestradians
Phil Spitalny conducting.—Every Tuesday evening on station WJZ and Associated N B C stations—for time, see your local newspaper

MODEL 22 All Electric 8-Tube Set (less tubes) **$99.50**
Complete with Arcturus tubes $130
Neutrodyne. Four tuned circuits. Push-Pull amplification. Inductor Dynamic Speaker. Walnut finish cabinet
(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

CHAS. FRESHMAN CO., INC. - C. A. EARL, President
122 E. 42nd Street, New York City
BRANCHES: Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Atlanta
Canada: Freshman Freed-Eisemann Radio Ltd., 20 Trinity St., Toronto, Ont.

MODEL 32 All Electric 8-Tube Set (less tubes) **$169**
Complete with Arcturus tubes $194.50
Neutrodyne. Four tuned circuits. Push-Pull amplification. Uses two 245 tubes. Dynamic Speaker. Phonograph Pick-up. Walnut finish cabinet with contrasting panels.
(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

(Continued from Page 158)

when in the air and upon landing be changed to slow down the speed. The aerodynamics involved in such an effort is well understood by the average engineer. He has now to build a wing which at the touch of a lever in the pilot's hand will automatically change its curve, its shape.

All the big transport planes have one thing in common: They represent the evolution in design. In no sense are they freakish experiments. Even their new features are not so new to the experienced designer, and it is doubtful if anything about them can be termed an experiment.

The majority of the machines to be seen carrying passengers on the air lines during the next five years will be much larger, but in outline and shape they will resemble those put in service this year. The main change in appearance will be in their size—that and the absence of an engine in the nose. All the engines will be in or under the wings. They will be set far out from the passenger quarters, thereby freeing the occupants from much noise and vibration.

Engines likewise are being developed to maintain an even pace with the design of aircraft. Until recently the most suitable engines for commercial planes of any size were relatively low powered in proportion to their weight and the fuel consumed. This had to be considered in the design of a machine.

Only two or three years ago engines of from 150 to 250 horse power were the best available. Last year they had jumped to about 400; and today such motors as the Pratt & Whitney Hornet, the Wright Cyclone, both air-cooled radials, and the Curtiss water-cooled Conqueror have from 525 to 600 horse power. They are the equal of any engine developed abroad, and invariably superior for ordinary commercial flying.

On the other hand, both Americans and Europeans have been producing motors of 1000 horse power or more for military and experimental use. The racing planes, which are simply experimental machines built for testing equipment, carry engines of such power. The motor builders believe that within five years they will have the internal-combustion engine built up until it is commercially practicable at 1200 horse power.

They say that a number of new things in the automotive sciences may prove worth while in the further improvement of the gasoline engine. The development of chemical liquids for cooling has only begun. One such chemical is said by its sponsors to provide adequate cooling for large cylinders, a quart to a cylinder, and that it is possible to set these cylinders in line in a single row.

The New Order of Engines

The trouble with all air-cooled engines has been the need for presenting each cylinder to the air, and that has hampered the designer in procuring a streamline effect. The same has applied to water-cooled engines, for the big motors required too much jacket space to warrant placing them in line. The result has been a loss of power and speed, at the same time a reduction of paying loads.

When large cylinders can be set in a single row, using about a pound and a half of liquid to a cylinder, the saving in weight and the increase in efficiency will be astonishing. Under the new principle the cylinders will have fins like those on present air-cooled engines, and only the cylinder head will be cooled by chemicals. The slight quantity of liquid needed can be carried in wing radiators, and the width of the engine will then be approximately that of a cylinder. Compared to existing types it will have the streamline qualities of a needle.

Regardless of the development in gasoline engines, there is much promise that other motors will supplant it in certain types of aircraft. Several groups have been working on the Diesel motor. The Packard Motor Car Company some weeks ago flew an airplane powered with its experimental Diesel, an oil-consuming engine in the form of a nine-cylinder air-cooled radial of about 200 horse power and using fuel oil under the injection principle. In Germany, Junkers, long identified with Diesel manufacture for other purposes, has tested a model in the air. It is said that there are several other experiments which promise practical development.

The extent to which the Diesel has been perfected for aircraft use is being maintained a close secret in every plant, for the builders know its value. The difficulty is to produce a practical Diesel which will give at least one horse power for every three pounds of weight. It is one of the most important experiments in the motor field, however, for if and when it is made practical, it will influence materially the design of all planes. It will be more reliable as a power plant. It will have no spark plug and other ignition troubles. It will consume less fuel, hence less weight will be required and heavier paying loads can be carried. The fire hazard, ever-present where gasoline is carried, will be eliminated. There will be less difficulty in cooling the engine, and streamlining will be less of a problem. All parts will be much less delicate. The engine will be much more reliable. Giant planes can traverse vast distances without being forced down by motor trouble, and the much-desired reserve engines can be carried in the larger craft, to be turned on if another is out of order.

A Brighter Outlook

Meanwhile, the designers are using what they have at present. Their chief problem is to carry passengers safely and at a profit. They are equipping the big machines with radio and other navigational aids. The customers are being enticed with minor luxuries—hot and cold running water, food delicacies and a variety of doodads calculated to secure publicity and more patronage.

This human freight must increase at a rapid rate or there will soon be broken hearts among the promoters and the investors. And the energetic young executives know that they must do some mighty tall hustling to get people into the air on the long hauls, over land particularly.

As yet—and the traffic managers themselves are responsible for this statement—the average person buys an air-line ticket simply because he desires to go somewhere in a hurry. They say that only one in twenty flies for the novelty of the thing. Speed is the principal reason why the others become aerial passengers—a desire for speed that is strong enough to overcome or suppress for the time being their instinctive fear of falling from great heights.

On the other hand, we are told that this traffic is not confined to the well-to-do, that all classes are patronizing the transport lines. It encourages the operators. They are convinced that their relatively higher rates will have little influence on the volume of traffic. The average fare is ten cents a mile. The only thing that can reduce it will be full loads for every machine. Operations involve the same expense whether or not a ship is loaded. To break even it requires about six cents a mile for each passenger space.

With capacity loads the companies can now get along on that six cents plus four more to pay for exploitation, reorganization, expansion and new equipment. But, they say, if they can operate whole fleets with the same surface facilities and thereby distribute the overhead among one or two hundred ships, they can make profits at six cents or even five. They hope to be doing that in less than five years.

They believe that a five-cent rate will compare favorably with the three and one-eighth cents which is now the average fare on the railroads and the intercity bus lines in the United States. This reduction and superior speed will enable the big plane to compete seriously with surface transportation.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Mingos. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

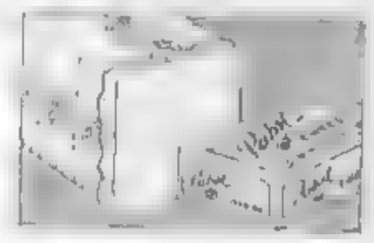
Warm Weather Dishes easy to make

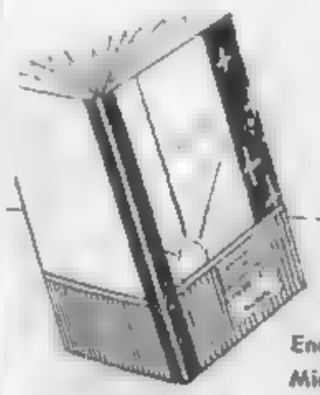
Pabst-ett, the new dairy food, now comes to the front as an ideal food for summer serving . . . . . Put it on the table as Alice Bradley suggests, for spreading like butter, on bread or rolls, biscuits or muffins. Quickly stir up an omelet or make French toast, the tempting Pabst-ett way. For salad greens, serve delicious Pabst-ett French Dressing. If sandwiches are wanted, choose from half a dozen Pabst-ett recipes. Frozen desserts and many other warm weather suggestions are included in the new recipe book by Alice Bradley. Simple dishes a bride can make with excellent results. . . . The intriguing flavor and creamy texture of Pabst-ett are the result of an entirely new process, originated by Pabst. Containing all the elements of milk, this modern food is nourishing and healthful. As digestible as milk . . . Keep this handy food in the house. Half a hundred ways to use it are shown in the new book "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes" by Alice Bradley. Printed in full colors and bound with a stiff cover. Sent to you with a generous trial package of Pabst-ett for 10 cents . . . Mail the coupon today.

Warm Weather Suggestions from the new Pabst-ett Recipe Book

Sandwiches: Celery, Club, Egg, Open with Bacon, Pickle, Sliced Rolled, Toasted Rolled. Cinnamon Toast, Cream Toast, French Toast, French Omelet, Goldenrod Eggs, Corn and Tomato Toast, Pabst-ett Monkey, Salad Loaf, Pineapple Sherbet, Frozen Pabst-ett and Prune Salad, Banbury Tarts.

Pabst-ett comes in the regular family package, and in individual triangular portions. Specially packed in 5-pound containers for Sandwich Shops, Hotels, Schools, Restaurants, Cafeterias, Hospitals. . . . Pabst Cheese, deliciously aged and easily digested, is made in these varieties: Brick, American, Pimento and Swiss, packed in quarter, half pound and two-ounce packages and in five pound loaves; and Limburger in quarter pounds only.





Pabst-ett

PABST CORPORATION,
Dept. A-5, Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed is 10 cents for your booklet, "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes" and a trial package of Pabst-ett.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

The Modern, *Convenient Way*

to Solve Your Garbage Problem

MODERN sanitation demands that garbage be kept out of reach of disease-bearing flies and prowling dogs . . . This suggests the Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver—the modern, convenient way to care for your garbage problem. The Majestic keeps your garbage can down in the ground . . . protected by a steel shell and tight-fitting lid. Both shell and lid are guaranteed not to break or rust out within ten years. Convenient foot-trip makes it easy to put in garbage. Entire top swings back when inner container is removed. Health authorities endorse the Majestic. Sold by hardware and department stores in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons capacity, complete with inner container.

. . . *Another Modern Convenience*

The Majestic Milk and Package Receiver receives deliveries from the outside—you remove them from the inside at your convenience. Saves steps . . . protects from annoyance, intrusion and theft. Outside door locks automatically when closed. Easily installed in new or old homes.

Catalog describing Majestic Underground Garbage Receivers, Milk and Package Receivers, and other Majestic products sent upon request.

Majestic Quality REALLY Costs Less

THE MAJESTIC CO., 129 Erie St., Huntington, Ind.

The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario

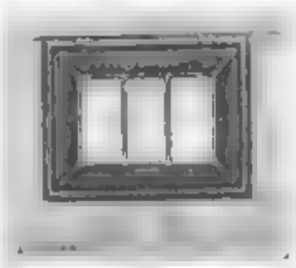
MAJESTIC

UNDERGROUND

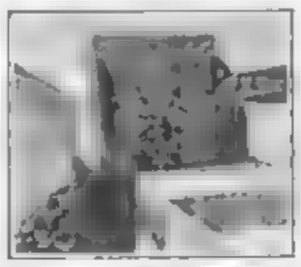
GARBAGE RECEIVER

AND BUILDING SPECIALTIES

OTHER MAJESTIC QUALITY PRODUCTS *for the Home*



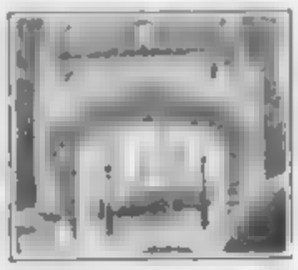
Quality, utility and good design make this coal window a real value



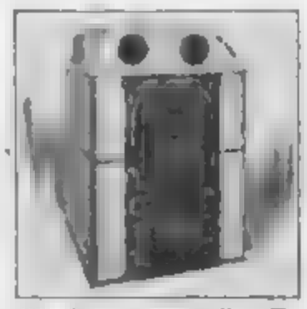
Low foundations have popularized this grade line Majestic coal chute

Plants and flowers thrive in this fashionable wrought metal Majestic flower box

Give your child a place to study—with this attractive, useful student desk

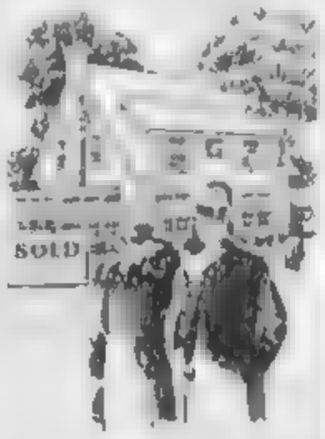


Majestic dampers, ash pit doors and ash dumps insure a correctly built fireplace



The heart of a really efficient heating system—the Master Majestic Down Draft Furnace

Write for full information about any one or all of these Majestic Quality Products for the Home.



GIANTS OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 29)

the broader powers and services signified. With the expansion in the volume of stocks and bonds there is an immense business in what is known as corporate trusts. The trust company or trust department of a bank acts as trustee for security issues, as transfer agent and registrar.

Then, too, the needs of the individual have increased in a financial sense. Formerly he went to the bank only to make deposits and loans, and thus commercial banking so-called filled all his requirements. His investments were in his own business or farm. Now the individual has a surplus to invest in bonds and stocks, which may be purchased from the securities department of the bank. The individual also expects all manner of information and advice from his bank on investment matters, on taxation and the building of estates.

The old-fashioned personal trustee, executor and administrator is disappearing, and people go to banks and trust companies to make their wills, which these institutions are later expected to administer. The growth of wealth multiplies the number of trusts which individuals are able to create, especially as life insurance can be put into this form.

Now the banker cannot be sure which way the cat will jump in the future. But if he covers all branches of financing he feels prepared no matter what turn events may take. Besides, each department acts as a feeder or makes customers for the others. Each of the three kinds of banking finds that it needs the others. The commercial borrower turns to the securities department when he wishes to buy or sell securities or has a whole issue to be underwritten. He makes his trusts with the trust department and arranges his European affairs with the foreign department.

It also works the other way around. The client of the securities or trust department may become a commercial borrower. Or the man who has created a trust may decide a little later to invest funds directly by purchasing bonds and stocks of the securities department. Or another chap, whose only previous relation with the institution has been to buy bonds and stocks, may decide it is time to make a will and create a trust fund to go with it.

The Right Sort of Merger

Thus the idea is not only to secure more customers but to make one customer do the work of two. Or the thought may be expressed in another way by saying that when the needs of the customer change he does not have to go elsewhere. There are churches which boast of being so broad that no one is compelled to leave them because of shifting theology. It is the same with banks.

Now, it is usually expected that a combination of banks, as of other concerns, will save overhead. It is unnecessary to have two separate vaults, credit files and advertising departments. Only the best of the officers and clerks are retained. Dead wood is eliminated. Such, at least, is the pleasant theory. On the other hand, if the banks have conducted a similar class of business in the past, there may be loss from duplicating accounts. If the First National Bank of Four Corners has had accounts in the Fifth and Sixth National Banks of New York, it will not keep both deposits in the combination which results from these two, but will place one of its New York deposits with a rival institution.

Now, the result of this very natural human tendency is to stimulate combinations of banks dissimilar rather than similar in their functions. There is no particular point in four general practitioners forming a clinic or other combine for the practice of group medicine. But there is real usefulness when a general practitioner ties up with a surgeon, a nose and throat specialist and an obstetrician. What is wanted is new connections and new business, not a duplication and consequent loss of business. But new contacts come from comprehensive service.

Thus size alone should not govern. Marriage is not bliss unless it is a suitable union, unless the contracting parties are of use to each other. Like husband and wife, banks must harmonize. Though I have found no end of bankers who deplore the merger tendency in general, I have not discovered a single one who did not readily agree that the right sort of merger is a good thing.

A number of the recent amalgamations on the enormous scale appear to be peculiarly suitable and promising marriages. A trust company with a profitable trust and securities business and well-developed London and Paris branch offices, but practically no commercial banking or out-of-town American correspondents, takes over an old commercial bank with only the rudiments of trust, securities and foreign business, but with numerous rich and profitable commercial customers and literally thousands of out-of-town correspondent bank accounts. There is real economy in being able to round out one's business without all the waste and expense of duplicating what all too many competitors are already doing.

An Improvement on Mr. Smith

But what of the public, what of the customer? Is the bank the only beneficiary of this policy? The departmental banker emphatically answers no. He insists that he can give a more unbiased judgment on a financial problem than a specialized banker, that he is not compelled to hold his customer to one tune. He can settle the problem in the way it should be settled, so he asserts, because he has all the ways of doing it.

I do not deny the existence of drawbacks from the customer's viewpoint in the great bank. Even though the giant institution, whether at its head office or branches, makes a point of catering to the small client and lends as freely as smaller banks, there is a distinct loss of the personal equation. The customer misses seeing the president or other Number One or Two executive. In the small or middle-sized bank the president is available and exhibits an interest in each customer. In the giant bank the average customer sees an assistant cashier, or the manager of a division, or an assistant vice president in charge of all accounts beginning with the letter A and running to E, and he is not sure to see the same man every time. On his second visit there may be a dozen new assistant cashiers. I asked an officer in one of these mammoth concerns to comment on this criticism, which he did as follows:

"The man in the street can go to no one now who can answer his questions fully and make decisions in the old-fashioned offhand way. The vice president who contacts with him now usually can't say yes or no until he has called up the credit man, the security analyst, the tax expert, the insurance specialist, someone in the bond department, and so on, *ad libitum*. Superficially, this seems unfortunate. Actually, the departmentalized and specialized method of doing business vastly reduces the margin of error.

"I can remember when I tried to answer all those questions myself. I can't begin to do it now, but I can pick up my telephone and get the answer from a keen-minded, thoroughly educated specialist who knows more about that particular subject than I ever did or possibly could.

"The criticism we hear rather frequently is: 'I never can find Mr. Smith any more. He is always busy or attending a meeting.' The answer is that the customer learns that one of Mr. Smith's understudies can handle his affairs as well, if not better than Mr. Smith, and if he be wise, he eventually gets acquainted with two or three junior officers,

(Continued on Page 164)

Do you know the fascination of HOME MOVIES . .

the thrill of seeing yourself, your family and your friends on your own home screen?

TIME slides back . . . you live yesterday's happy hours again. That bass desperately fighting . . . baby filling his little pail with sand . . . Dick arching through that cup-winning swan-dive . . . Jane driving a fast one over the net . . . hiking with the Browns. Each vivid moment flashed on your own home screen thrills you anew. Each expression, every action, exciting moments, enchanting scenes . . . all unfold before you exactly as they actually happened. Wouldn't you like to know the fascination of home movies?

Ciné-Kodak Means Simplicity

Thousands of Ciné-Kodak users are making home movies as easily as you make snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you. The result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of home movie cameras.

You need not worry about developing your films. Simply put them back in the yellow carton and mail to us. In a few days you receive them back—and at no further cost because developing is included in the price you pay for the film. Projecting the pictures in your own living room is as easy with the Kodascope as playing a record on a phonograph.

The Ciné-Kodak takes black and white pictures with Ciné-Kodak Safety Film in the familiar yellow carton, both regular and panchromatic.

Keep the fun of this Fourth of July alive forever. See that a Ciné-Kodak goes with you on your trip.

Color Movies, too

Kodacolor—home movies in full color—are easily possible as well. By simply using a Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor, you get all the colors that your eye sees—the most delicate flesh tints—the most brilliant fabric colors—faithfully recorded for all time.

Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200-, and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, costing $7.50 per 100 feet, are available at your dealer's. They add to the pleasure of home movies and become a permanent part of your film library.

Today's happy, thrilling hours to live over again at will . . . a living diary of your family growing up . . . surely you can't afford to let these opportunities slip by. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and let him demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. See how wonderfully the Kodascope projects home movies. In the meantime, clip and mail the coupon for a booklet which tells the complete home movie story. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

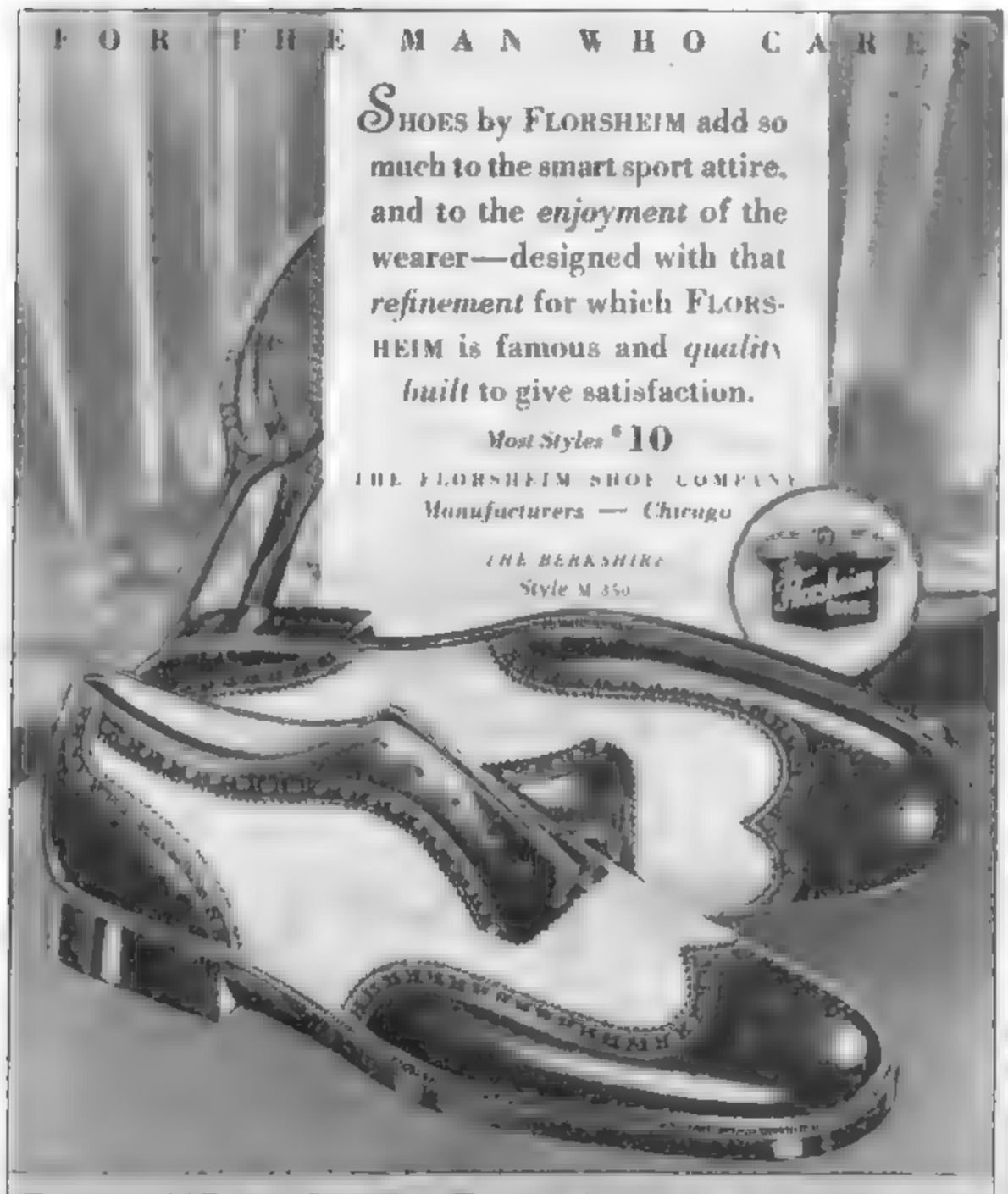
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Dept. 239, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name

Address

City


FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
SHOES by FLORSHEIM add so much to the smart sport attire, and to the enjoyment of the wearer—designed with that refinement for which FLORSHEIM is famous and quality built to give satisfaction.
Most Styles $10
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers — Chicago
THE BERKSHIRE
Style M 350
The FLORSHEIM Shoe

SIMONDS SAWS
MAKE YOUR
PORTABLE RIGS
CUT
BETTER

LEADING manufacturers of electric hand saws and portable rigs—makers of well-known equipment—supply Simonds Circular Saws to insure the performance of the equipment on which they place their names and stake their reputations. The Simonds "60," especially designed for portable rigs, will cut faster and wear longer than other saws. Write for prices.

SIMONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL
SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. Established 1832
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 162)

one of whom will always be ready to take care of him.

"Really, the man in the street can now get a variety of service and judgment based on general and particular knowledge far beyond what he could in the old days. The trouble is he doesn't appreciate this 75 per cent of the time.

"If I understand your questions, you perceive the weakness of the big bank when you ask: 'Can the personal equation be handled all right?' We are just beginning to learn how to run the big banks in this country. In your rambles about the Street in New York, you have heard remarks about the unwieldiness of two of the biggest banks there. Their lack of coördination was very bad a few years ago, but I believe they have developed liaison officers and systems of operation which have done much to obviate the old weakness. I am afraid it is always going to take some years of assimilation before two big banks can hook up and operate smoothly. That is the real objection to consolidations, but of a temporary nature."

Keeping the Hired Help Happy

Perhaps so, and then again, perhaps not. Who knows? There is hardly a day in which application is not made for a new national bank charter on the ground that a particular community is served only by branch banks. Businesses otherwise sound always have failed, and I believe always will, because those in charge could not manage the personal problem, and this applies to big business as well as little. Large, integrated business has enormous advantages, but no man is wise enough or knows enough to say definitely that increasing size does not involve the danger of doing one or more phases poorly. The head of one of New York's Big Three said to me that he saw only one danger in continued consolidation: The difficulty of keeping the personnel interested. "It requires eternal vigilance," he added. The head of one of New York's Big Ten spoke thus:

"The same question you have just asked me, Mr. Atwood—how big will this bank grow—was asked by one of our vice presidents at a recent meeting, and my reply was: 'I cannot answer you in figures, but I can in principle. This bank will grow in size, power and influence just so long as a smaller institution cannot give better service. When I notice a lack of attention and personal contact, then I shall be truly concerned.'"

But are there not still other perils in progressive concentration and size? Might not the necessary critical factors be dimmed somewhat in the giant bank? One cannot but wonder whether there is the same independence in the selection of investments for trust funds and for individuals in the institution which has securities to sell as in that which has none for sale. Of course, if each department is conducted on the principles demanded by that particular type of business, then all will be well. But is there no insidious hazard where the same concern is buyer and seller, debtor and creditor? Is there no danger of it all becoming a matter of pushing different buttons?

Only experience will reveal these defects, if they really exist. Meanwhile the big bank is on its way, if for no other reason, because it saves time for the customer. There is less shopping around than in former days. The value of time and the loss from traffic congestion give the business with a comprehensive line a real appeal. In any case, we are moved to ask how far can or should banks go in catering to the public? Where will this thing stop?

These questions lead in many directions and each clew is worth following. There is the geographical side of it. How much of the world should a bank cover? Then, too, there is the question of whether very small accounts should be sought and, finally, the very provocative issue of whether banks should add to their commercial banking, trust, securities and foreign business two other lines namely, real estate and insurance in all its branches.

Personally I believe that the movement will go much further, and that men like Charles E. Mitchell and A. P. Giannini will be able to put more and more of their ideas into effect. But on the other hand, there are usually several ways of doing business. Fortunately, not all men think the same, and banks, like other institutions, reflect their chiefs. It is not telling secrets or breaking confidences to point out that the two largest banks in the country have quite opposite ideas on these subjects. Each has gone in strongly for the departmental idea, but one believes in extensive branch operation, at home and abroad, and in catering to the smallest of customers. The other prefers large accounts and operations within a more concentrated area.

There are men who do not wish to be worried by what is going on in China or the Philippines, and there are others who feel that they can give better service if they have the contacts and experience of world-wide markets. There are those who regard the small customer as annoyingly expensive and others whose fixed policy is to cultivate him with the idea that he may develop profitably.

Speaking broadly, however, the tendency is for many of the giant banks to absorb small business as well as large. The foremost bank in New York in respect to size has more than 400,000 savings depositors with an average account of less than $300, and the largest bank in Chicago has several hundred thousand savings accounts. The New York institution also has a new personal-loan department which made nearly 30,000 loans averaging around $300 and as low as $50 in its first seven or eight months. The Mellon institutions in Pittsburgh, despite their millionaire associations, have encouraged the smallest of accounts. This has been true also of the huge branch-banking systems of California.

A Finger in Everybody's Pies

This is no place to go into the highly delicate and controversial debate as to whether banks should sell fire, casualty and life insurance. The suggestion is too new and the scattered attempts too slight to form a basis for judgment. But there is far more coöperation than formerly between the trust companies and the trust departments of banks, and life-insurance salesmen.

Eventually even closer relations may develop. After all, the services which a trustee and a life-insurance company sell are very similar.

Trust companies have long had a rather close association with real-estate matters, and now that trust companies and banks are becoming one and the same thing we may expect to see more of the financial side of the real-estate business absorbed as an integral part of banking operations. There is room for improvement in the financing of real estate and building operations, and evidence that more of it will be handled by the banks is welcome.

On every side we have signs of the popularization of banking. On the one hand, it is following the principle of consolidation so broadly applied in the industries. But on the other hand, bank stocks are being passed out to wider circles of owners. No matter how enormous banks become, the epithet of "money trust" can hardly be applied to them in view of the widespread ownership of stock.

The McFadden Act of 1927, which revised the national-banking laws, ended the previous restriction on the par value of national bank shares of $100. There is nothing now to prevent five-dollar or one-dollar par shares. This provision of the law went through with very little discussion or notice, and for a year or so the banks were unmoved by it. But now there seems to be a general tendency to reduce par values, especially where the market price has risen to great heights. If bank stocks are very high, say $1000 or more, only rich men can invest. In one small city a bank could not

get enough directors because of the lofty price which its stock had reached.

But many of the great banks are anxious to increase the number of their stockholders on the theory that these owners will become customers and will drum up other customers. The more share owners the greater the goodwill is the idea. Now, all this is a comparatively new departure in this country. Heretofore, prevailing opinion has favored well-to-do and therefore presumably responsible stockholders. It was felt that public confidence in a bank was inspired by the identification with it of wealthy men. Certainly in times of panic it has been an advantage to a bank to have such people as large stockholders.

Just what would happen to bank stocks and, consequently, to banks in times of financial crisis, with these shares in the hands of Tom, Dick and Harry, no one knows. We have no precedent to go by. But if the particular music ever comes we shall have to face it as best we may. In European countries bank stocks have been widely distributed for some years. In any case, wider distribution here seems inevitable; it is part of the general trend, and where that trend is taking us only omniscience knows, and omniscience does not tell.

There is much to be said for the old-fashioned type of small bank with its rather narrow scope and functions. It did much of its work well and was suited to earlier conditions. But the point had been reached a few years ago, when the integration movement started in earnest, where there were not only far too many separate banks but real confusion in the picture. We had, and still have, too many different kinds of financial institutions. Only an expert could possibly distinguish among them all or know what the story was all about.

There are commercial banks, trust companies, mutual savings banks, private savings banks, underwriting firms, investment houses, bond houses, stockbrokers, building-and-loan associations, loan companies, mortgage lenders, industrial lenders and many others.

There are national banks with affiliated trust companies operating under state charters, and state-chartered trust companies with affiliated national banks. Many trust companies have banking departments and others haven't; there are banks with trust departments and others without. There are banks and trust companies with savings departments and others without.

A Complete Financial Clinic

The mutual, or nonprofit, savings banks may be said as a class to be very safe and strong, although they do not belong to the Federal Reserve System. The profit-making banks and trust companies with savings departments are of all degrees of safety and strength, many being members of the Federal Reserve and many not. On the other hand, member banks are not always necessarily the strongest or nonmember banks the weakest. Still another complication arises from the fact that mutual, or nonprofit, savings banks rarely have extensive city branch systems and offer practically no other banking services, while many of the profit-making banks and trust companies with savings departments have numerous convenient branches and provide other kinds of financial service.

People are becoming tired of going from doctor to doctor for their physical ills and attempting to find out whether each individual is competent. Large, all-around clinics with standardized charges and universally recognized functions and competence are sure to grow up. In the same way the busy man needs a complete financial clinic. The multiplicity of financial institutions has become too confusing, and consequently public ignorance on the subject is colossal. The time is ripe for giants of finance to clarify the situation.

Unfortunately, still further disorder exists because of the dual nature of our banking system. In addition to national banks, first created at the time of the Civil War to aid the Government, we have forty-eight different systems of state banks. National banks are compelled to join the Federal Reserve, but with state banks it is a matter of choice. There are those who say that the variety of forty-eight different kinds of state banks has made for experimentation and progress. Friends of the national banks retort by saying that if Congress had been less narrow in its views and had permitted the national banks to meet new conditions, there would have been no need of the welter of state banks.

In any case, the growth of state institutions in recent years has been much more rapid than that of national. Trust companies are always state chartered, and in many of the combinations between them and national banks, even of the largest, oldest and most famous, the national charter has been abandoned. This is partly due to an unfortunate court decision in one of the states limiting the trust powers of a national bank in case of absorption of a state institution, and partly because the mammoth city banks in a number of cases prefer the more lax regulation of state banking departments to the stricter oversight of the National Government.

To Cross State Lines

The whole tendency seems to me most unfortunate. In case of another war or any other great national calamity the Government would be compelled to have financial instruments upon which it could enforce a policy. Many of the larger state banks belong to the Federal Reserve, but they can leave it at will, and if desertions from the national system continue the Federal Reserve will be undermined. Our early history casts doubt upon the help to be expected from state institutions in time of war. If heavy burdens are to be borne, it is well to have banks which are required to bear them.

If trouble comes again, perhaps the state-chartered banks might voluntarily and patriotically carry the burden. But they could not be compelled to do so as a matter of right. It might be wise for a farsighted Congress to give further advantages to the national system of such a nature as to force the larger banks out of the state systems and into the national. It would take only a slight advantage to do this.

Several of the decisions of Chief Justice Marshall indicate that Congress has the constitutional power to penalize state banks. It might even put a prohibitive tax upon them.

But no such vindictive measure is required. All that Congress need do is to give national banks the exclusive right to establish nation-wide branches, or if this seems too radical, the right to open branches within Federal Reserve districts. In exactly the same way Congress gave national banks the exclusive privilege of note circulation during the Civil War. Of course, Congress could not take away from state legislatures the power of granting branch privileges within state boundaries, but the national banks would have an immense ascendancy by being able to overstep state lines.

Branch banking is certain to spread much further in this country. It is now confined in all manner of artificial ways, but the fatality of economic law and need is sure to break down these restraints. Other countries have adopted branch banking on a nation-wide scale, and other industries here have gone into branch operation either nationally or within great economic zones, regardless of state and municipal lines. The giant city mergers are a step in this direction, for when the laws against branches outside of city limits are revised these big city banks will be ready to extend in all directions.

This is not the place to argue the merits and defects of branch banking. To depend entirely upon branch banks or chain stores might be unfortunate. On the other hand,

(Continued on Page 169)

$15.

Patent Applied for

Adjustable

—from heavy sluicing stream to skin-tingling needle shower———

and self-cleaning

SPEAKMAN, famous for showers, now introduces a new shower head of revolutionary design, finished in Speakman Chromium Plate.

By a convenient lever on this new Speakman shower head, you can make instant adjustment from a heavy, sluicing shower right up to a fine, stinging needle-spray!

And, best news of all for people with stopped-up showers, this new Speakman shower is self-cleaning. Just a turn of the lever flushes all sediment away!

The ingenuity, workmanship and beauty of the new Speakman shower are characteristic of all Speakman Showers and Fixtures for wash stands, bathtubs and kitchen sinks. Speakman Showers and Fixtures come in matched sets, in a number of exquisite designs and in the superior Speakman Chromium Plate and gold plate.

See your plumber. *He can put a new Speakman self-cleaning shower head on your present shower,* or furnish you with a complete Speakman installation. If you have any difficulty in finding Speakman products, write Speakman Company, Wilmington, Del.

A turn of the lever sluices all sediment away.

Another turn of the lever gives a normal spray.

Or you can adjust to a veritable stinging needle shower.

This complete Speakman Shower, K1035M, with the new self-cleaning head, in Speakman Chromium Plate. Price $75.00.

SPEAKMAN

SHOWERS & FIXTURES

Because of BALANCED UNITS

As the tone of a fine orchestra can only be clear if all its instruments are perfectly balanced, so clearness of tone of a radio receiver is in proportion to the balance of its units. By extraordinary engineering, Philco has attained a precise electrical balance that results in radio tone of revolutionary clearness, richness, fullness. See a Philco dealer now for a free trial in your home.

"...AND THEN HE GOT A PHILCO"

PHILCO all-electric radio brings clearer tone, more stations and greater distance

HERE it is at last, the quality of reception you have hoped for since the miracle of radio. Mounted in exquisite cabinets, Philco now offers two marvelous new all-electric chassis with every part perfectly balanced, at amazingly low prices.

THE TRUEST TONE IN RADIO HISTORY. Through the *Electro*-Dynamic Speaker of this new Philco, the glory of the piano comes in all its splendor. You hear the rumble of the bass as clearly as the tinkle of the treble. The rich, round notes of a great baritone are transmitted as though the singer himself stood in your living room. And so, too, with the orchestra. Every instrument in the ensemble: saxophone and violin, banjo and clarinet, no matter how high or low the pitch, the program comes through in all its true tone color and without blur, without distortion.

ALL THE MUSIC THAT'S ON THE AIR. Under equal conditions, we believe the new Philco Neutrodyne-Plus will outreach any set on the market. Hundreds of enthusiastic Philco owners have written to tell us how they got Japan, Mexico, Cuba, Canada, England, etc.! Under favorable conditions, 110 stations seem to be well within the Philco range. One owner reports he has actually logged 379. How many can you get with your present set?

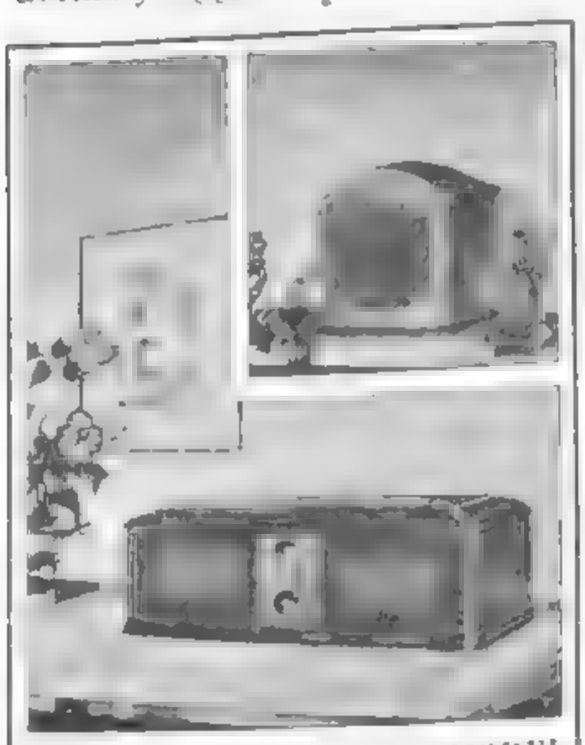
BEAUTIFUL CABINET DESIGNS. You will be proud to have the new Philco cabinets in your home. The work of America's leading furniture designers, they are handsomely carved and beautifully inlaid, giving the impression of great costliness. Actually, however, they are priced so low you can easily afford to have two Philcos in your home—one upstairs and one down.

BE SURE TO HEAR THE NEW PHILCO BEFORE YOU BUY ANY RADIO

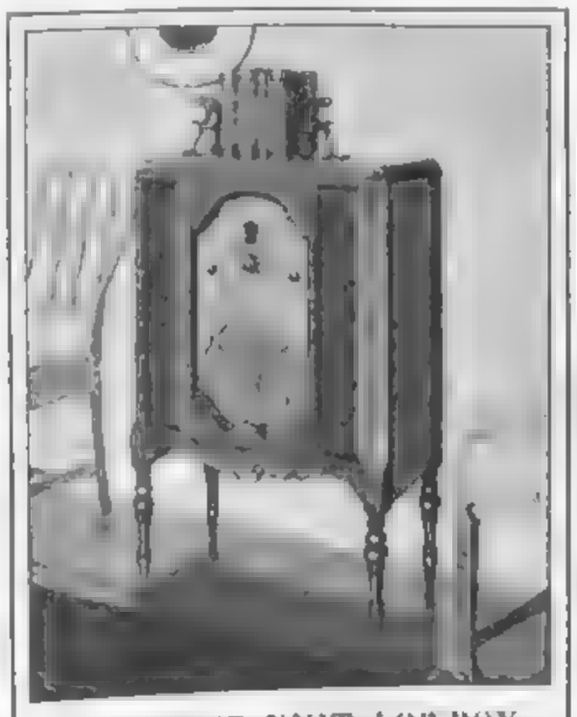
And you can hear it on free trial! We want you to hear the new Philco perform in your own home under the same conditions it will encounter in actual use. No matter where you live, there is a Philco dealer near you and he will gladly offer you a free trial without the slightest obligation to buy. When you compare the tone of this set with any you have ever heard, when you see its great selectivity, when you bring in station after station you have never been able to get before, then will you realize its tremendous value; then you will want this new Balanced-Unit Philco for your own. Your local Philco dealer can arrange easy payments for your convenience.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

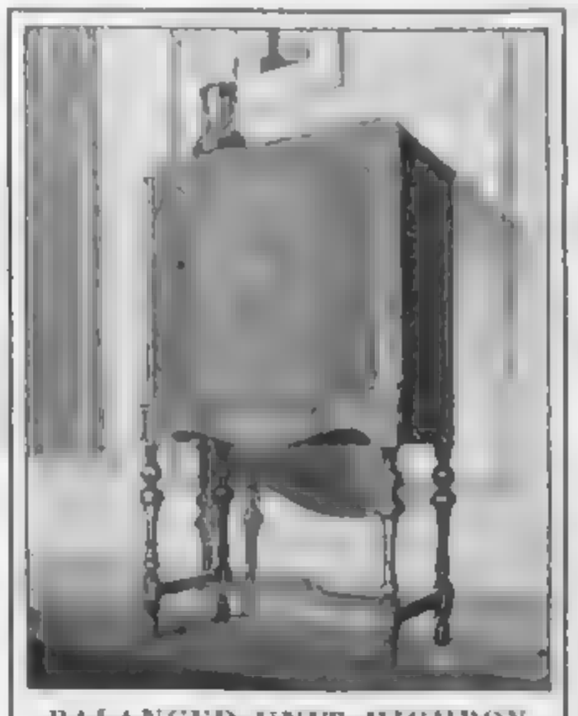
Makers also of the famous Philco Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Marine Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.



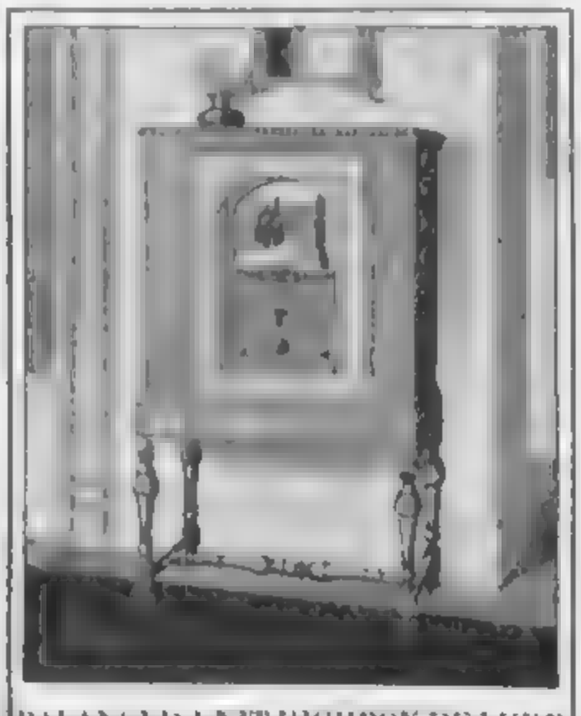
BALANCED-UNIT TABLE MODEL
Electro-Dynamic Speaker
$32.50
Screen Grid Receiver
$67.00



BALANCED-UNIT LOWBOY
Neutrodyne-Plus
$129.50
Screen Grid
$119.50



BALANCED-UNIT HIGHBOY
Neutrodyne-Plus
$149.50
Screen Grid
$139.50



BALANCED-UNIT HIGHBOY DE LUXE
Neutrodyne-Plus
$205.00
Screen Grid
$195.00

Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West.

Every Philco set equipped with genuine *electro*-dynamic speaker and Acoustic Equalizers, and balanced to use two of the wonderful new 245 power tubes with push-pull amplification

Tune in the Philco Hour every Friday night, 9.30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time

DOES YOUR NATIONAL LIST

detour

THE REAL FARM MARKET?

TOO MANY national advertisers trust to luck that their story, as told in the general magazines, will reach the farmer. They know well enough that the purchasing power of the farm market is measured in billions of dollars. They have seen the automobile break down the ancient barriers of isolation and put the average farm within twenty minutes of town and city. They know that good stores in these very places carry their products; yet they do not realize that to reach the customers in the country they must take the direct route to their homes.

A detour always takes you off the main road.

General magazines miss the real country market because they do not have sufficient country coverage to influence enough people. The farm is both a home and a place of business. By choice the farmer reads the magazine whose editorial content at once recognizes his business problems and understands his mental outlook. Its advertising pages suggest purchases which are decided upon, most often, by the family in council. The sale is virtually made before the farmer starts out to buy.

In a-million-and-a-half homes, among the most prosperous farmers in America, *The Farm Journal* is a welcome visitor. It has sought out especially the fertile acres where the real farm money is made. *The Farm Journal* raises more little red flags on farmers' mail boxes than any other publication in America. An authentic farm magazine, *The Farm Journal* carries your message by the straight road to the farmer's door. With precision and without waste, it reaches the last remaining virgin market. No national magazine list is complete without it.

The farmer is a millionaire purchaser of foods. Every year he buys some 255 million packages of prepared breakfast foods. His potential consumption is much greater. 183 million pounds of coffee is poured into his coffee pot. Nearly five and a half million boxes of citrus fruit go into farm pantries. Farm wives are beginning to find it more economical to buy foods already canned than to preserve them.

Other industries fare equally well. The farmer buys automobiles, clothes, shoes, soap, paint and other generally used items in million quantities. His wife purchases millions of dollars worth of cosmetics, home furnishings and household appliances. *The Farm Journal* family is a bigger consumer than the average city family.

Would you like to know the purchasing power of the farm market as applied to your particular product? We would be glad to make a study of facts showing the power of *The Farm Journal* towards broadening your market and increasing your sales. There is no obligation—not even a salesman's call unless you request it. Write to *The Farm Journal*, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

NATIONAL

THE Farm Journal

Reaches 1,500,000 *Modern Prosperous Homes*

(Continued from Page 165)

to legislate, as at present, against branches is much like trying to confine transportation to the horse and buggy. The present restrictions are artificial and therefore cannot endure. New York City banks can establish branches in Asia and Africa, but not in towns a few miles away.

In the meantime "While branch banking in the proper sense is held in abeyance," to use the words of Charles W. Collins, former First Deputy Comptroller of the Currency and the man who drafted the McFadden Banking Act, "the demand for its advantages is beginning to be met by chain or group banking, which is lacking in the economy, responsibility and flexibility of branch operation, but is the only available legal method." This type of banking is spreading all over the country. It assumes bewildering variety of form and lacks the open character of branch operation.

But in general, a holding company associated with an ambitious city bank buys up a stock interest—usually a controlling interest—in numerous smaller banks in towns in the same economic zone. Each bank remains a separate corporation with a separate board of directors. Such devices are plainly open to abuse in the hands of irresponsible parties, but no one sees any way of preventing groups or chain banking except by permission to engage in branch banking, which most authorities regard as more responsive to suitable control and less open to suspicion.

Yet the reasons for forming groups often reflect credit upon the organizers. In several cases in the West the motive has been to restore confidence in small banks which the public no longer trusted. In other places the motives are quite different, but just as honorable. There are large cities whose political boundaries conform with economic lines, and others where such is not the case. The permission to engage in branch banking within city limits is, therefore, a much more substantial privilege in one large city than in another. Where political boundary lines are unduly restricted the handicap may be partly overcome by group banking.

Another most interesting reason for group banking is the greater ease in securing the accounts of chain-store operators. There is economy of time and effort for these corporations to do their banking with a group of banks rather than with many separate small units. The economy is on both sides. The time of the chain-store operator is saved, and solicitors for a group of banks represent many employers instead of one.

It is significant that the small country banks are becoming anxious to join these groups, and it is said that one Northwestern holding company refused the applications of 200 units to come in under the big tent, choosing only the strongest. Opposition to such groupings is weakened by the fact that often the country banker is enabled to sell out at a profit.

Branch banking on a nation-wide scale, or at least within the limits of Federal Reserve districts, might be under way by now if it had not been for the opposition of the little bankers. But these are being bought up by the groups, and their lessened opposition will in time be reflected in legislative halls. Thus the way is being paved for far-flung branch banking. The advantage of confining it for a time at least to Federal Reserve districts would be that New York and Chicago would not then monopolize the great banks. Other sections also would have billion-dollar institutions.

It seems only a few years ago when $100,000,000 was the standard for a giant of finance, and now the figure has changed to $1,000,000,000. Mr. Collins predicts that before long we will have banks with $1,000,000,000 capital and $10,000,000,000 resources. He also declares that under a nation-wide branch-banking system the country could support 100,000 banking locations or branches better than it can support more than 20,000 separate banks as at present.

These are dizzy figures, yet we can imagine no more radical changes in the future than those of the recent past. But will the public put up with such daring concentration? The element of competition is always present. No one has a monopoly on departmental or branch banking; they are not protected by patents or tariffs. Nor is credit so protected; it will flow from other countries if rates here are prohibitive.

Great power, it is true, carries the seeds of abuse. But the Big Five of England do not seem to have abused their strength. The chairmen of these far-flung enterprises are men of statesmanlike attitude. Big banks in this country may produce big men. Let us hope so.

WAR PROPAGANDA

(Continued from Page 21)

embargo on arms, no protest against any pro-British measure advocated in Congress or elsewhere, without O'Leary. Fearless, a brilliant orator, handsome and dashing, O'Leary was a thorn in the flesh of the Administration. Wittingly or unwittingly, O'Leary and his group constituted the shock troops of German propaganda.

"At the beginning of the war," Bernstorff observes—in a report to his government which fell into the hands of the Department of Justice—Bielaski Exhibit No. 82. Brewing and Liquor Interests and German Propaganda, Vol. 11—"many things were undertaken by the German propaganda which would never have been undertaken if we could have seen that the war would be so long, because" he pathetically adds, reiterating his complaint to me, "nothing for long can be kept secret in America. Since the Lusitania case," the ambassador continues, "we have strictly confined ourselves to such propaganda as cannot hurt us if it becomes known." This no doubt refers to the activities of the University League and the milk committee. "The sole exception," Bernstorff goes on to say, "is perhaps the Peace Propaganda, which has cost the largest amount, but which also has been the most successful. Latterly, I have been using the Embargo Conference and some entirely reliable private intermediaries."

By Joining With the Jingoes

Side by side with the attempt to gain the support of pacifists went the attempt to foment strikes in munition plants. The discovery of this "propaganda of action" contributed to the recall of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Doctor Dumba. In a letter from Dumba to Baron von Burian, Doctor Dumba writes: "Only a certain amount should be given at first, and a larger sum in the case of success, or of a serious strike, or the formation of a union."

Captain von Papen, the German military attaché, intrusted the messenger who carried the Dumba letter with a note to his wife which contained the now immortal phrase "these idiotic Yankees." The British newspapers reprinted Von Papen's letter with howls of delight. It did not add to the popularity of the German military attaché, who was shortly afterward withdrawn at the request of the American Government.

One of the forms which the campaign among foreign-born munition workers assumed appears from a moving-picture scenario financed by the Austro-Hungarian Government. This play showed Austro-Hungarian workmen making the shells which kill their relatives on the other side of the ocean. In one scene the munitions factory burns down. The fire is attributed to a rival manufacturer. But the suggestion is obvious.

No peace propaganda could compete successfully with high wages. The peace campaign of the propagandists was more effective than clumsy attempts to create strikes.

The argument of the propagandists that the Allies were the main stumblingblock to peace won many adherents to their cause who were not pro-German. Bernstorff was right in boasting of the success of this campaign. It was one of the few efforts made by the Germans which alarmed Sir Edward Grey. They succeeded in convincing millions of Americans in no way connected with German propaganda that humanity clamored for an embargo on arms.

Propaganda assumed even more dangerous forms. In order to keep American ammunition at home, the Germans attempted to divert our activities into other channels. Their propagandists skillfully exploited the execution of Roger Casement and the Irish Revolution in the hope of embroiling the United States in some way with Great Britain. They undoubtedly succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of some of the powerful Irish-American organizations.

Canada, too, seemed to offer alluring prospects. European states build up their empires by robbing their neighbors. It seemed natural to diplomats of the old school to attribute the same disposition to the United States. In the very beginning of the war some Herr Geheimrat conceived the fantastic idea that England's extremity was America's opportunity to annex Canada. He inspired an article suggesting a German-American and Irish-American expedition with the connivance of the American Government. The article was never printed, but a copy of it fell into the hands of the British censor, who used it effectively to intensify ill-feeling against the Germans.

Berlin encouraged Mexico in its intransigent attitude toward the American Government, while German agents here discussed ways and means of inflaming public opinion in the United States against Mexico and Japan.

Joining hands with our own jingoes, they held out to us as a bait the mastery of the Pacific. Serious trouble with Mexico or the menace of a war with Japan would have effectively stopped all shipments of arms from the United States.

The Zimmerman Note

The German intrigue in regard to Mexico and Japan reached its climax with the publication of the famous Zimmerman note, urging Mexico to reconquer her "lost provinces," New Mexico, Texas and Arizona, and to enter an alliance with Japan against the United States. This note was sent to Mexico through three or four different channels. Every one of the channels was watched by the British, who decoded the message and transmitted the German note to the State Department.

The German Foreign Office, having lost its head completely, violated the confidence of the American Government by adding this note as an appendix to a code message forwarded to Count Bernstorff through the courtesy of the American Embassy in Berlin.

The Zimmerman note astounded the American people. Its publication rendered the rupture of relations with the United States inevitable. The German propaganda cabinet was scattered. Bernstorff, who was still pinning his faith on Wilson to keep us out of the war, was on the high seas. William Bayard Hale had severed his connection with the German Government and had accepted a position as the European chief of staff of an important American newspaper organization. When Doctor Hale saw this story reprinted in the Berlin press he straightway went to the

When the little lever is down, you know the bottle is air tight—perfectly sealed

THE CROWNING GLORY FOR ALL FINE PRODUCTS

The Cap with the Little Lever

This distinctive cap is found only on the finest products made. Look for it when buying. It is a definite mark of quality and distinction, for Kork-N-Seal is the highest priced cap made.

Kork-N-Seal comes off easily. It can be opened with one hand and without the use of tools or openers. Equally important is the fact that it always re-seals perfectly as long as there is a drop of the product left in the bottle or can.

That is why manufacturers, who have the greatest pride in their product and who recognize the importance of supplying you with the greatest amount of convenience, use and feature Kork-N-Seal as the perfect cap for sealing and re-sealing.

So look for the cap with the little lever when buying products in bottles or cans. Then buy that product with perfect confidence in its quality and assurance of utmost convenience in using it.

WILLIAMS SEALING CORPORATION
Decatur, Illinois

New York Boston Chicago
San Francisco London Paris

Williams
KORK-N-SEAL
© 1929, W. S. Corp. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
THE CAP WITH THE LITTLE LEVER

R·I·G·H·T *from* D·I·X·I·E

"The Nickel Lunch"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In old Virginia! "Dar's whar de cotton, cawn and Planters Peanuts grow." And as everyone knows, Virginia's sunny fields produce the biggest, plumpest, tastiest peanuts in the world. The finest are saved for Planters—fresh-roasted, salted. *"The Nickel Lunch."* 5 cents everywhere. Sold only in the glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Eleanor Brown Earns Her Own Smart Clothes
So Can You!

Eleanor Brown is like every fun-loving girl—she's always seeing attractive frocks and hats and gay little luxuries that she wants. And she's been buying those lovely "desirables" for eight years *with her own money earned in her spare time.*

Miss Brown has earned as much as $6.00—enough to purchase a clever-looking hat—in a single day. Her bank account has been increased by $250.00 in a few short months.

She had had no previous experience or training, yet she began tucking those extra dollars into her purse, immediately. And she did this easily, too, by introducing the Curtis Publications to her friends and neighbors in a pleasant, dignified way.

Ask Us How!

Wouldn't you also like to sell your spare hours—and minutes—for shining dollars? You can easily find out about our cash earning plan. Simply fill in and mail this coupon today!

The Curtis Publishing Company
346 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How, like Eleanor Brown, may I earn money for extras? I understand that there are no obligations in asking.

Name .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

Town .....

State ..... Age. ..

Wilhelmstrasse and called upon the Secretary of State. He did not ask Doctor Zimmerman if the story were true.

With true diplomatic finesse, he said: "Of course Your Excellency will deny this story."

"How can I?" said Zimmerman, wringing his hands. "It is true."

I learned afterward that the harebrained scheme of the Mexican-Japanese alliance had originated in the brain of some minor official of the German Foreign office. It was not original with Zimmerman, although having signed it, he assumed the responsibility for it. If he had denied it, thousands of pro-Germans in the United States and elsewhere would have believed him.

Zimmerman's admission ended pro-Germanism in the United States. "We cannot," said Viereck, "remain the friends of a country that is plotting to destroy our own." The Zimmerman note marks the final debacle of German propaganda in the United States.

All propaganda emanating from Berlin suffered from the absence of a highly developed press section under the auspices of the Foreign Office. The Reichstag failed to vote sufficient funds for the purpose because the press was looked upon as a partisan instrument. Both Colonel Nicolai, the German secret-service chief, and the Kaiser, in a conversation with his aide and apologist, Colonel Niemann, denounce the stinginess of the Reichstag in providing funds for secret purposes. The so-called Reptile Fund of the Foreign Office—a name invented by Bismarck to designate the amount at his disposal to "persuade" the newspapers was insignificant. The Germans paid for their failure to cultivate propaganda sense. They wasted large amounts of money because they lacked the training and the experience.

George Creel, one-time chairman of the Committee on Public Information, claims that Germany spent $500,000,000 in Russia alone for propaganda purposes. He estimates the expenses in Spain at $60,000,000. The sum spent in Mexico ran into millions. "I know," Creel insists, "that they owned or subsidized dailies in most of the important cities of Spain, South America, the Orient, Scandinavia, Switzerland and Holland; that their publications, issued in every language, ran from costly brochures to the most expensive books and albums; that they thought nothing of paying $25,000 for a hole-in-the-wall picture house."

No Real Effect

Bruce Bielaski, the wartime chief of the Intelligence Division of the Department of Justice, informed the United States Senate that the Germans spent approximately $1,800,000 in the United States on Bolo Pasha, to break the morale of France. The total receipts of Doctor Albert's office, of which a record exists, were $27,850,000. One independent agent spent nearly $400,000 in one organization. It is difficult to estimate the exact sum appropriated by the Germans for American propaganda. Albert's was not the only fund which could be drawn on, although it was undoubtedly the most important. Doctor Albert's funds served many purposes. It is not possible to separate amounts spent for propaganda from other expenditures.

Though the Allies praised German propaganda, the Germans themselves deprecated its effectiveness. "German propaganda," writes Ludendorff in his memoirs, "was only kept going with difficulty. In spite of all our efforts, its achievements, in comparison to the magnitude of the task, were inadequate. We produced no real effect on the enemy peoples." Count Bernstorff, formerly Germany's Ambassador in Washington, now her spokesman in Geneva, admits that the German press service never succeeded in adapting itself to American requirements. He points out that news dispatches from Germany showed a complete lack of understanding of American psychology. "The American character," he says, "is by no means so dry and calculating as the German picture of an American business man usually represents. The outstanding characteristic of the average American is rather a great, even though superficial, sentimentality. There is no news for which a way cannot be guaranteed through the whole country, if clothed in a sentimental form."

Germany's enemies, Count Bernstorff laments, exploited this circumstance with the greatest refinement in the case of the German invasion of Belgium and other incidents. Those who had charge of the Berlin propaganda, Bernstorff points out, made very little of such occurrences on the enemy side, as the violation of Greece, the bombing of Corpus Christi procession in Karlsruhe, and so on. "One thing," Bernstorff adds, "that would have exerted a tremendous influence in America, if its publicity had been handled with only average skill, was the suffering of our children, women and old people, as a result of the British hunger blockade that they have made no attempt to bring to the notice of the world." This is undoubtedly a reference to the milk propaganda, so propitiously begun by Bernstorff and so sternly squelched by the iron hand of the General Staff

Selling False Clews to the Enemy

The Germans were amateurs compared with the British. Nevertheless, German propaganda in the United States cannot be pronounced a failure if its object was to keep America out of the war from 1914 to April, 1917.

There was at least one moment when German propaganda almost succeeded in barring American passengers from all ships—armed for defense or otherwise—under the flag of the Allies. German propaganda, in spite of handicaps and misfortunes, in spite of blunders at home and abroad, in spite of the indiscretion of Boy-Ed and Von Papen, and the loss of the Albert portfolio, kept American sentiment divided, even after the Lusitania, and played an important part in the presidential campaign of 1916.

"No one knew our secret," said the head of the British secret service and the secret head of British propaganda in the United States. "The Germans thought they had a blue print of our organization, but they were soon disillusioned. I sold them our plans, taking good care to mention as our agents people active in our behalf who were not really connected with us at all The Germans paid handsomely for the hoax. They followed the false clews I gave them, leaving my hands free."

It is the fashion in certain quarters to deny the existence of British propaganda in the United States. This denial is withered by the evidence. The conservative Encyclopædia Britannica treats British propaganda as a historical fact. Every government, it admits, had a regular wireless service. Large sums of money were spent on cables and on subsidizing neutral newspapers. News agencies were started in camouflaged form. In some cases new journals and illustrated periodicals were published. Every embassy and legation, this British authority goes on to say, was a propaganda center in some form or other. Agents of every sort, including neutrals and, in some cases, enemy subjects, were intrusted with the work of organized propaganda.

The New Statesman—London—deprecates the wisdom of "the elaborate pretense of doing nothing officially when evidences of an extensive activity are evident everywhere. Americans," the British periodical insists, "suspect the British control of American newspapers. Much of the writing and speaking in behalf of England has been of a kind which should be condemned by anyone possessing a fair knowledge of the American mind and temperament."

Great Britain may disown some of her propagandists. She cannot deny their propaganda. Sir William Wiseman chooses to regard his own activities until 1917 as

(Continued on Page 173)

THIS MAP PROVES
that Nature played Favorites

1 *In* South Africa, *the finest blue-white diamonds are found*

2 *In* Northern Italy *is quarried flawless Carrara marble*

3 *From* Eastern Russia *comes Kubanka, the hardiest wheat in the world*

4 *In* England *are found the finest porcelain clays*

5 *From this one district comes the finest of all crude oils*

PURE PENNSYLVANIA

5

From this one district comes the finest of all crude oils

PURE PENNSYLVANIA

Mother Nature did not endow all her creations with equal quality. Instead, she followed a system of "good-better-best" — she played favorites. That is why, of the world's diamond fields, the one in South Africa produces the most perfect gems. That is why, of all the crude oil fields, that in western New York, western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and southeastern Ohio produces the finest of all crude oils—Pennsylvania Grade Crude!

Nature made this one crude of finer materials—unsullied by tar, asphalt and sulphur compounds. She endowed it with a degree of oiliness unlike any other crude.

You might expect then that finished oils made from this crude would be superior in quality. And they are! Given proper refining, Pennsylvania Grade Crude yields the world's finest lubricants. Used in automobile, airplane, tractor or motor boat engine, in locomotive, turbine or stationary machinery—these lubricants give better service, longer service.

For they do not break down under sustained heat—they stand up! In an automobile motor, they give, under normal conditions, at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication to a filling. They effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption, insure longer life for your motor.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil, along with the maker's individual brand or trade mark. This emblem is your proof that the oil is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The individual brand or trade mark is your assurance of careful refining.

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
114 Center St., Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."

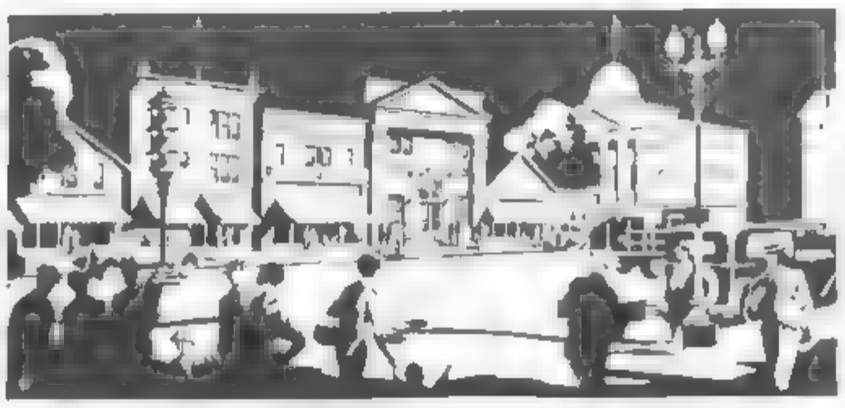
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

1928—(Copyright)

Cross P G C O A.



The Small Town Turns a Corner

AMERICA in 1912 faced a critical problem. Her industrial progress, remarkable as it was, contained the threat of its own futility. It had the menacing defect of *concentration.* One far-sighted industrialist asked:

"Is American progress to be along the same lines followed during the past century? And if so, will the evils of our times continue to grow along with the good? Will our cities grow larger and larger? Our streets more congested? Our slums more crowded? Are workmen to become more and more dependent upon highly specialized jobs and increasingly at the mercy of trade conditions? Is the drain on our rural districts to grow more and more unsatisfactory?"

Looking back, it is evident that the suction of industry from the countryside into the crowded cities was largely the result of a concentrated power supply.

At the very time that the problem approached its crux the technique of electric power distribution was brought to a stage where widespread diffusion of power was feasible. The Middle West Utilities System was the first of the organizations formed to give effect to this development. Its avowed purpose was to provide small town and countryside with the quality of electric power—and at a comparable cost—which up to that time had been available only in the larger cities. Its formation in 1912 was singularly opportune and in keeping with the needs of the time.

Today, the scattered communities of the countryside have a power supply comparable to that of the great metropolitan centers, brought by widespread transmission systems. Power and transportation are so widely distributed that industries are free to locate almost anywhere. Self-interest directs them to the small town. Hence the new industrial growth in America's small communities today.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

Middle West Utilities Company

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

(Continued from Page 170

"counter propaganda." Propaganda remains propaganda, even if it is ostensibly "unofficial." Unofficial activities are sometimes more important than official activities. It is not the gold braid that makes the ambassador. It is not the seal of office that makes the Secretary of State. If Colonel House was the unofficial Secretary of State, Sir William was the informal Ambassador of Great Britain. Both had the key to the White House. Both consulted almost daily in 1917.

"All the roads lead ultimately to Magnolia," said Lord Northcliffe, propagandist in chief of the British Empire, on a tour of inspection in the United States. Magnolia was the summer residence of Colonel House. A private wire ran from the study of Colonel House to the State Department.

"It is only necessary to lift off the receiver and I reach Polk's desk immediately," said the colonel.

"Sir William Wiseman," cabled Lord Northcliffe to Winston Churchill, "is the only person who has access to Wilson and House at all times. He had an hour and a half with Wilson last week and a day with House. The Administration is entirely run by these two men. Wilson's power is absolute and House is a wise assistant. Both are pro-English."

Lord Northcliffe was a living dynamo, charging British propaganda throughout the world with his own restless energy. Sir William is what we Americans call a "live wire." Subtle, shrewd, unobtrusive, he directed the forces of British propaganda from behind the scenes. Its spokesman in public after April, 1917, was a Cambridge professor, Sir Geoffrey Butler. Butler represented the Ministry of Information. He was assisted by Henry Good, Louis Tracy, the British novelist, and others in the task of swaying American public opinion.

Before April, 1917, British propaganda was officially nonexistent. Unofficially it was in the hands of Sir Gilbert Parker, author of The Seats of the Mighty. For a person who did not exist, Sir Gilbert Parker evinced a vitality that is astounding.

British propaganda, spreading its web from London, was active at all times, before, during and after the war. The navy and the army immediately organized departments designed primarily for propaganda at the front and behind enemy lines. An official press bureau was started in 1914. Some of these efforts were correlated subsequently by the Department of Information, founded in January, 1917, by Colonel Buchan and an advisory committee. This committee included Lord Northcliffe. It was strengthened subsequently by the addition of Lord Beaverbrook and Sir George, now Lord, Riddell.

Northcliffe's Hardest Job

In 1918 Beaverbrook took over the new Ministry of Information. Lord Northcliffe was made Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries. Directors for neutral countries and for film propaganda were also appointed. Before taking up his official duties Northcliffe made an excursion to the United States. Arriving here with a British mission, he immediately consulted with Wiseman how to make British propaganda in America more effective. "I never," he declared afterward, "worked so hard in my life."

After his return to London from his American trip, Lord Northcliffe established a propaganda machine at Crewe House. The secrets of British propaganda in enemy countries, a propaganda emanating from Crewe House, have been exposed by Sir Campbell Stuart, second in command after Northcliffe. The story of British propaganda in the United States, with the exception of a chapter here and there, remained a sealed book until now.

The Germans lost portfolios. Their correspondence was subpœnaed, ransacked and stolen. Their secrets were shouted from the housetops. They were subjected to every possible scrutiny by official and unofficial agencies. There is very little that we do not know about their activities.

The name of everyone associated with German propaganda was bandied about in the press. Bank records were probed by expert accountants. Checks payable to German agents were reproduced in pictures and in public records. Statements of public officials, not always overscrupulous, and debates in legislatures gave immunity to accusations which were not always susceptible of proof. After our entrance into the war any attack on a pro-German was, so to speak, privileged. The Allies suffered from no such handicap.

It would be easy to name dozens of men who were in fact British, French and Russian agents. But such revelations would not be privileged. That is the chief reason why Allied propaganda has never been fully exposed. Owing to the more favorable conditions under which Allied propagandists labored, their blunders were rarely detected or they were glossed over for reasons of policy and state.

In the Prompter's Box

The ink was hardly dry on the declaration of war between England and the Central Powers when Sir Gilbert Parker seized the reins of British propaganda in the United States. The scope of his department was very extensive and his activities ranged over many fields. While Doctor Fuehr was preparing weekly reports to Berlin on the subject of public opinion in the United States, Sir Gilbert prepared similar reports for the British cabinet. He kept in constant touch with the prominent correspondents of American newspapers in England. He arranged interviews for American newspapermen with Lloyd George, Viscount Grey, Balfour, Bonar Law, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Robert Cecil, Austen Chamberlain, Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, Lord Gladstone, Lord Haldane, Henry James, John Redmond, Mr. Selfridge, the department-store king, Israel Zangwill, Mrs. Humphry Ward and fully a hundred others.

British propaganda supplied 360 newspapers in the United States with an English newspaper which gave a weekly review and comment on the affairs of the war. It established connection with the man in the street through moving pictures of the army and navy. Like German propaganda, it cultivated the article and the pamphlet. It made a point of writing letters to the editor in reply to individual American critics. These letters were printed in the chief newspaper in the city in which the critics lived and were frequently copied elsewhere. I have already described similar activities by Germans. The British, like the Germans, advised and stimulated many people to write. They utilized the friendly services and assistance of confidential friends.

At his headquarters in New York, Sir Gilbert Parker received, constantly, reports from important Americans. He engaged personally or through his agents in a wide-flung correspondence with influential and eminent people in the United States, especially university men and college professors. Fishers of men, the propagandists neglected no profession or situation.

Through friends and correspondents, Sir Gilbert Parker arranged speeches, debates and lectures by American citizens. He did not encourage Britishers to preach the doctrine of American participation. He preferred to be the prompter concealed in his box, to whom the American actors on the stage looked for their cues.

Like the Germans, Sir Gilbert assiduously distributed documents and literature to a great number of libraries, universities, colleges, historical societies, clubs and newspapers. His delicate task was facilitated by his acquaintances in the United States and his literary prestige.

The Germans coöperated with their various Deutsche Vereins. Sir Gilbert enlisted the coöperation of the Society of Pilgrims. He helped to establish the American Officers' Club in Lord Leconfield's

A Brown Shoe
They meet punishment with a smile that won't wear off!
BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM INFANCY TO COLLEGE AGE
Brown Shoe Company
MANUFACTURERS
ST LOUIS

Scripto
The LONG LEAD PENCIL
~always sharp
NOW 10¢

The efficient, economical pencil for office, school, home—and wherever pencils are used.

Loads with 4½-inch lead. Propels, repels and expels by the simple turn of the ferrule. Made of wood—with all working parts of metal. Finished in glossy celluloid enamel, in black, red, blue, green, yellow or purple. Complete with hexagon pocket clip

Three Sizes

Pocket Model—with clip (takes 4½" lead) 10¢
Purse Model (takes 3⅝" lead) 10¢
Desk Model (takes 7½" lead) 15¢

Scripto Long-Leads

Smooth strong uniform non-smearing. Can be had in ten degrees of black and in ten colors. Packed in attractive boxes, 10¢ and 15¢ per box

Scripto Erasers

As necessary as extra leads. Excellent quality. Each mounted in metal jacket. Box of six erasers, 10¢.

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

Ask Your Dealer for Scripto Pencils, Long-Leads and Erasers. If he hasn't them, write us for name of dealer who has.

Scripto Manufacturing Co.
Dept. P6-a, ATLANTA, GA., U. S. A.
Canadian Representatives
Whitelaw, Dickinson & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

HOW good hot meals taste on hikes and trips. And it's so easy to cook them with the little Sterno Stove. It heats, boils, broils and fries. Makes hot soup—crisp bacon—sizzling eggs—even cooks steaks, chops. Makes delicious toast, steaming coffee. Yet Sterno Stove folds flat (smaller than a pie plate). Just right to slip in bag or knapsack.

Use Sterno Stove at home too. Fine for camping. Has hundreds of uses. Heats solder for radio parts. Melts glue for making planes. You'll find many ways to use this handy, portable stove.

Sterno Canned Heat supplies the fuel. It's safe—no sparks, smoke or cinders. Buy it at your local dealer, and use Sterno Cooking Utensils. Send 10¢ *today* for special Sterno Stove. Dept. S-8, Sterno Corp. (Est. 1887), 9 E. 37th St., New York City

MAIL NOW! STERNO
Sterno Corp., Dept. S-8,
9 E. 37th St.,
New York, N. Y. CANNED HEAT
Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢ for Special
Sterno Stove and new Cook Book.
.....
..

Licensed by U. S. Gov't for use only as fuel

104 Page Dog Textbook Illustrated with photographs of champions—*Mailed Free*

WRITTEN by Dr. B. T. Woodward, former veterinary practitioner of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, who heads the Glover laboratories. These laboratories maintain the most advanced standards of purity, efficacy, and safety in conformity with the latest findings of veterinary science. This assures you of the best medicinal aid you can give your dog.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. P., 119 Fifth Ave., New York
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y.

GLOVER'S
MEDICINES FOR DOGS

YOUR MOTOR...
At its Best — Always

Opco, the indestructible lubricant for valves, valve stems and pistons, overcomes heat and establishes a permanent, cushiony film on these parts which makes them fairly float. This radical change from the dry condition under which these parts ordinarily operate produces an almost unbelievable improvement in new or old motors—smoother, quieter operation, quick, snappy pick-up, and power to spare. This naturally increases mileage and reduces adjustments and repairs to a minimum.*

THE
OPCO
LUBRICATOR

The lubricator feeds Opco automatically, easily installed, heavily nickeled and equipped with unique plunger type choke valve with brass calibrating dial for slow feed adjustment, brass filler cap and nickel-plated dash control. The lubricator, all fittings and a quart of Opco retails at $5.00 (Canada $6.50). At your dealer's or direct. *Clip this ad and mail it with your name and address and we will send your lubricator parcel post C. O. D.—$5.00.*
Literature sent upon request
OPCO COMPANY, INC.
1894 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.
Dealers—Valuable territory still open—Write.
**Opco has already been adopted by several leading auto manufacturers, and one, the Franklin Co., has it put up in special cans bearing their name and their mark of excellence.*

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

"Let your motor tour be an adventure by day—but play safe at night."
Room reservations made at regular rates
Tourist booklets, rates, etc., free on request to
GEORGE W. TRYON
TIMES BUILDING NEW YORK CITY
—CITY HOTELS—
BUFFALO, N. Y.—Ford
Lenox
BOSTON, MASS.—Hemenway
CLEVELAND, OHIO—Wade Park Manor
CORNING, N. Y.—Baron Steuben
ERIE, PA.—Lawrence
HAMILTON, CAN.—Royal Connaught
HARRISBURG, PA.—Penn Harris
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Hollywood-Plaza
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Baltimore
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Sacramento
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Curtis
Nicollet
MONTREAL, CAN.—Mt. Royal
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Belvedere
New Weston
PITTSBURGH, PA.—Pittsburgher
Roosevelt
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Jefferson
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Onondaga
TORONTO, CAN.—King Edward
RESORT HOTELS—
ASBURY PARK, N. J.—Monterey
BELLPORT, Long Island, N. Y.—Wyandotte
BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.—Spring House
ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.—Windsor
LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.—Granliden
LONG BEACH, CAL.—Virginia
MARION, MASS.—Sippican
NIAGARA FALLS, CAN.—Clifton
OCEAN CITY, N. J.—Flanders
OVERBROOK (PHILA.), PA.—Green Hill Farms
PRINCETON, N. J.—Princeton Inn
RANGELEY, ME.—Rangeley Lake
SEABRIGHT, N. J.—Pannacot
ST. JOHN, CAN.—Admiral Beatty

house in London, under the auspices of the Duke of Connaught, and he was instrumental in assuring the success of the pilgrimage of the Hon. James M. Beck to England in 1916 with the avowed object of working for "unity" between the two nations.

These statements of Sir Gilbert Parker's activities are taken almost word for word from an article by Sir Gilbert Parker in an American magazine, after the rupture of relations between Germany and the United States.

While Sir Gilbert Parker was marshaling the forces of propaganda—unofficially—Sir William Wiseman was gassed and wounded at Ypres. In the fall of 1915, after being decorated for courage, he arrived in the United States to take charge of the intelligence service. He brought with him a gallant fellow officer, also incapacitated for service at the Front by his wound. This officer, who, like Wiseman, succeeded in keeping his name out of print, was Norman G. Thwaites.

The two emissaries found conditions in the United States in a sorry mess. Early in the war a boatload of British authors had arrived here who had not been very conspicuous for tact. The British Embassy politely requested these men to go home. Some of them stayed and continued their volunteer propaganda.

Intelligent Intelligence Service

The British secret service, hastily organized at the outbreak of the war, had scored few successes. It had been conducted along old-fashioned lines. Though escaping public exposure, it resembled in many respects the clumsy espionage of the Germans. It may be said that the British secret service was in Dutch with its own embassy.

Immediately upon the arrival of Sir William Wiseman and Norman G. Thwaites, the old secret service was disbanded and a new secret service was organized.

Officially, but secretly, Sir William Wiseman and Thwaites directed propaganda and counter-propaganda, counter-espionage, passport control, and so on. In time, these duties grew too many for them, and after America entered the war an official and public propaganda bureau was established by Sir William Wiseman, under the control of Sir Geoffrey Butler.

Butler's headquarters on Fifth Avenue became the center of a very active propaganda to beguile Americans into the British camp. It arranged for interviews, it exploited the movies, the photograph and the lecture, along the lines already laid down by Sir Gilbert Parker.

The picturesque Guy Gaunt, tremendously energetic, if not always discreet, was generally regarded as being the actual head of the British secret service. Guy Gaunt indulged in activities of his own. Independent of the embassy and independent of the secret service, he reported directly to the head of the naval intelligence in London.

Sir William Wiseman was delighted that Guy Gaunt was considered the chief of the secret service. This misunderstanding drew the attention of the enemy to the naval attaché and permitted Wiseman to go his way unmolested. Wiseman was looked upon merely as a humble member of the British mission to supervise the purchase of war supplies.

One day he was the guest at a luncheon in the house of one of the upper Four Hundred. The hostess was in high fettle and told Sir William confidentially, "You are going to meet the head of your secret service."

"Who is the head of our secret service?"

"Ah," she said, "that is a secret, but it is Captain Guy Gaunt."

From the first cocktail to the last cigarette, the amiable hostess poured into the ears of Sir William Wiseman the marvelous exploits of Captain Guy Gaunt in his capacity as the head of the secret service. Poor Guy Gaunt squirmed in his seat, but his tongue was tied.

Intelligence service is not always intelligent service. But Sir William Wiseman gave his country both. Foreseeing the inevitable reaction after the war, he revealed his tact by discouraging the spread of atrocity stories by his countrymen. When British war heroes, like Ian Beith, came to the United States, under his orders, he told them: "Never besmirch the enemy. Create good will, not by attacking the Germans but by praising them and admitting their gallantry. This is the best sort of propaganda. The atrocity mongers are overshooting the mark."

Colonel House knew the real mission of Sir William Wiseman. He pays Sir William the compliment of printing his photograph with an affectionate inscription in the third volume of his Intimate Papers. Many skeletons rattle their bones in this closet. House admits that the Allies regarded Wiseman as the "authoritative exponent of President Wilson's policy." Wiseman's intimacy with both Wilson and House made it possible for him to obtain for confidential reports to his government the seal of Mr. Wilson's approval. "There still remains," Wiseman declares in a memorandum on American coöperation, "a mistrust of Great Britain inherited from the days of the War of Independence and kept alive by the ridiculous history books still used in the national schools."

President Wilson read this memorandum and pronounced it an "accurate summary."

"There is," Wiseman goes on to say, "the historical sympathy for France, and trouble could far more easily be created between the British and the Americans than any of our Allies. German propaganda naturally follows this line and has been almost entirely directed against England. Any pronouncement the Allied governments can make which will help the President to satisfy the American people that their efforts and sacrifices will reap the disinterested reward they hope for will be gratifying to him and in its ultimate result serve to commit America yet more wholeheartedly to the task in hand."

Bridging the Atlantic

Wiseman explains the necessity of educating "public opinion and Congress, in order to insure the enormous loans and supplies that Britain requires." It is toward this end that British propaganda dedicates itself thenceforward.

"Germany's greatest asset," Wiseman said to Colonel House in September, 1917, "is the 3000 miles that separate Washington and London." He tried to make himself a living bridge between the two countries. Scenting the President's misgivings on account of the secret treaties of the Allies, he persuaded Balfour to expound these obligations in a lengthy communication to Mr. Wilson. After 1919 Sir William Wiseman acted as the official adviser of the British delegates at the Peace Conference on all matters pertaining to the United States.

The success of Sir William Wiseman depended in part on the fact that his hands were not tied by red tape. The Germans made the mistake of centralizing their efforts.

The English propagandists had six or eight different offices, one in the Woolworth Tower, one in a private apartment, still another in some business office, and so on. The German method of organization discouraged initiative. Too many cooks spoiled their broth.

In spite of unlimited resources, Sir William did not encourage lavish expenditures. "The use of large money is dangerous in propaganda," he said to me in a confidential mood. "Even under the most favorable circumstances, 75 per cent of all money spent on propaganda is wasted. Most of the money which the Germans paid to the Hindus for propaganda was invested immediately in real estate. It was not coined into silver bullets."

A Stroll on Riverside Drive

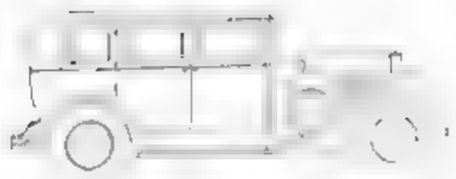
Early in the war stupid officials arrested Thomas Masaryk, who had sought refuge in London solely to destroy the Empire of the Hapsburgs. Sir William Wiseman intervened in behalf of the rebel chieftain. In appreciation for this service, Masaryk placed the Bohemian National Alliance under the jurisdiction of Sir William Wiseman.

Captain Voska, the head of this secret band, fighting for the independence of Bohemia from the Austrian yoke, had established a marvelously efficient system of espionage against the Central Powers in the United States. The exposure of Ambassador Dumba and the abstraction of Doctor Albert's historic portfolio are feathers in Voska's cap. He commanded an army of German-speaking Czechs in the American consulates of the Dual Monarchy. After America joined the belligerents Voska placed himself and his bureau at the disposal of the American Government.

The Russians, though ignorant of Wiseman's identity, were anxious to serve under British tutelage. Wiseman refused to incur this liability. The French depended upon him for advice. After our declaration of war, Arthur Woods wanted to consult Wiseman with regard to the first steps to be taken. Aware of the presence of enemy spies, Wiseman did not wish this meeting to take place where they could be seen.

One day he could be observed taking a walk on Riverside Drive. His leisurely steps led him, as if by accident, to a prearranged spot on the Hudson River, where he boarded a police boat that whisked him away. Waiting for him in the cabin was Arthur Woods. Wiseman intrusted Woods with a list of dangerous persons to be arrested at once.

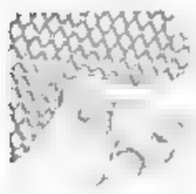
Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on war and postwar propaganda. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



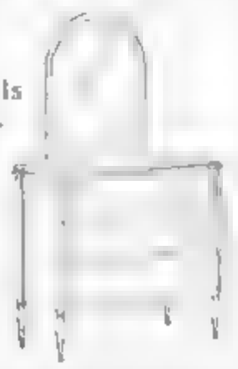
Steel Automobile Body
Saves life and limb.

Pressed Steel Car
Wheel saves
weight and cost;
adds strength.

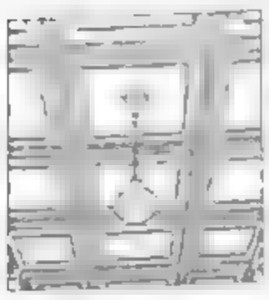
Steel Kitchen
Cabinets eliminate
food stains and odors;
vermin proof.



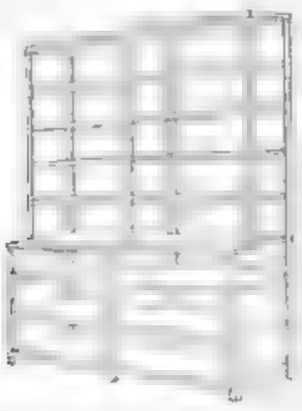
Steel Lath
Saves plaster walls
from cracking.



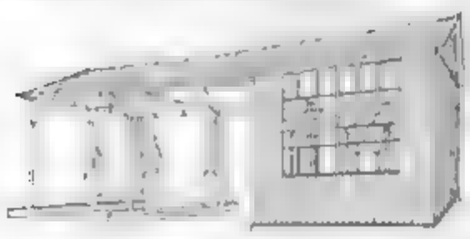
Steel Dressers—Modern;
drawers never warp or stick.



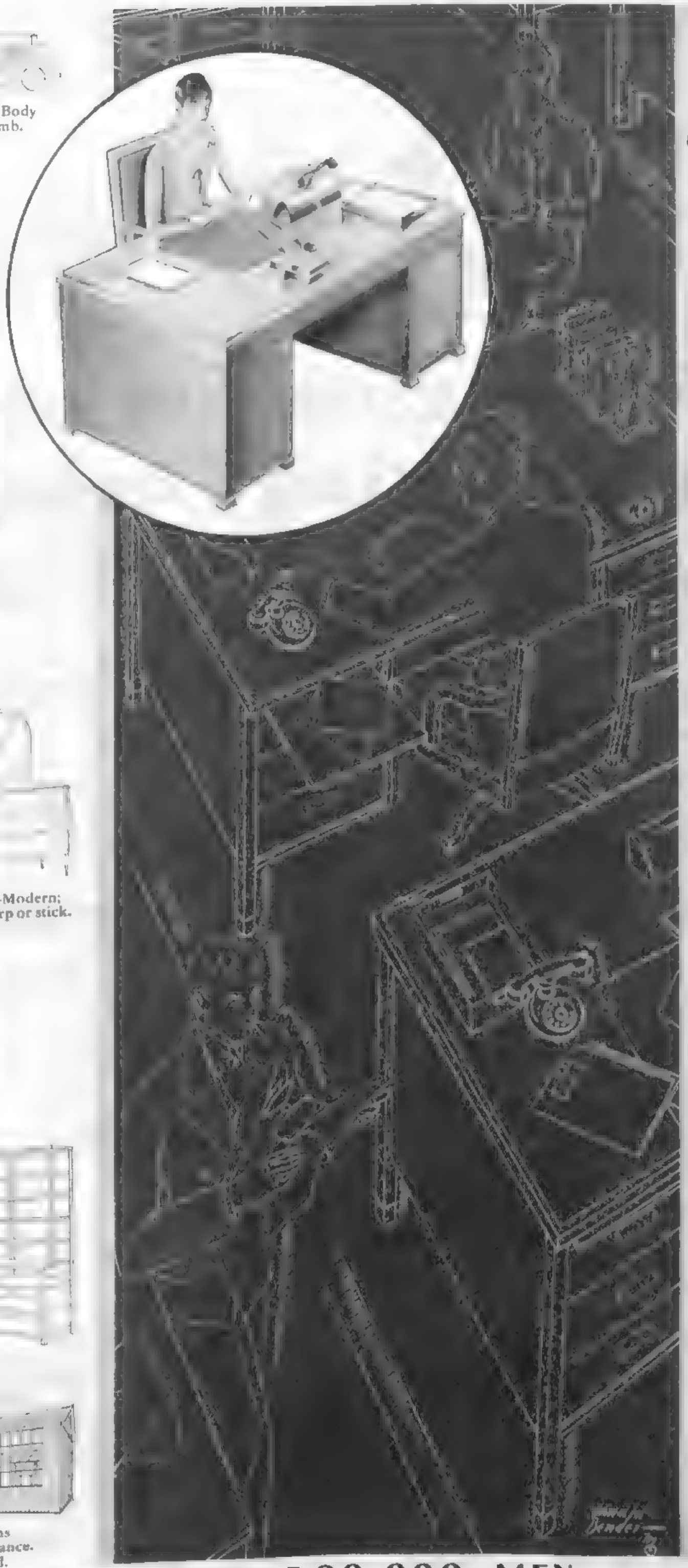
Steel Ceiling
Reduces fire-hazard.



Steel Shelving
Saves space
Reduces fire-hazard.



Steel Filling Stations
Save upkeep and insurance.
Reduce fire-hazard.



Save with Steel

Desks . . . Save Hosiery, Frocks, and "just plain human temper."

Everywhere today, in your modern office, you will find Sheet Steel desks making their appearance*—for these reasons

First and foremost, there is a decidedly practical saving in using Steel desks, especially for your woman executive The filmiest dress, the cobweb fine silk stocking, is in no danger of ruin from the annoying splinter, if Steel desks are used.

Again, both men and women appreciate the saving of "just plain human temper" through the silent ease with which each drawer comes open at the touch of the finger—and closes as quickly.

And, finally, your finished desk of Steel is as economical in price as a comparable desk made of less practical and modern material ... and it will not burn.

Sheet Steel can save money in hundreds of ways in Commerce, Industry, Home-building and Homekeeping.

Factory and transport work can be speeded up with Steel platforms, containers, etc. Valuable storage space in stores, offices and homes can be used to the *n*th degree with Sheet Steel shelving, partitions, boxes and bins. Building needs, such as ceiling, doors, ornamental trim—even the lathing for plaster-backing—all these and more are made of money-saving Sheet Steel. Permanent, they will not burn. Indeed, from the angle of building, both commercially and for residential purposes, Sheet Steel, through its qualities of economy, strength, fire-safety, beauty and durability, serves in myriad ways which your architect or builder will gladly detail for you.

Let us help you secure the complete savings, service and beauty of Sheet Steel. Address the Sheet Steel Trade Extension Committee, Dept. 101, Terminal Tower Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Mention the subjects in which you are interested.

*The New York Life Insurance Company has made a recent installation of 4000 Steel desks for men and women employees

SHEET STEEL EMPLOYS 500,000 MEN ~ ~ ~ TALK WITH THEM

Smart Washington Society Is No Longer Serving Cocktails

Says Mabel Walker Willebrandt

The famous Sunday luncheons of Edward B. McLean have been dry this year. . . . The Chilean Embassy dinner was dry. . . . At the homes of Cabinet officers no liquor is served. . . . Social leaders are saying: "Let us make sobriety smart!"

Mrs. Willebrandt, writing in the July *Ladies' Home Journal* under the title "Smart Washington After Six o'Clock," declares: "The socially prominent are coming to see that the price is too high in other things than money. They can't keep from facing reflected in the cocktail glass the ugly features and machine guns of gang murderers. Drinking isn't worth it!"

We Prefer Employes from 35 to 60 Years Old

Says Henry Ford

"Almost all enduring success comes to people after forty. . . . We would not have a working force made up only of young men. . . . We will not employ women whose husbands have jobs. . . . Everyone is capable of doing twice as much as he or she is now doing."

Striking sentences from an interview with Mr. Ford on the subject "When is a Man Old?", in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. He tells a brand-new story about Thomas A. Edison that is worth everybody's reading.

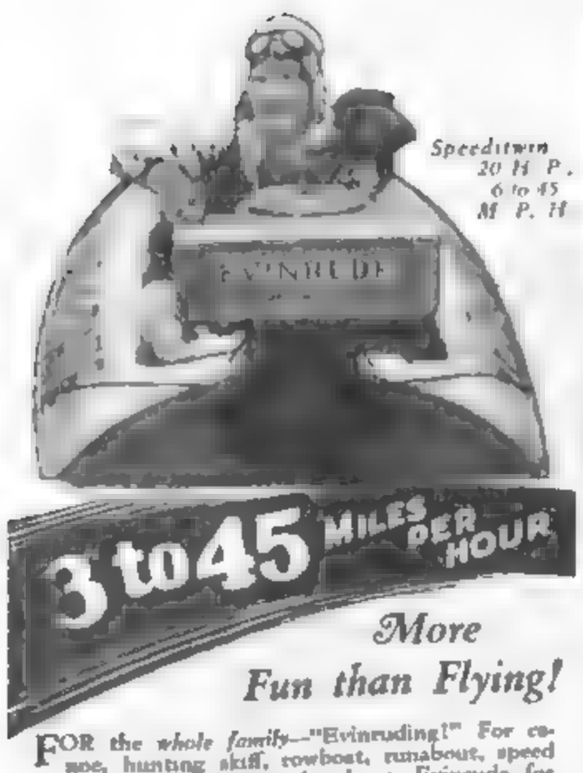
These are articles that will be talked about!

Also in the July Journal—Mary Roberts Rinehart, Richard Halliburton, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Norman Rockwell, Zane Grey, Eleanor Mercein, Emily Post, Clarence Budington Kelland, and George Barr McCutcheon.

10 CENTS *the Copy*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

July Issue Now on Sale



More Fun than Flying!

FOR the *whole family*—"Evinruding!" For canoe, hunting skiff, rowboat, runabout, speed hull and small cruiser there's an Evinrude for the job. Four "Twin" models—2½, 6, 14 and 20 H. P., 43, 58, 82 and 97 lbs., respectively. More power, more speed, more features for 1929 — underwater exhaust, waterproof ignition, easy starting made still easier, torpedo-streamline, pressure-vacuum cooling (no moving parts), self-steering. Easy payments as low as $37.50 down.

Write for new free Evinrude Year Book.

EVINRUDE DIVISION
Outboard Motors Corporation
12001-27th Street Milwaukee, Wis.

EVINRUDE

FLEAS and LICE
Pulvex never fails to kill and keep them off! This remarkable new powder really kills—not merely stuns lice, fleas, ticks. One application gives sure certain, lasting results.
Pulvex is non-poisonous, odorless, stainless, safe and easy to use. Actually protects against re-infestation. Equally effective for dogs, cats, fowls, birds. Highly recommended by pet owners. Your pet deserves protection. PULVEX is guaranteed to give it! Only 50c at leading pet shops, sporting goods stores, drug stores, and other good dealers.
PULVEX
SPECIAL OFFER—If your dealer hasn't received PULVEX yet mail us $1.00 for 2 packages and post paid and a valuable Free Bulletin on pet care. If one package fails to satisfy, return the other and get your dollar back. *That* offer should certainly be convincing. *Order now!*
WM. COOPER & NEPHEWS
1900 Clifton Avenue Chicago, Ill.

Right! to the point

SHARPENED with a Boston means right for writing . . . smoothly tapered and clean. Boston Model L costs only $1. Other models at $1.25, $1.50, $3 and $5. Slightly higher in the West. From any store selling stationery.

C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

BOSTON
PENCIL SHARPENERS
Solid Steel Cutters

ONE OUT OF TEN

(Continued from Page 39)

The rest of the afternoon the other shot-putters spent vainly trying to surpass these marks. For in the field events of the Olympic Games a competitor has three chances, and the six who do the best have three more. The shot putters had used up the first round of trials and were well embarked in the finals when John Kuck, of Kansas, stepped into the ring. Kuck had been our favorite before the event commenced, for he had the best record behind him in American competition. That day he had seemed a little indifferent toward victory. He had been almost careless in his throws. Possibly those first two marks had been so much farther out than he had ever put the shot that he figured he did not have a chance. Then, too, an American flag was in front. The responsibility had been removed from his shoulders. This time Kuck paused as he took his place in the ring. The big Kansan puts differently from anyone else. Instead of having the shot behind the body and then getting the body behind the shot, Kuck stands with it almost even with his shoulder, and he seems to shove it straight across the ring, but with such tremendous force that, though it does not gain much height, it holds that height for a long distance. So this time Kuck paused longer than he had done all afternoon, and he, too, tensed himself as Hirschfeld and Brix had done, and got every bit of strength and fighting spirit into that attempt, and the shot left his hand as though it had been exploded, in the most beautiful effort that anyone had ever witnessed—past the flag of Hirschfeld, past the flag of Brix, to a new world's record of 52 feet 11⅛ inch and the Olympic championship of the world for America and for Kuck.

It was good to know that the field-event men were still capable of upholding our international athletic glory. Of course they had not been so much affected by strenuous eliminations as our track men, because a field-event competitor has his trials to make and the quality of his competition does not wear him down physically. It was not so much the strenuous competition at Boston and at Amsterdam which had kept me from making a worthwhile showing in the 200 meters, for if it was my day, even as late as the last Olympic campaign, I could still hold my own against the younger generation. As a matter of fact, in the first of the two days' competition I had run about as well as I had ever done, while at Franklin Field, in the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival of 1928, I turned in a performance equal to anything I had ever done over a competitive period of fifteen years.

That was the strangest race I ever ran. It had been raining for several days, until even the ground that supported the stadium had lost its firmness, while the track was a sea of mud which had been churned ankle-deep by two full afternoons of racing.

With Fear at His Heels

Several of the Pennsylvania University sprinters, including the brilliant Folwell Scull, were lined up against me on the 220-yard straightaway to run 175 yards, the record for which was 17⅘ seconds. Just as Johnny McHugh gave us the gun and we broke into our stride, I noticed from my inside lane next to the stadium that the high wall about halfway down the course was giving way. At first I could not trust my eyes, for a scene was being enacted that was equal to the nightmare fantasy of a slow-motion camera.

The wall, under the added force of a crowd that was pressing against it to watch the race, was actually falling across the track, and people were tumbling after it. The next moment mortar and cement and humans were all intermingled in the wildest sort of a struggling heap. Meanwhile we were drawing dangerously near. For one fleeting moment I was sure that we would have to stop, and then, as suddenly as it had happened, a passageway magically opened up, and by cutting across the track and hurdling one old gentleman who was trying desperately to rise, I managed to get through. There was still a full seventy yards left to run, and I cut back to the lane next to the wall again, to give the runners behind me a chance to go by if they challenged. I had no more than reached the inner lane than I was sorry for my action, because the spectators at the finish were pushing with all their might to see the race, just as the other unfortunates had done, and they had no idea of what had happened farther up the track. So that I was afraid that this wall would also give way, and if it did, I could not possibly avoid being pinned beneath it. All this I realized in a flash, and still had a considerable distance to go. I was so scared that I ran as I have never done before or since, and despite the extra distance, the mud and the falling wall, I managed to break the record by two-fifths of a second. What I cannot figure out is why I happened to keep running toward the tape instead of cutting across the field as blind instinct seemed to direct. I guess I was too frightened to do even that.

This burst of speed gave me something to think about. If I was still able, even if spurred by unusual circumstances, to run as fast as I ever had done, I could appreciate that the speed was still there. Of course, I understood that I could not run as well every time out in '28 as I had done in '26, or in '26 as I had done in '21. Only on rare occasions could I equal and sometimes surpass achievements which had been everyday occurrences when I was twenty years of age; for at that period in my track career, no matter what the conditions were, I was always in form. Even a pulled muscle did not prove an insurmountable handicap.

More Than a Race at Stake

Two weeks before the National Championships in 1921, I was striving to break two records in one race. Tapes had been stretched across the course at both 150 and 200 yards. As I neared the finish line of the 150-yard post, I decided to run through without jumping for the tape. By jumping I mean giving a downward leap through the air over the last twelve feet of ground, which, I have found, when done properly, saves a foot or two. I was afraid that if I jumped I would lose my stride and kill my speed for the 200 yards, but just as I was almost on top of the line I changed my mind and tried to jump. It was too late. Though my mind had telegraphed the thought to my muscles, they could not respond in time to avoid disaster. One part of my right leg muscle was in the act of making possible another stride, while the other part was just as busily engaged in trying to drive my foot into the track for a jump to the string. The muscles naturally cramped, and as I was going at full speed they were literally pulled out of my leg on the next step, splitting the sheath and leaving the leg just as useless as though the bone had been broken.

Now it happened that '21 had been my best year and I had a number of records coming up for approval, most of which Eastern A. A. U. officials doubted, particularly as they had all been made in California, and at that period Western timing was not taken seriously. An incident had occurred in 1906 at Spokane, Washington, which had broken down Eastern confidence. For Dan Kelly had been clocked in 9⅘ seconds for the world's record in the hundred yards and the mark had been accepted internationally. Then Kelly had gone to the Atlantic seaboard for a series of races and he was easily beaten by ten-second men on every occasion. He finally admitted that he was a broad jumper and not a sprinter. But the mark had been

NEXT TO A NEW CAR

The other fellow's showroom model looks no brighter than "Old Faithful" after you've polished it with I-SIS. This bottled magic cleans and polishes quickly and with much more ease than you would expect. Its glossy finish lasts longer, there being no oily surface to collect dust—no abrasive ingredients to harm the body finish. Ask for I-SIS at your service station or accessory dealer's—$1 per pint bottle. If they cannot supply you, mail 25c to Dept. 104 for trial bottle.

Wholesalers and Dealers: I-SIS offers important opportunities. Write for details.

I-SIS LABORATORIES, Inc.
2 Jones Lane, New York City

*Four of the outstanding makers of quality motor cars have recommended I-SIS exclusively for over 3 years.**

*Names supplied on request.

I-SIS
AUTO POLISH

10 Less Strokes
This Book
tells You How

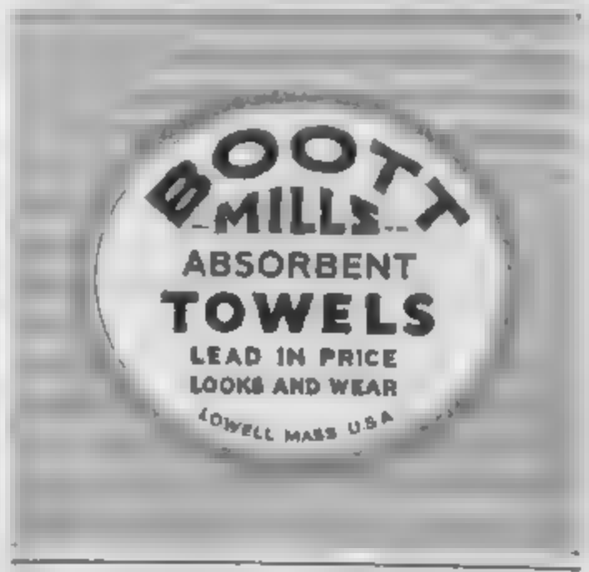
Written in simple, understandable [illegible] by PAUL [illegible] internationally known author [illegible]

Two-thirds of your golf game is played on or near the green

Stroke Savers—the advanced golf clubs are the first improvement ever developed to save strokes in the short game. Ask your Pro. or dealer about them.

Booklet on request

THE BECKLEY-RALSTON CO.
2150 Federal St., Chicago, Ill.



BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY
$400 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5,840 IN ONE YEAR. $150 machine earned $2,100. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary.
NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 557 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

placed in the record books and it is still there. The A. A. U. made sure that no such occurrences should ever be repeated.

The National Championships were to be held in my own home town of Pasadena, California, and the skeptical officials were coming out to time the races themselves and make sure that I was actually running as fast as Pacific Coast clockers said. Thus to withdraw in the face of invading Eastern competition and Eastern timekeepers two weeks before the big meet looked peculiar. For more than once in the history of running has a pulled muscle served as a very helpful alibi.

A Patchwork Bandage

To save my records and my reputation it was absolutely essential for me not only to appear in the championships but to duplicate the performances that I had made during the spring months. Yet a pull such as I had would take a good eight weeks to heal thoroughly and I had only two. It was not a case for a physician. Medicine would not help it. Neither was it a case for one of the old-time trainers who covers you with grease and himself with sweat trying vainly to rub the soreness away.

While I was still in the training quarters after the accident, a friend of mine introduced me to a Los Angeles doctor. It seems that the doctor had been a spectator that day and had witnessed what had happened. He sat down by the rubbing table where I lay and said:

"I was a track man myself, and though never very good, I at least understand the situation that you are in, and I assure you that you have nothing to worry about. That leg can be thoroughly healed before the National Championships."

Though I thought he did not know what he was talking about, I liked his confidence and, having no alternative, I put myself in his hands. A week later I was working out, and three days before the championships the soreness had completely disappeared.

The doctor was a muscle specialist. He had been able to remove the blood clot which immediately forms at the injured spot, and through creating a condition of perfect circulation he was able to effect a recovery in an incredibly short time.

However, I was not convinced that the doctor had really made a cure and his optimistic viewpoint did not cheer me very much, because it was my leg that had to do the running and I was pretty sure that immediately I got into my stride it would pull again. I had been under the influence of antiquated training methods too long, and the day before the National Championships I found myself around the training quarters, watching my old friend and trainer Jakey Weber as he gave the New York Athletic Club athletes their last rubdowns. Jakey and I had weathered the rocky trip to Antwerp side by side on the worst transport Uncle Sam ever sent to sea, and Jakey had looked after me during the Olympic Games of 1920.

Jakey now had charge of a team which was scheduled to give the Los Angeles Athletic Club the hardest battle for first-place honors, and he also had the leading sprinter of the East, Eddie Farrell, who was out to beat me and prove to the satisfaction of the A. A. U. officials that the time I had been making was all wrong.

"How does the leg feel?" Jakey asked me.

"The doctor tells me that it will hold up," I replied.

"Better let me tape it for you, Charley," the old trainer suggested.

"Would you, Jakey?"

And what a magnificent job he did! I still have the bandage, and prize it more than any medal or cup I ever won. There are at least a thousand little pieces, none longer than an inch, and all taped together so as to give with every movement of the muscle, acting as a second sheath. It took several hours to complete the job, but the moment it was finished I had regained all my old confidence. That is not the real reason that I treasure that network of tape. It stands for something else in my memory.

Jakey Weber was the trainer for the sprinter who was considered my hardest opponent, and Jakey was one of the Eastern gang, many of whom had been deriding my Western performances. To have me break down in the National Championships would vindicate all that they had said. And here I had put myself in the hands of the Philistines. For if Weber either consciously or unconsciously cross-bandaged my injured muscle, it would break the sheath when I bore down, and I would never finish. But I knew Jakey Weber and I knew the spirit of sportsmanship that prevails in amateur track competition, and I never experienced a single uneasy moment.

The next day, as I warmed up, the doctor came over to watch me work. And of course he caught sight of the tape bandage which ran from my hip to my knee, covering completely the back of my leg. And he commenced to laugh.

"Charley," he said, "if that bandage has been put on properly, it won't hurt you. But it cannot possibly help you. That muscle was injured so far below the surface that no bandage can make any difference. But wear it if it makes you feel good."

I wore it. And I won, equaling the record for the hundred. Then I gave the credit to Jakey Weber. Later I was to realize that I was wrong, for now I am convinced that a new school of trainers has come to stay. Science and reason can do more than instinct and elbow grease.

In 1921 I could run any old day, any old place in ten seconds or better, and officially I turned in 9⅘ seconds at Berkeley, Palo Alto, and six times in Southern California, while early in 1922 I was clocked three times in one afternoon at these figures and twice unofficially in the Hawaiian Islands in 9⅘ seconds. In Pasadena on one occasion I ran the 100 yards five times in one afternoon, bettering ten seconds each time. And I was laboring under the impression that I could keep on doing so indefinitely.

Time to Retire

The doctor would only smile when I told him. "Make all the records you can now, my boy, because muscle tone is something you cannot retain," he used to say, and would prove his assertion by inquiring how long it used to take me to get in top condition when I was in high school. Two weeks was about all I needed in those days, while in college it required a month of hard work. "There is your answer," he would tell me: "Every year that you run it will take longer for you to get back in shape again, and every year from now on will find you with your muscle tone not quite so good as the previous year."

By 1924 I realized that the doctor was right. I hurt a muscle that year at the Drake Relays, and then again at the Washington Relays the week following, and returned to Los Angeles so that the doctor could whip my leg back in shape again. It proved a longer and much harder task for him this time, even though the injury had not been nearly so serious.

"Your muscle tone is perceptibly weaker," he told me, "and I think if I were you I would retire right now." But the Olympic Games were before me and I wanted to take part. I did, and performed far below expectations. I was not in shape. And it was only after many weeks that I at last got back my '21 form, in the National Championships at Newark, September 6, 1924.

My experience that year taught me a lesson which I should have always remembered—that if I was to do any more competing, I would have to stay continuously in competitive condition. Deciding in 1925, after a sprinting tour of the world, that I wanted to break the long-standing record of 9.6 seconds which had so successfully eluded me, I commenced training. Though I was on lecture tour in the late fall and early spring, I worked out regularly and returned to California in March in splendid condition. On consecutive Saturdays that season I ran the hundred yards in 9.6, 9.7, 9.6, 9.7, 9.6, and 9.5 seconds, the last being a new record made possible by the great race that Charlie Borah, then a freshman at the University of Southern California, ran against me in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

When I made this mark I was twenty-five years of age and every sprinter who had been at the top when I started had long since retired. Many of those who had commenced after I competed at the 1920 Olympics had also passed out of the athletic picture. For the life of a sprinter in big competition is considered to be about four years. It is the scientific claim that it takes as much energy to run 100 yards in ten seconds as it does to climb 300 feet of rope. But it is not the expenditure of energy that ruins athletic reputations, but the absence of a desire to train regularly and to devote sufficient time to keeping in top form. I had proved this conclusively to myself in 1926, and I knew then that it would be possible for me to maintain the muscle tone that I still possessed for a number of years by keeping everlastingly at it.

For Him Who Runs to Read

The old professional foot racers did just that, and some of them were still stars at thirty-five. Running was their business and they had nothing else on their minds. Amateur athletics is not a profitable vocation. Even the professional runners in their heyday did not retire with fortunes. Though they often won big purses, they were inclined to wager heavily and often finished their careers without a penny.

At best the veteran can only expect to have certain days when his muscle tone is good enough to carry him through with his old-time speed. In other words, he can only run well when he feels like it. Old and broken down as I am—I'm going on 29—I can beat any of the present crop of sprinters once in a while, and I can equal any mark I ever made—if it happens to be my day! But I have to feel it in my bones, and the unfortunate part is that you cannot schedule a match for just those days when you are going to feel like running.

For my own satisfaction I arranged a test for myself recently in which, over a period

(Continued on Page 182)

There's MONEY in It!

Increase your income! Start a business of your own! Be your own boss!

Would life be happier if you could earn more money? We'll tell you how.

Would you like to run your own business? If so, you can!

You can turn the spare hours you now have into cash. Or you can lay the foundations for a permanent, profitable, full-time business.

Why You can Win

It makes no difference what your age, your experience, whether you live in a large city or a small town. And you positively need no capital to start. You can earn more money the very first day you hear from us.

The coupon below will start things coming your way.

Clip and Mail It Today

Box 1624
% The Saturday Evening Post
349 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
What's your offer?
Name ... Age ..
(Please print your name and address)
Street
City
State

FILMOLENS
The Unbreakable Tail Light
One size—trims to fit any tail lamp, "Ovalite" interchangeable with FILMOLENS ... on Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, ... Over 6 millions sold. At your dealer's.
Filmolens Sales Co. 1922 Ford Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Square Time Earnings Equal Weekly Salary
... Christmas Greeting Cards ... sell on sight. No selling experience required. ... hours, ... Much Sooner. Weekly Pay and Monthly Bonus Checks. Get details. THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO., 325 W. Washington St., Dept. C-57, Chicago

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book, "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our *Inspection and Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.*
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR"
Opens Up—Completely Out of the Way
For Garage—Factory—Warehouse. Send for Catalog.
Overhead Door Corporation Hartford City, Ind.

MONROE
announces a
TWO—WAY
HYDRAULIC SHOCK ELIMINATOR

RIDE ON CUSHIONS OF OIL

Answering the demand of modern motoring for even easier riding, Monroe now presents the new Two-Way Hydraulic Shock Eliminator.

This new device presents certain distinct improvements over any so-called "shock-absorber" on the market. It is simple in design, rugged and dependable. It is much lighter in weight. It so governs the springs that they compress softly—return to normal gently. The connecting-rod joints of the Monroe Two-Way are ***cushioned by blocks of resilient rubber.*** This insulates the body of the car from noise and vibration.

Made by the manufacturers of the Monroe One-Way Shock Eliminator, a proven product now standard equipment on more than a million fine motor cars.

A nation-wide network of over a thousand dealers, growing larger every day, insures convenience for installation and service. One hundred fifteen dollars the set of four, installed.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY, MONROE, MICHIGAN

MONROE
HYDRAULIC SHOCK ELIMINATORS

NORTH COAST LIMITED
- BRINGS THE WEST NEARER !

ONLY 63 hours from Chicago to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland now! The "North Coast Limited's" new schedule cuts off 5 hours.

Another precedent set by the "First of the Northern Transcontinentals" between Chicago and the Northern Pacific Coast—caps 28 years of leadership.

An all-Pullman train as fast as it is fine. No coaches, no tourist cars, no crowded diners. "Famously good" meals and service. Magnificent scenery. Wide sight-seeing windows. Observation platform. 28 ranges of mountains—1,106 miles of rivers. *And no extra fare!*

Triple Daily Transcontinental Northern Pacific Service

North Coast Limited	The Coast	Pacific Express
From Chicago	*From Chicago*	*From St. Paul*
Lv. 9:00 P. M.	10:45 A. M.	10:30 A. M.

For Western Travel Information MAIL THIS COUPON to
E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager,
112 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minnesota

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

WESTERN VACATIONS

Burlington Escorted Tours

	From Chicago
Yellowstone Park	$140.04
Pacific Northwest	234.78
Alaska	317.93
Colorado Yellowstone	205.61
☐ Yellowstone-Glacier	310.84

Round Trip Railroad Fare from Chicago

☐ $90.30 — Pacific Northwest, Seattle, Tacoma, Puget Sound, Portland, Columbia River

☐ $59.35 — Yellowstone Park, Minnesota Lakes, Montana Rockies

☐ $121.34 — Yellowstone Park, Colorado, Grand Canyon, California, Pacific Northwest

☐ $59.35 — Colorado, Yellowstone Park, Montana Rockies

☐ $108.30 — California, Pacific Northwest, Rainier Park, Mt. Baker Forest

☐ $94.22 — Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Pacific Northwest

Name .....

Address .....

Mail folder No. 6 — If student, state grade 334

Northern Pacific Railway
"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"

Index of Advertisers

June 29, 1929

	PAGE
Agfa Ansco Corporation	137
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Co.	149
American Laundry Machinery Company, The	114
American Thermos Bottle Co., The	150
Armstrong Cork Company	40
Auburn Automobile Company	49
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	84
Beckley-Ralston Co., The	177
Boott Mills	177
Bristol-Myers Co.	182
Brown Shoe Company	173
Buick Motor Company	47, 56
Bulova Watch Company	72, 73
Bunting Brass & Bronze Co., The	115
Burke Golf Co., The	82
Burroughs Adding Machine Company	102
Campbell Soup Company	31
Campbell Corporation, The	136
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	142, 143
Canadian National Exhibition	90
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	74
Champion Spark Plug Co.	95
Clark Brothers Chewing Gum Co.	54
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.	184
Coca-Cola Company, The	118
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	52, 77
Commercial Investment Trust Corp.	122
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	36
Continental Baking Co.	107
Cooper & Nephews, Wm.	177
Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., The	96, 97
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
Diebold Safe & Lock Company	106
Du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., E. I.	53
Eastman Kodak Company	163
Enterprise Mfg. Co., The	153
Evans & Co., Victor J.	178
Eveready Company, The	131
Evinrude Motor Company	177
Farm Journal, The	168
Fidmolens Sales Co.	178
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	104, 105
Fleischmann Company, The	109
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	164
Freshman Co., Inc., Chas.	160
Frigidaire Corporation	67
General Electric Company	38
General Motors Truck Company	91
Glass Container Association of America	80, 81
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	174
Goodall Worsted Company	112, 113
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	92, 93
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation	71
Graybar Electric Co.	183
Gulf Refining Company	151
Heinz Co., H. J.	85
Hertel Co., The John A.	178
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	152
Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Incorporated	148
Holmes Products, Inc.	156
Hudson Motor Car Company	64, 65
Hunt Ten Co., C. Howard	177
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	60, 61
Isis Laboratories, Inc.	177
Jantzen Knitting Mills	138
Johns-Manville Corporation	120, 121
Johnston Company, Robert A.	III Cover
Kip Corporation	128, 129
Klein & Sons, Mathias	75
Kolster Radio Corporation	139
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation	154
Lambert Pharmacal Company	85
Lincoln Motor Company, The	127
Liquid Carbonic Corporation, The	57
Liquid Veneer Corporation	150
Lorillard Co., Inc., P.	50
Majestic Co., The	162
Mansfield Tire & Rubber Co., The	132
Masonite Corporation	117
McAleer Mfg. Co., C. H.	155
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	101
Middle West Utilities Company	172
Miller Rubber Co., The	88, 89
Monroe Auto Equipment Company	179
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	181
Montgomery Ward & Co.	146, 147
Nash Company, The A.	68
Nash Motors Co.	51
National Association of Ice Industries	145
National Carbon Company, Inc.	59
National Kel-Lac Co.	177
New York Central Lines	130
Northern Pacific Ry.	180
Olds Motor Works	42, 43
Opco Company, Inc.	174
Overhead Door Corporation	178
Pabst Corporation	161
Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.	55
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n	171
Pennzoil Co., The	87
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	166, 167
Phillips-Jones	76
Planters Nut & Chocolate Company	170
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Radio-Victor Corporation of America	78
Remington Rand Business Service, Inc.	45
Robbins & Myers, Inc.	158
Ross Gear & Tool Co.	136
Russell, Burdsall & Ward Bolt and Nut Company	157
Scripto Mfg. Co.	173
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	123
Servel Sales, Inc.	98
Shaler Company, The	108
Sheet Steel Trade Extension Committee	175
Simonds Saw and Steel Company	164
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	62
Society of American Florists	111
Speakman Company, The	165
Sterno Corp.	173
Swift & Company	33
Switzerland Cheese Association	140
Ternstedt Manufacturing Company	100
Tryon, George W.	174
Union Pacific System	133
United States Rubber Company	134, 135
United States Tobacco Company	116, 124, 125
Vacuum Oil Company	35
Western Clock Company	1
White Dental Mfg. Co., The S. S.	69
Williams Sealing Corporation	169

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

"It's Dad . . . he won't be home for supper"

IT'S the fourth time this week Dad's stayed late at the office—not an exceptional week either. He's becoming almost a stranger to his family—and too tired when he does get home to get acquainted with his own children.

Dad's figuring methods are inadequate. Checking, hunting mistakes, and rechecking are definite stumbling blocks to arriving at accurate results promptly.

Monroe methods produce the greatest number of accurate figures at the lowest possible cost, and a talk with a Monroe representative—a man trained in the figure work of many businesses—would open Dad's eyes to a figure service which is getting other men home for dinner every night. Time saving short-cuts, first time accuracy, visible proof which eliminates rechecking are Monroe advantages which Dad should know about.

Have him write or telephone his local Monroe representative—or our home office at Orange, New Jersey—if you want a happy, companionable parent instead of an always tired business man in your family circle.

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

The Machine for Every Desk

Send this Coupon

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.
Orange, New Jersey

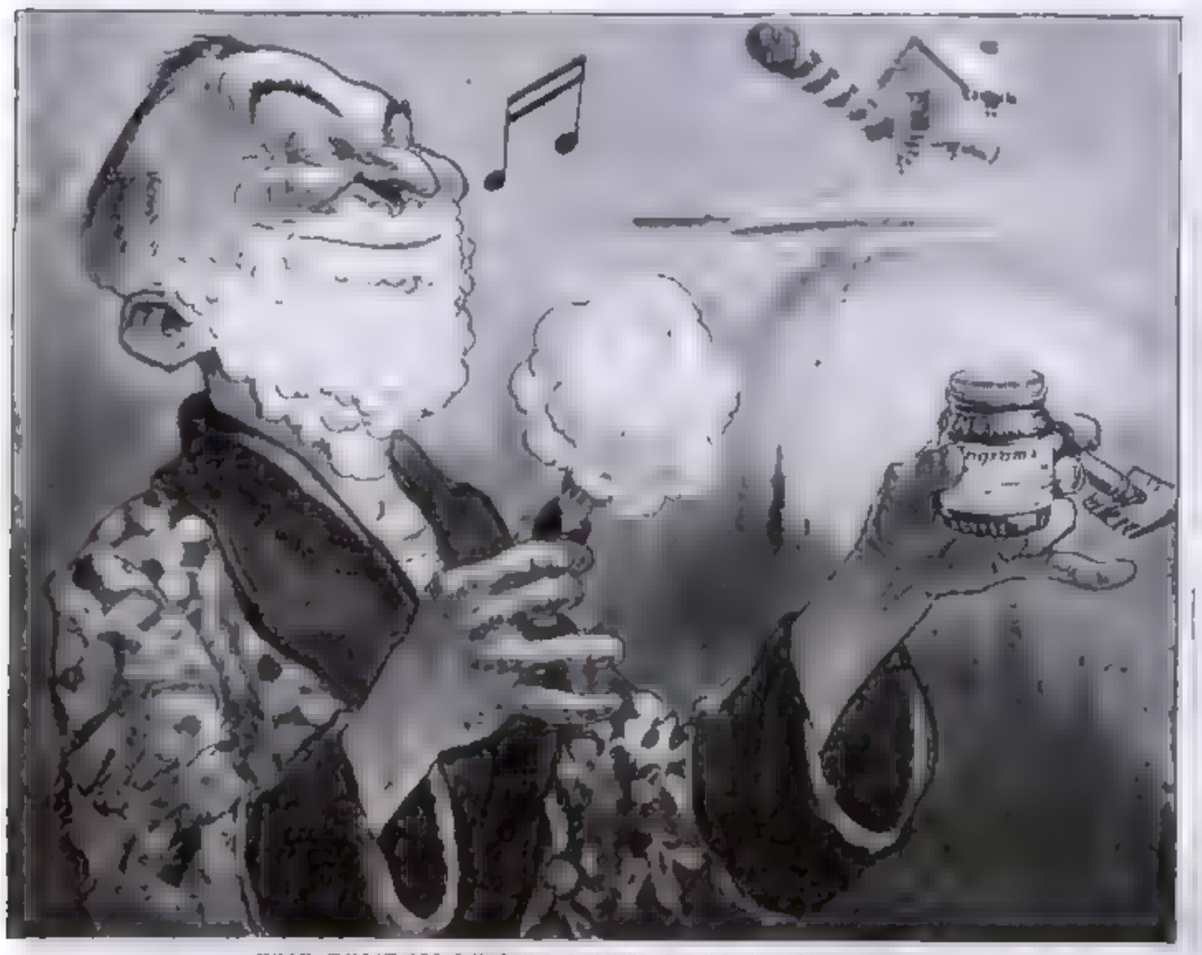
Please send me a copy of "A Giant Stride Ahead," describing the Monroe Adding-Calculator.

Name

Firm

Address

Here is a shave almost as Cool *as the top of Mt. Everest!*



(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

NEVER in all your born days have you had a shave as bracing and delightful as your first shave with Ingram's Shaving Cream.

For it's *cool* . . . cool . . . COOL . . . *COOL.* It's original . . . It's different from all others. . . It's unique!

Ingram's is the first shaving cream ever primarily planned to take the nicking sting out of the morning shave and to leave a clear cheek and a cool skin when the job is finished.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

Ingram's Shaving Cream is a blessing to your battle-scarred countenance. No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special healing and cooling ingredients, it tightens, tones and heals the skin. It's a shaving soap, a lotion and a tonic all in one! And with it you'll shave without those fiery little pin-prick stabs that most men bemoan!

Ingram's does all these things and does them well:

1. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.
2. It will keep your skin in better shape.
3. It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.
4. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had!

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample. Do it now!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A 692
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name

Address

City

© B M Co. 1929

(Continued from Page 178)

of days, under favorable conditions, with competition, I ran the hundred ten times and was clocked by reliable timekeepers. Only once did I run as well as I could formerly have done any day in the week. And the other nine attempts were uniformly bad, averaging 10⅘ seconds, which is a loss of approximately eight yards from record time, or the difference between a champion and a dub. I wouldn't have scored my one good race if I had not felt great that particular day.

The good performance brought to mind a warm May afternoon in Boston last year, when I was sitting in the dugout of the Philadelphia Athletics with Tris Speaker and Ty Cobb. Both of them were in high spirits, hitting the ball well and fielding to perfection.

"Feel great today," said Tyrus. "Doesn't hurt to ramble after flies."

"Same here," replied Speaker. "It's the day, I guess. Wish I felt the same every time I played."

For these gray-haired heroes of baseball confessed that when the weather was right and they felt good they could play as well as ever.

"The only trouble with us," said Speaker with a wistful smile, "is that we can only play ball when we feel like it. It used to be whether we felt like it or not, the results would be just about the same. And we are chumps if we keep on playing after this season."

Undoubtedly they said this many times during 1928, and the old boys who on good days could still lead the league in all-around ability decided that it was best to leave the Big Time while the glory of their reputations was still undimmed by bitter memories. Both men retain happy recollections of their playing days and their love for the game is as great as ever, but any further playing that they do will be for fun only.

It is too bad that in amateur competition it is not possible to compete just for the love of the game, but even in track, competition has become such a deadly serious business that it forces you into retirement unless you are as good as ever. I should love to dub around on the cinder path for several more years, but I am frank to admit that I could not stand the stream of sarcasm that would greet me every time I ran. If I competed against the champs I would be unmercifully trimmed nine times out of ten and if I only ran against mediocre runners, everyone would say that it was unsporting. So I suppose I shall have to sacrifice the pleasure of running and get what crumbs of consolation I can by watching the young ones do it, and in telling those unfortunate listeners that I can strategically corner on a rainy afternoon, just what I would have done to the present crop if I could have met them ten years ago.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

June 29, 1929

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
The Call of the Burning Mascot—*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	*Illustrated by H. J. Mowat*	3
Tingra's Ghost Story—*Stewart Edward White*	*Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner*	10
Selling Stock Short—*Oma Almona Davies*	*Illustrated by James C. McKell*	12
The Toad and the Puddle—*Kennett Harris*	*Illustrated by Lu Kimmel*	16
The Mixed Court Decides—*James W. Bennett*	*Illustrated by Henry J. Soulen*	18
The Kiddie—*Edith Fitzgerald*	*Illustrated by C. J. McCarthy*	26
People Against Saladene—*Thomas McMorrow*	*Illustrated by Saul Tepper*	32

ARTICLES

The Whip of Prosperity—*E. J. Kulas*	*Cartoon by Herbert Johnson*	5
Second Lady—*Mrs. Garret A. Hobart*	*Photographs*	8
Five Years More of Flying—*Howard Mingos*	*Photographs*	14
War Propaganda—*By One of the War Propagandists*	*Photographs*	20
Mr. Hanna—*Thomas Beer* . .	*Photographs*	22
Giants of Finance—*Albert W. Atwood*	*Decorations by Wyncie King*	29
One Out of Ten—*Charley Paddock*	*Photograph*	39
On Our Street—*Earle R. Buell*	*Cartoon by Donald McKee*	41

SERIALS

Back From Utopia—*Gilbert Seldes*	*Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett*	6
Villa Laurier (Second part)—*Henry C. Rowland*	*Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers*	24

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30
Getting On in the World	75

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

GraybaR

QUALITY

. . . invites you to look into a home where drudgery is out-of-date

Week's washing? An hour's work!

Baby things washed and "whirldry-ed"

The heavy ironing in two hours!

Light pieces ironed in a jiffy!

Exit "footwork"—enter electricity

Dirt whisked away in no time!

Curtains cleaned, oh, so easily . . .

Cool comfort . . . anytime, anywhere!

Dinner almost cooks itself!

Warmth when it's wanted . . .

"Keeping fit" is lots of fun!

Work-and-play . . . together!

ONE WOMAN'S DAY

(A modern drama in eighty-two words)

Scene: A modern home equipped with Graybar electrical appliances.
Time: A mid-week morning.

A dainty feminine finger flips an electric switch . . . and, with that simple gesture, household tasks become trifles . . . working hours, minutes . . .

With the Graybar Two-Speed Clothes Washer, sixty minutes whisks the laundry to the line . . . an hour that's easy . . . and, in its fashion, pleasant. Half that time, with the Graybar Vacuum Cleaner, accomplishes the cleaning . . . and does it to the Queen's taste . . .

As a matter of fact, *every* household duty fairly melts away . . . here, where there are Graybar electrical appliances to help!

• • •

Created out of 60 years of electrical experience, these appliances are scientific in design . . . splendid in workmanship . . . They are *staunch*. They "stand by" through thick and thin.

They're *modern!* They look right . . . *are* right! May we tell you more? Here's a coupon.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

No more drudgery for me! Please tell me about the appliances I have listed.

.....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

S.E.P.

ARROW TRUMP SHIRTS

FOR GENERATIONS you've known that when Arrow says a style is good, Arrow speaks reliably. And when Arrow now says that one dollar and ninety-five cents is all you need pay for a handsome shirt of brilliant white broadcloth with the world's finest collar tailored on it, Arrow gives you sound economic advice—and incidentally points you toward a well-dressed summer.

TRUMP $1.95

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK

ARROW COLLARS . . . HANDKERCHIEFS . . . SHIRTS . . . UNDERWEAR

Confections for Town & Country

GLORIOUS summer weekends . . . charming hospitality . . . pleasant memories . . . The amenities of social custom dictate some thoughtful little gift to bring one's hostess . . . What more delightful selection than confections *for* Town and Country . . . a summer assortment for just such occasions . . . One dollar the pound . . . At the special Johnston agency nearby

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

© 1929

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Old Dutch is as popular with men as with women

Old Dutch is the perfect cleanser—that's why it is as popular with men as with women. There is nothing else like Old Dutch for fast work, easy work and satisfactory cleaning results.

In the garage: A can of Old Dutch, always handy, saves a lot of time and trouble in removing gummy oil and grease from car and floor. It's fine for polishing nickel and cleaning glass.

Around the camp: Old Dutch pitches right in, scours smudgy skillets and makes pots and pans glisten with *Healthful Cleanliness*. Does a perfect job with cold water. Fine for cleaning fishing rods.

Golf: Old Dutch keeps the irons shining like new. Great for cleaning golf balls.

Painted walls, furniture, etc.: Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on a damp sponge or cloth and wipe gently over the surface. This does the cleaning quickly and thoroughly—no scrubbing necessary. When repainting walls and woodwork, clean first with Old Dutch; this assures a better paint job.

For the hands: The ease with which Old Dutch removes soil, grease, varnish and stains has made it a high favorite with home gardeners, painters, mechanics, farmers, etc. Doesn't irritate or roughen the skin.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. It contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acid or caustic—it is not a chemical. Its marvelous efficiency is derived from "Seismotite"—a natural cleanser endowed with scientific cleaning qualities. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of Old Dutch possess distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt; assuring wholesome, hygienic cleanliness.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. It is economical, a little goes a long way

© 1929 The C. P. Co.